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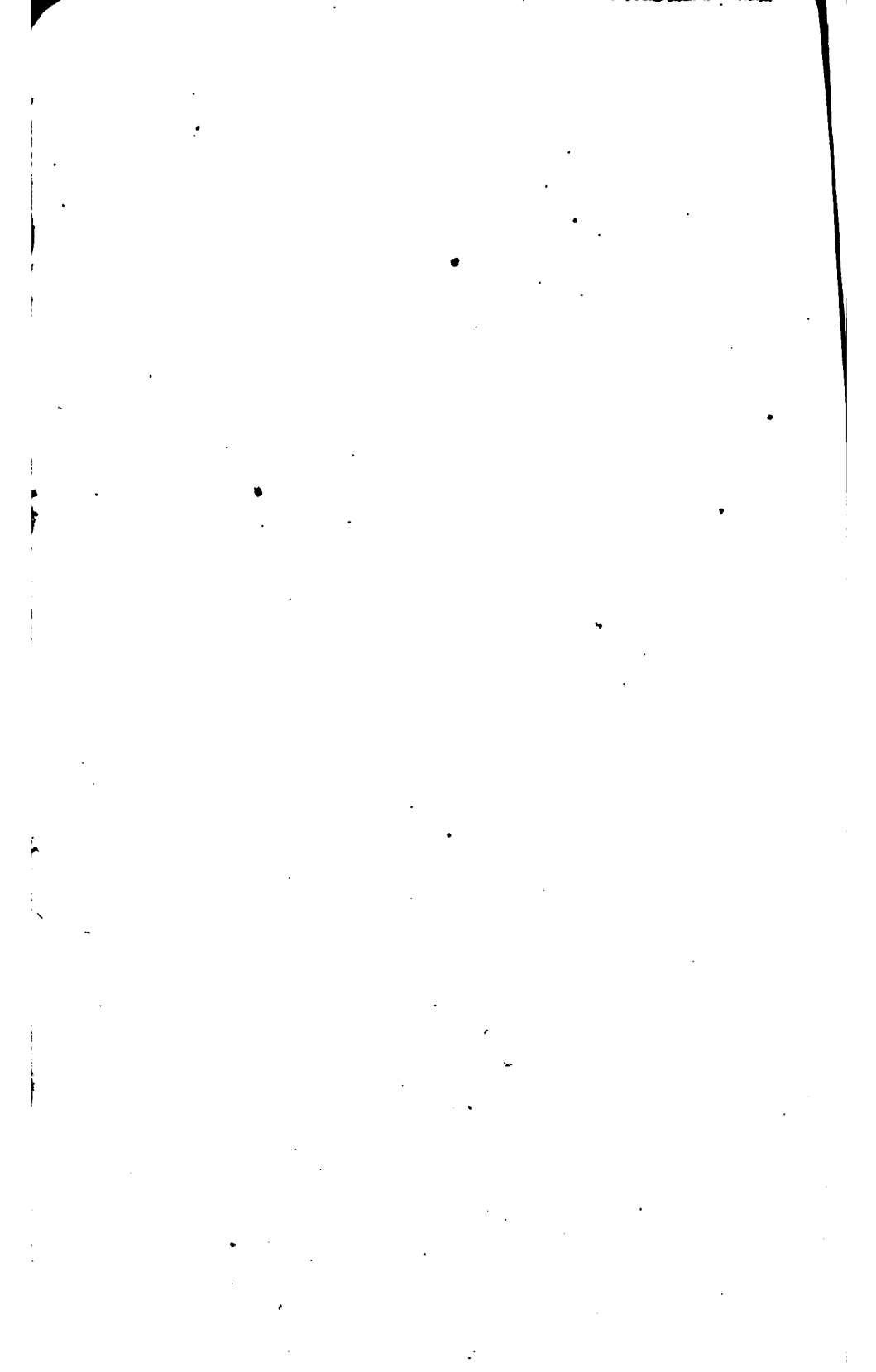
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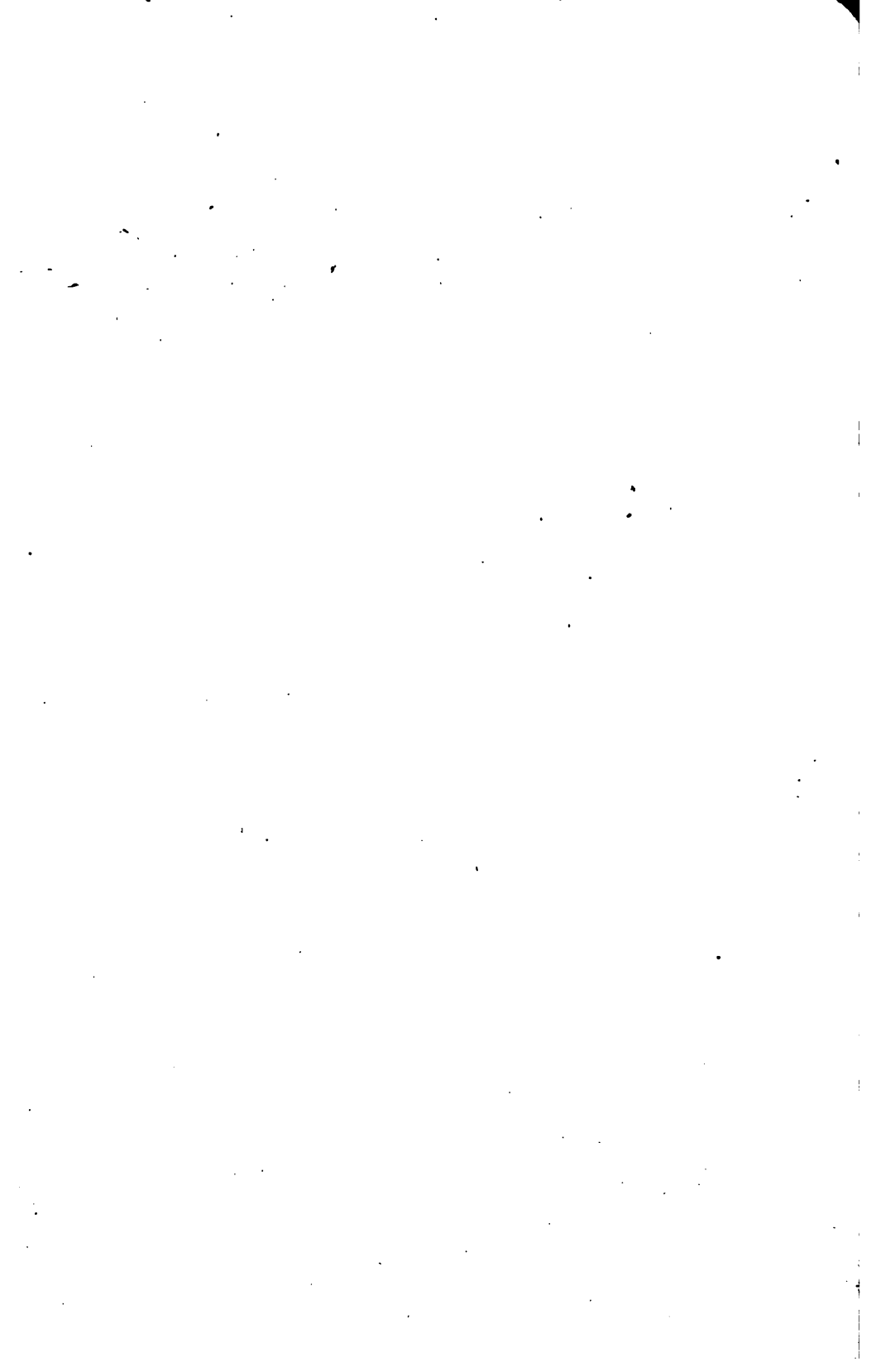
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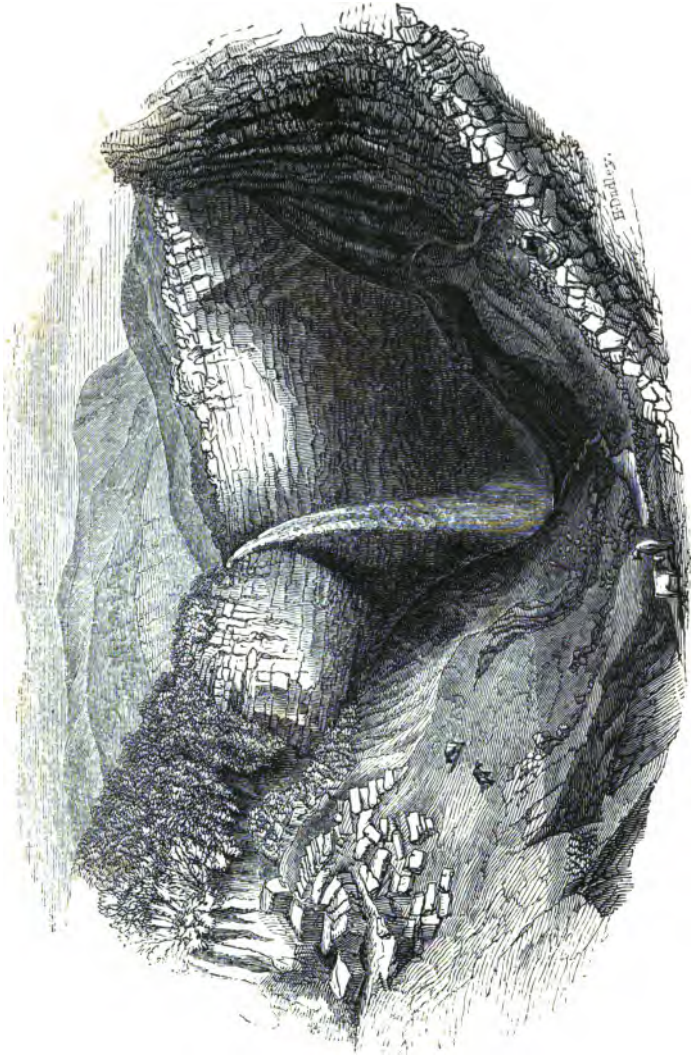
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THREE DAYS

OF

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THE

VALLEY OF THE YORE.

BY

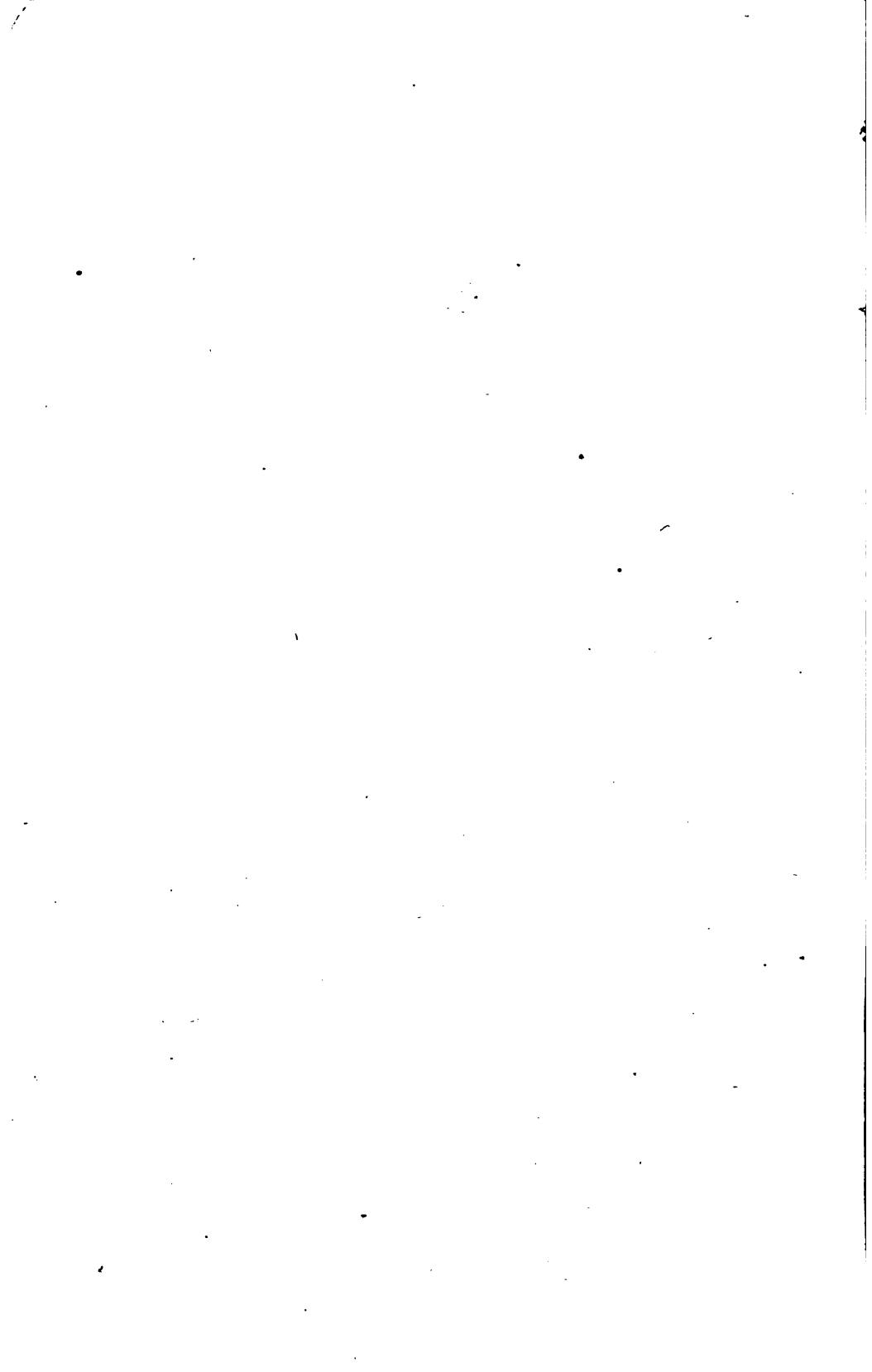
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TO

SIMON THOMAS SCROPE,

OF DANBY-SUPER-YORE,

ESQUIRE,

THIS BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF

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IS INSCRIBED

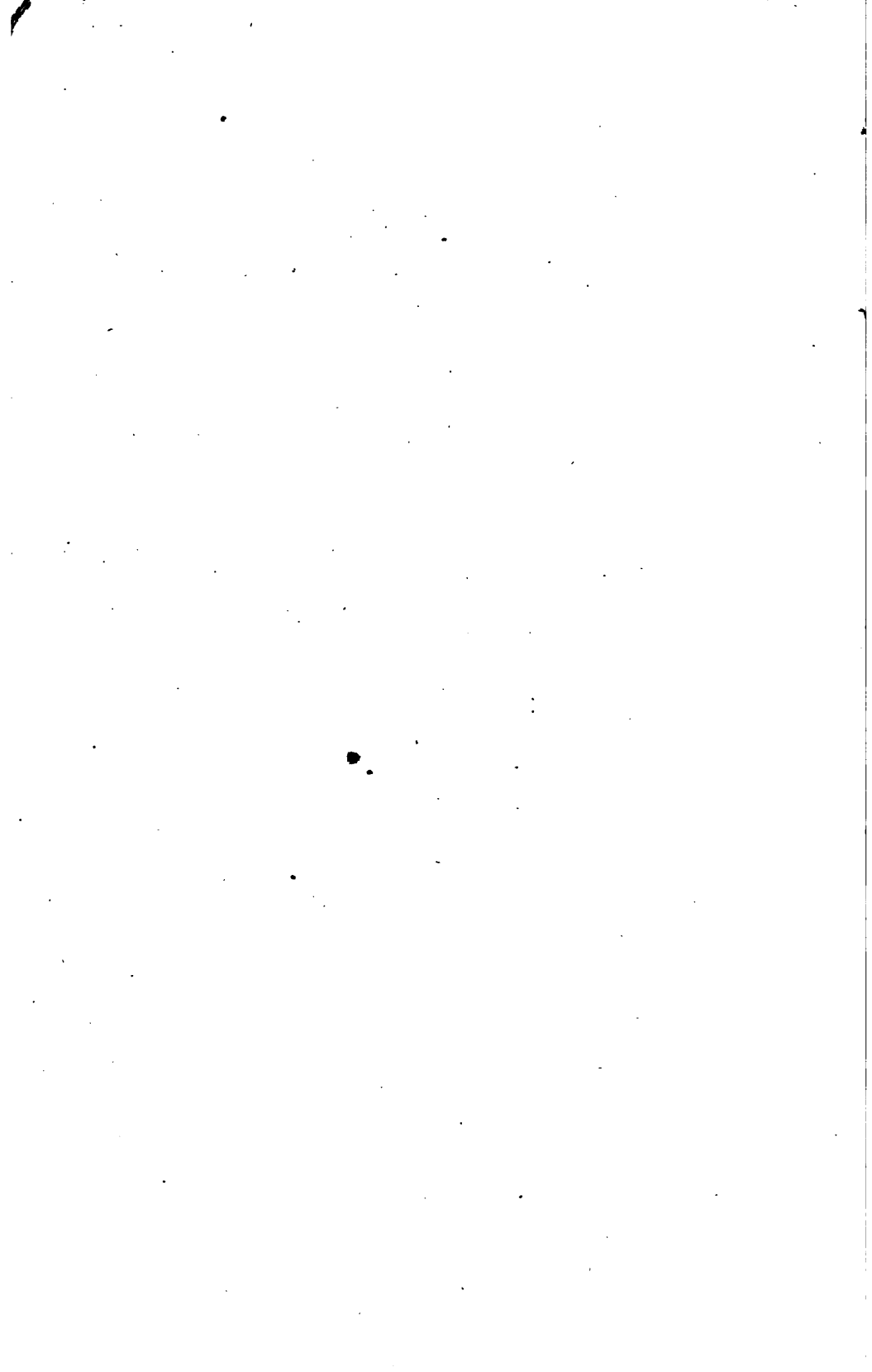
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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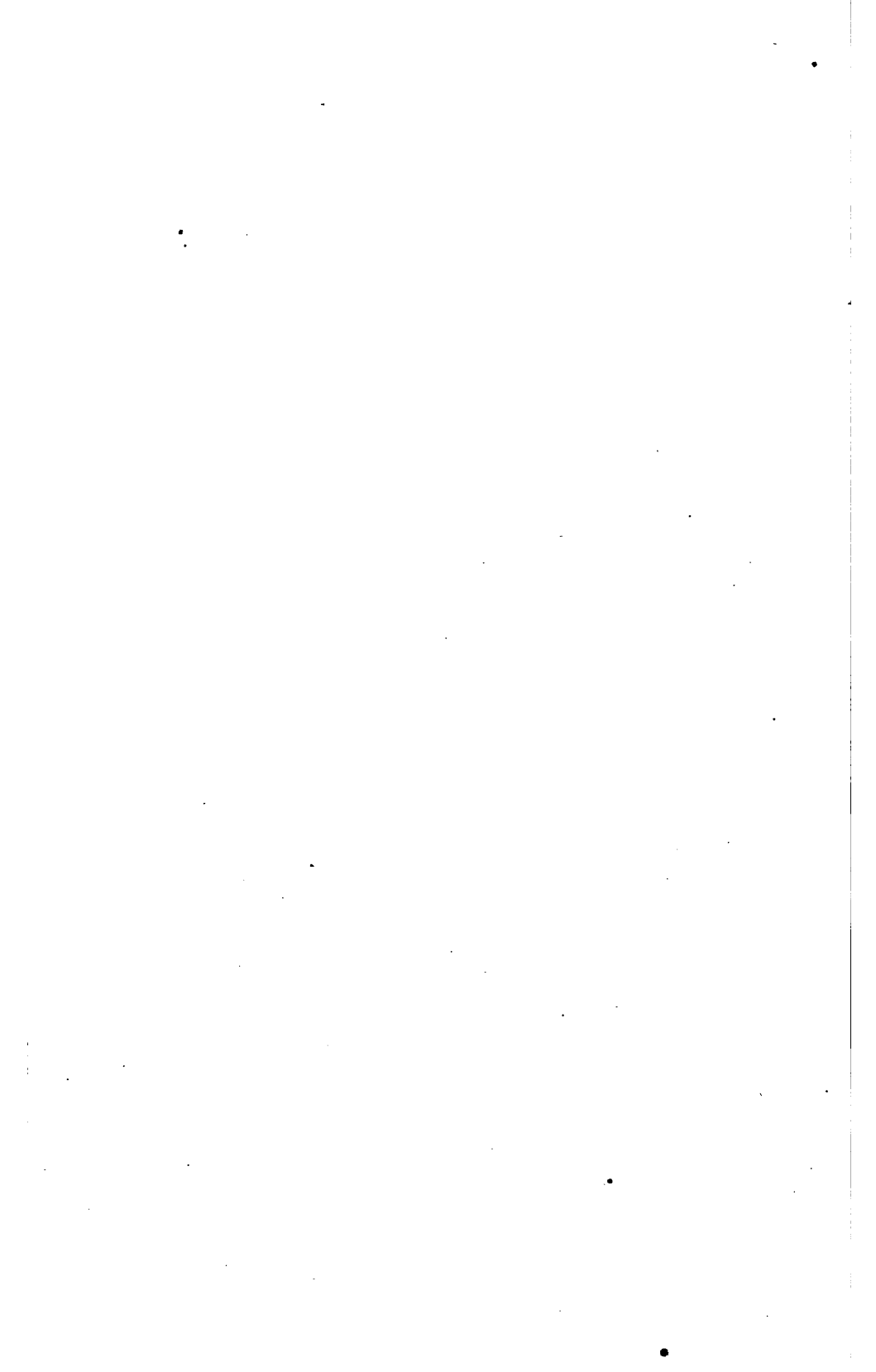
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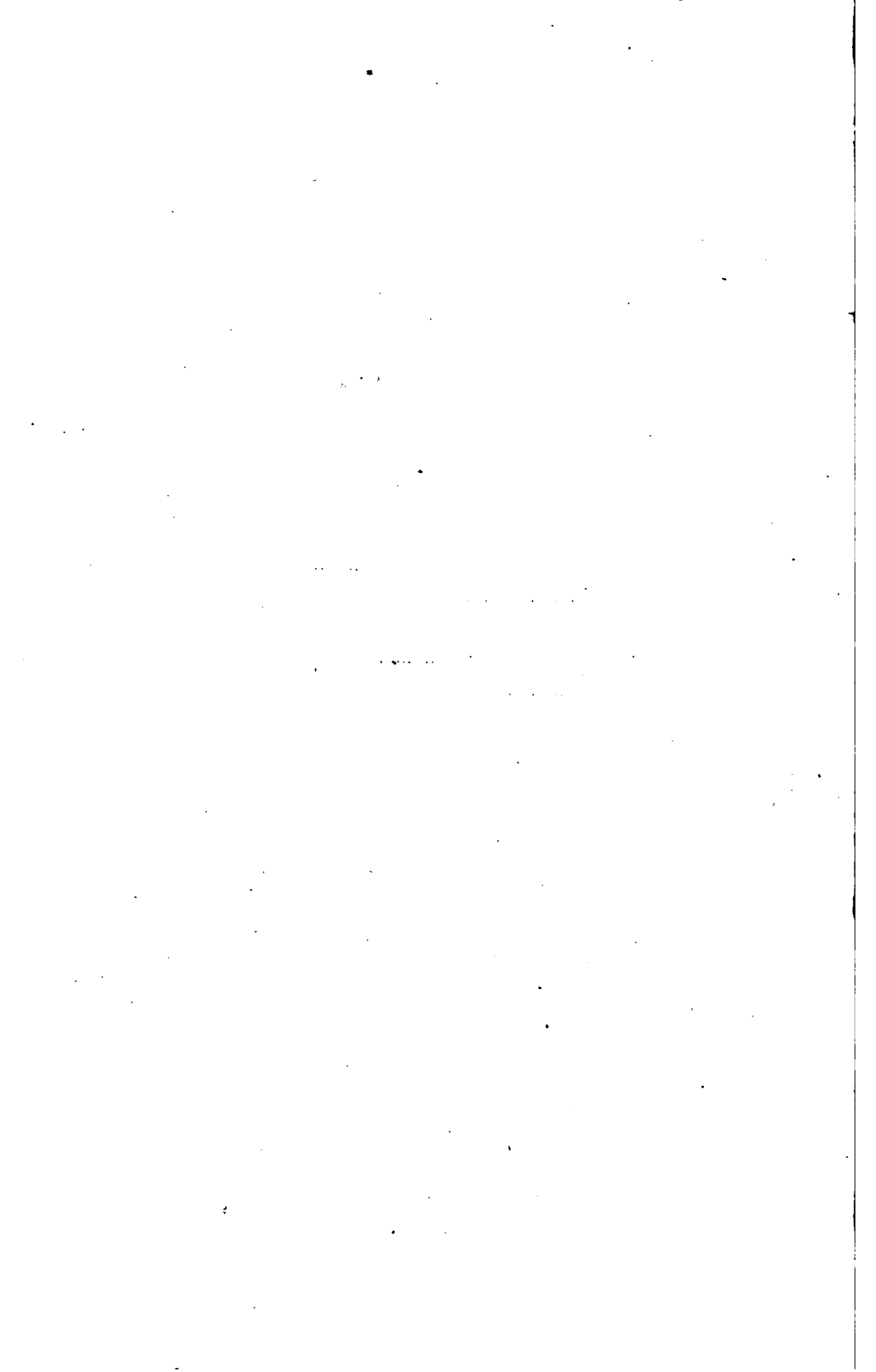
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Low Fors, in Raydale-side.(1)

PROLOGUE.

"Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge."

JULIUS CÆSAR: Act iii. Sc. 2.

I KNOW it is a venerable and good usage for an author to introduce his subject to his readers with a few prefatory remarks, intended to excite, according to his ability, a mutual interest—a kindred sympathy in what both are about to explore together; and since I acknowledge that

"Whate'er with Time hath sanction found
Is welcome, and is dear to me——"

(1) From a Painting in the collection of the Rev. G. C. Tomlinson.

I were unpardonable if I refused compliance with such a custom. And hence arises a difficulty, for if the porch be rude and humble, the majority will pass by without entering the building; if the prologue be barren, many will not trouble themselves with the theme. Yet, on the present occasion, I am led to hope my theme's own interest will redeem any preluding dulness, at least with those to whom it is more especially addressed,—THE MEN OF WENSLEYDALE.

It is natural for the human heart to associate itself, as it were, with the scenes of infancy and youth; with the abodes and sepulchres of our ancestors—the places where “they lived, and loved, and died”—and to retain fond recollections of those haunts through years of separation and wandering. This is the case with all, yes even with those whose natal homes are comparatively devoid of sylvan and picturesque beauty.

“Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours;
 Or whether fittier term'd the sway
 Of habit, form'd in early day?
 Howe'er derived, its force confess'd
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,
 And drags us on with viewless chain,
 While taste and reason plead in vain.
 Look east, and ask the Belgian why
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain gale?
 Content to rear his whiten'd wall
 Beside the dank and dull canal,
 He'll say: *from youth he lov'd to see
 The white sail gliding by the tree.*”

MARMION: Intr. to Canto III.

But the bosoms of mountaineers are still more deeply pervaded by this feeling. They cling with tenacity to the

blue hills and bright streams of their father-land, dwelling with feverish love on the legends attached to crag and fountain, when far away, bustling amid the city's Mammon-worshipping multitude or voyaging along the sunny southern seas;—through manhood, to their last gasp, the latent wish burns within them that some day they may return to their "Highland Home," and sleep amongst their fathers.

If then, as I believe, such is the case with the natives of green WENSLEYDALE, little apology is necessary for offering to their acceptance the brief view of their Vale's history which occupies these pages. Brief, it most certainly and necessarily is; imperfect, I fear it will be judged in many points; neither is it much more than a condensed compilation; but I trust I may be acquitted of vanity in saying, that it will be found more complete of its *kind* than any yet published.

Some few years ago I announced as forthcoming, "The History and Antiquities of Wensleydale." Let it be distinctly understood that *this* is a totally different publication, and of much humbler pretensions. Circumstances have hitherto prevented my completing my original design, but I have by no means abandoned it. Meanwhile, a little book was evidently required, which should furnish a concise account of all the most interesting objects, and to a certain extent, a review of former times, at a price adapted to the poor as well as to the rich man's purse; a book which might equally find its way to the esquire's drawing-room table, and to the humble bookshelf of the hardy peasant dalesman who desires to know something of his "forelders'" homes and deeds. The deficiency thus felt, I hope my THREE CHAPTERS will, to a great extent, supply.

The only account of Wensleydale, within the reach of the middle and lower classes, is contained in the notes to "Wensleydale; or, Rural Contemplations: a Poem: by T. Maude, Esq.;" the fourth and last edition of which was published in 1816; thirty-six years ago. These notes, comprising a good deal of extraneous matter, fill sixty pages; but omit a variety of highly important subjects: the volume, besides, is nearly out of print. Clarkson's "History of Richmond" is a valuable and carefully written work; by far the most accurate that has yet appeared; but this is comparatively difficult of access, and, however serviceable to enquiring students, a quarto has rather a formidable appearance to the general reader.

Pre-eminent, in size and pretensions, is "Whitaker's Richmondshire," published in folio, at £24. (1819—22); hence, quite beyond the general means. This book, though beautifully got up and embellished, is very faulty; the author, unhappily, not living to complete and revise it. It may be compared to a vast quarry of fine marble, partly worked; the blocks in which require to be hewn, and polished, and arranged. Dr. Whitaker was a learned and laborious writer, but, unfortunately, only once paid this district a visit and that a hasty one. Where his conjectures appear accurate I have followed him. The account of Wensleydale in Allen's "History of the County of York" is accurate, but of necessity, meagre. Good notices of different places may be found scattered over various publications; such as "The Gentleman's Magazine," Burke's "Historic Scenes," Athill's "Middleham," and others; but the reader must at once see that all these are of small value to the bulk of the inhabitants; not one containing a compressed and universally accessible account.

Wensleydale however does not deserve the neglect she has experienced. Hand-books, of all kinds, have been published respecting localities much less interesting, whether we regard her natural beauties—her historical associations—or the distinguished characters to whom she has given birth, or who have fixed their abode in her shades. Rich in variegated mountain scenery, we may descend from the bleak hill's crest, where, amongst the heather, only the grouse and the curlew dwell; to old woods, where the linnet and the cushat breed; and fair meadows where the butterfly sleeps upon the flower. Rich also in game and in cattle, she is still wealthier in such treasures as miners dig from swart subterranean abodes. "She has Halls, and she has Castles," inseparably united with English story,—Abbeys too, whose names, whilst our national records shall be written must for ever remain upon the scroll. Her fortresses have been the palaces and prisons of Kings; her soil has been watered with the blood of the Saints. From the hour when the Roman eagles first flew over the Isis,⁽¹⁾ down to the present century, her vicissitudes have been innumerable.

It is no mean boast for so secluded a valley to have produced a Queen of England, a Prince of Wales, a Cardinal Archbishop, three other Archbishops, five Bishops, three Chancellors, and two Chief Justices of England; not to mention the distinguished Abbots, Earls, Barons, and Knights, who were also natives; one of whom, John Nevile, Duke of Bedford, presents the *only* instance of an English nobleman being deprived of his rank by Act of Parliament, on account of his poverty. The list of former residents is further swelled by the reigning Earls of

(1) The Yore.

Brittany and Richmond; the Kings Edward IV., and Richard III.; Mary, Queen of Scots; Harcla, Earl of Carlisle; Richard Nevile, Earl of Salisbury, and his sons the potent "King-maker" the Earl of Warwick,⁽¹⁾ and the Marquis of Montague, all men world-renowned in their day besides others of less note and too tedious to name. Such a district should have been worthily celebrated by minstrels, and described by topographers; nevertheless, few but native poets—humble, unnoticed writers—have given it their lays; and with the exception of the works previously named, and some valuable MSS. in public and private libraries, no history exists.

The task of the local chronicler, like that of the general one, is by no means easy: the attempt to please *all* would satisfy *none*. It may be that some who peruse this little volume will find occasion for offence; perhaps charge me with giving utterance to prejudiced feelings—with preferring the Past to the Present. But the plain duty of every man who undertakes to give an account of the Past, is to exhibit those who lived then in the colours given them by contemporaries, rather than from the suppositions and theories of modern authors. Perhaps I have not done this so effectually as might be; however, I have sought to state *facts* without unnecessary comments.

The same observation holds good with regard to public institutions and buildings. Those who are led to believe that Abbeys were the abodes of gluttony and licentiousness,

(1) "*York*: Call hither to the stake my two brave bears
That, with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me."

Henry VI.: Pt. II, Sc. 1.

The chained bear and rugged staff was the most popular cognizance of the Neviles, lords of Middleham.

and Castles, strongholds of tyrants and thieves, will start, to find them represented otherwise. Well indeed may they, for it has long been customary to draw such false pictures, and fill up the outline with the most frightful colours. Even poets have lent their powers, and men of highest genius their eloquence and pens, to blacken past times, and decry the Ages of Faith. Glorious exceptions certainly intervene; but alas! of each and of all of these we may say,—

“He came—and baring his heav’n-bright thought
He earned the base world’s ban,
And having vainly lived and taught,
Gave place to a meaner man.”

Only a little while ago, and no audience could be found for such: even at present it is limited.

Men may be met, affecting to advocate for their poor brothers and sisters, coarse bread and water-porridge in a Union House, as being preferable to good meat and ale at a Convent; forgetting, apparently, that while the maintenance of the Union, with its officials and starvation, costs themselves annually large sums, the Convent, with its monks and its charities, never extracted one penny from the pockets of their ancestors. They complain, justly enough, of oppressive rates, and cruel laws; all the while oblivious, if not totally ignorant of the frightful injustice which first caused a necessity for those rates and laws, with all the innumerable concomitant miseries hence entailed on us and our successors. They bemoan sincerely the scenes of suffering that frequently occur, never thinking that in the old day and under its rule, no gifted author could have written—

“Back! wretched suppliant! back
To thy cheerless, homeless dwelling!

Though the snow flake hides thy track,
 And the bitter wind is telling
 Its wintry tale of woes,
 Howling where'er it goes—

* * * * *

Hence to thy haunt of famine, grief, and gloom—
 The workhouse swarms—as yet there is ‘no room:’”

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

—because, in the precincts of the Convent there was ever
 “room,” and food, and shelter, for the poor and needy.
 Because our Catholic forefathers knew not how to look with
 cold hearts and closed hands on the objects of Christian
 charity.

“How beautiful they stand,
 Those ancient churches of our native land!
 Amid the pasture fields and dark green woods,
 Amid the mountain clouds and solitudes;
 By rivers broad, that rush into the sea;
 By little brooks, that with a lisping sound,
 Like playful children, run by copse and lea!
 Each in its little plot of holy ground.
 How beautiful they stand,
 Those old grey churches of our native land!”

The Wensleydale churches frequently elicit the tourist's
 admiration. He, however, sees them greatly to disadvan-
 tage; these fine Catholic buildings having undergone
 numberless alterations, none of an improving character, and
 many of the very worst description which even a country
 churchwarden's proverbial ignorance could effect. This
 is a subject painful to dwell upon. The frightful white-
 wash, which has obliterated family memorials, and defaced
 fresco paintings and armorial shields, under the pretext
 of *cleanliness* or *comeliness*—the splendid oak stalls cut
 up, to make way for wooden *boxes* called pews—the utter
 disregard of architectural rules displayed both externally

and internally, by the innovators—all are truly sickening. Still, though changed to accommodate a service for which none of them, save East Witton, were intended, they contain indelible accessories of Catholic rites. The sedilia, the piscina, and the lychnoscope, remain in most; and nearly all contain traces both of the roodlofts and the chantry parclooses. Were it not for the pews, they would hold congregations at least one-third larger than now suffice to fill them.

Dr. Whitaker observes, “ancient piety was anxious to go beyond strict necessity, in the construction of churches. Their builders did not sit down, as we do, to compute the precise number of square feet which a given number of hearers will occupy, and to abolish form, proportion, and grace, if these requirements should either take up room, or cause expense.”(1)

After saying: “from the expenses of building the choir, parishes were wholly exonerated; yet, in Richmondshire, this part of the fabric, if of a different period, and in a different style from the nave, varies principally in being more magnificent;” he thus proceeds:—“To account for this, we are compelled to acknowledge the prodigious advantage arising from the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. Many of the benefices, in this district, still continue to be opulent rectories; of the rest, not many had undergone the unhappy process of an appropriation, before the present chancels were built;” but, after lauding the old Catholic rectors for, as he says, applying the “superfluity” of “their glebe and tithes” “on that portion of the church which was properly their own,” the Dr. “a Protestant, and a married clergyman,” naively “*protests*” against

(1) Whittaker's Richmondshire, vol. 1. p. 6.

celibacy, and cautions married rectors, with families, not to expend more than is necessary for repairs, *but to take care of their children!* A curious and unconscious testimony, certainly, to the vast difference between the Present and the Past.(1)

(1) "From the gospel and the epistles of St. Paul, the first christians had learnt to form an exalted notion of the merit of chastity and continency. (*Matt.* xix. 10, 1 *Cor.* vii.) In all they were revered: from ecclesiastics they were expected. To the latter were supposed more particularly to belong that voluntary renunciation of sensual pleasure, and that readiness to forsake parents, wife, and children, for the love of Christ, which the saviour of mankind required in the more perfect of his disciples, (*Luke* xvi. 26.): and this idea was strengthened by the reasoning of the apostle, who had observed, that while the married man was necessarily solicitous for the concerns of this world, the unmarried was at liberty to turn his whole attention to the service of God. (1 *Cor.* vii. 82, 83.) Hence it was inferred that the embarrassments of wedlock were hostile to the profession of a clergyman. His parishioners, it was said, were his family: and to watch over their spiritual welfare, to instruct their ignorance, to console them in their afflictions, and to relieve them in their indigence, were expected to be his constant and favourite occupations. (The validity of this inference is maintained in the very act of the Protestant Parliament which licenses the marriages of the clergy. 2. Ed. vi. c. 21.) But though the first teachers of Christianity were accustomed to extol the advantages, they did not impose the obligation of clerical celibacy. Of those who had embraced the doctrine of the gospel, the majority were married previously to their conversion. Had they been excluded from the priesthood, the clergy would have lost many of their brightest ornaments; had they been compelled to separate from their wives, they might justly have accused the severity and impolicy of the measure. (*Hawarden, Church of Christ*, vol. 1. p. 408.) They were, however, taught to consider a life of continency, even in the married state, as demanded by the sacredness of their functions. (*Orig. Hom.* 23, in lib. num. *Euseb. Dem. evan.* l. i. c. g.); and no sooner had the succession of Christian princes secured the peace of the Church, than laws were made to enforce that discipline, which fervour had formerly introduced and upheld. (See the Councils of *Elvira*, can. xxxiii; of *Neocæsarea*, can. i; of *Ancyra*, can. xx; of *Carthage*, con. ii, can. ii; and of *Toledo*, con. i, can. i.) Every monument of the first ages of the Saxon Church which has descended to us, bears the strongest testimony that the celibacy of the clergy was constantly and severely enforced. 'God's priests and deacons, and God's other servants, that should serve in God's temple, and touch the sacrament and the holy books, they shall always observe their chastity.' (*Panit. Eg.* p. 133, iv.) 'If priest or deacon marry, let them lose their orders.' (*Ibid.* i. and p. 134, v.) But deposition was the only punishment: the marriage was not annulled. It was only in the twelfth century that holy orders were declared to incapacitate a person for marriage. (*Pothier, traite du contrat de marr.* p. 135.) Even female relations were forbidden to dwell in the same house with a priest. (See *Panit. Eg.* p. 134. vi.) * "Thus writes the erudite and elaborate Dr. Lingard."

* The celebrated St. Egbert, Archbishop of York, A.D. 743, 767.

Of course, the chancel (more properly *quire*), containing the High Altar, was, in all cases, the most elaborately decorated part; but, a little careful examination, shows the *sanctuaries* of the chantries (which, in the Wensleydale churches, are usually the side aisles of the nave) to have been also richly adorned. These had separate altars, having each a priest, who said mass daily. Hence, very frequently, "the whole of the side aisles," *i. e.* chapels, "were latticed in or otherwise defined;" but, not as Dr. Whitaker infers, to define the family burial vault. In fact, a chantry was often founded by the last of an ancient line, whose fathers were buried either in the churchyard or nave of the church; and the altar was endowed by him, that the Adorable Sacrifice might be offered in perpetuity for his own soul, and the souls of his kinsfolk, and for all Christian souls.

The mistakes into which writers constantly fall, from ignorance of Catholic usages, ceremonies, and belief, are so very frequent, that I hope my remarks will neither be misconstrued nor held offensive. Enough of this for the present.

It is not my intention to enter largely into archæological details, nor to indulge historical and antiquarian surmises, likely to prove tedious to the fair readers who, I trust, will scan my pages, when I shall be very distant from the banks of the Yore. Such laboured efforts would better suit a different place. My aim, indeed, is to instruct, but also to amuse; and what can be more amusing, to one who knows and loves Wensleydale well, than to ponder over its former days and doings beside the "old Ha' ingle," when the north-east wind, howling round Penhill, drifts the snow against the panes without, but the cheerful fire

blazes brightly within, and to compare the knights of old, when in like circumstances, they

“——could neither hunt nor ride

A foray on the Scottish side”

with moderns, somewhat similarly situated. Or else, in summer, to wander beside the river, when June's sweet sunshine or yet sweeter moonlight falls upon its waters, and recall fair Mary of Middleham, and gentle Queen Anne, who, in their blooming girlhood, so often watched the stream with joy; or that fairer and saintly Queen Mary, who from her prison lattice at Bolton, could never, either by summer night or winter day, behold its rapid waves.

Nooks there are, sweet and retired, where tourist never comes, and few, save labourers or sportsmen, tread;—green, pleasant places for poetic dream or more solemn meditation;—places, where the heart may hold communion with itself undisturbed by worldly clamour, and where, save the song of birds, and hum of insects, and tinkling gush of musical streams, no sound falls on the ear; unless, at intervals, a soft breeze bears from afar the mellowed tone of some old church bell.

Fair recesses like these, reader, I would have you seek at times, else you will never know the true beauties of Wensleydale; and, if you love to study nature, your search will not prove barren. Then, too, shun not to climb some high ascent,—there are many to be found—and when you see the country stretched out around and beneath, in its beautiful succession of moorland and wood, meadow and cornfield, endeavour, in imagination, to picture to yourself its aspect in former times.

The Roman cohorts, with their glittering arms and

ensigns, are evoked by Fancy, marching to and from Bracchium: the valley is alive with Roman civilization. Then follows a ruder scene—the legions are withdrawn, and savage Picts ravage the country and destroy the towns: but quickly another host appears—Saxon steel repels the rude hordes, and the new race restores towns and villages. The Cross is reared, and happiness and virtue abound. Then, floating from the cold north, comes the grim Raven:

“Herald of ruin, and death, and flight—

Where will the carrier of Odin alight?”—

on the fair banks of the Yore, that soon becomes crimson with the blood of the brave, and fair, and holy. But peace returns, though only for a season. Once again, devastation; and then, a long bright day of glory, extending to that period when the quaint old journeyer, heard “goode singing” amongst the canons of Coverham, and found “Sonske a park, and both Middleham West Park, and Guanlesse well wooded;” and Bolton “the fairest castle in Richmondshire,” with “unusual chimneys and a marvellous clock.” Shortly, even this disappears under a black cloud: the clang of arms follows for awhile: Cromwell and his Ironsides are victors, but not without a struggle. Last of all appear the brave plumed and kilted Highlanders of the last of the Stewarts, no unwelcome visitors to the loyal dales.

“He’s coming frae the north that’s to marry me—

He’s coming frae the north that’s to carry me—

A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree,

He’s a bonnie, bonnie laddie, an’ yon be he!”

But the sweet White Rose soon withers, though its dry leaves were long cherished, and its memory is yet dear to true hearts. The vision is over!

"Long rolling years have swept those scenes away,
 And Peace is on the mountain and the fell;
 And rosy dawn, and closing twilight grey,
 But hear the distant sheepwalk's tinkling bell."

Other spots there are, I would have you likewise visit;
 those deep wild glens among the mountains, whose very
 rudeness renders them picturesque. Such coves as

——keep till June December's snow;

where

"The rainbow comes—the cloud,
 And mists that spread the flying shroud,
 And sunbeams—and the sounding blast,
 That if it could would hurry past,
 But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

WORDSWORTH.

Such varied scenes does Wensleydale afford: but above all, omit not the mouldering walls of hallowed Jervaux; and when you tread the aisles of its once glorious but now desecrated church, remember to WHOM the building was once dedicated; and WHOSE DIVINE PRESENCE formerly abode there day and night. And if, unhappily, you are swayed by no higher consideration,—no purer feeling of devotion,—at least for the sake of the holy prelates, and brave nobles, and fair ladies, whose recorded and magnificent monuments have long been overthrown, but whose mortal bodies yet lie beneath your feet, awaiting the hour when together with yours they shall become immortal, let thoughts of reverential awe be cherished in your heart.

Dr. Whitaker calls the confines of the hills "the Piedmont of Richmondshire," an appellation not undeserved. Amongst the spots whence the finest views are obtained, I may enumerate Witton Fell, Leyburn Shawl, Scarthe Nick, Morpeth Gate, Mowbray Point, and Kids-

ton Bank Top. All disclose splendid landscapes. But it seems unjust, and is really difficult to make a selection amongst the numerous points from which an artist may choose subjects for the exercise of his pencil, or a poet for the effusions of his muse.

Tedious as a thrice told tale I fear I am now becoming ; and therefore, gentle or ungentle reader, I close this Prologue with those lines of Goldsmith, appropriately chosen by Maude as an epigraph to *his* " WENSLEYDALE."

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.





MIDDLEHAM CASTLE.

THE CATHOLIC DAY; OR, CHAPTER I.

"The moors—all hail! ye changeless, ye sublime,
 That seldom hear a voice save that of Heaven!
 Scorners of chance, and fate, and death, and time,
 But not of Him, whose viewless hand hath riven
 The chasm through which the mountain stream is driven.
 How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
 But list'ning to his beating heart—ye lie!
 With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep,
 Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky:
 Ye speak, are mute, and there is no reply.
 Here all is sapphire light, and gloomy land,
 Blue, brilliant sky, above a sable sea
 Of hills like chaos, ere the first command
 'Let there be light!' bade light and beauty be."

ELLIOTT.

WENSLEYDALE, otherwise called Yorevale or Jorevalle, is a beautiful and extensive valley in the wapentake of Hang

West, in Richmondshire, North York. It may be considered to commence at Kilgram Bridge, and to extend, stretching westward, almost as far as the Lady's Pillar on the confines of Westmoreland. This however is *modern* Wensleydale. The ancient boundary was where Bain fell into Yore on the south side, and Meerbeck on the north. All the country west of that to Hell Gill was a wild forest. (1)

In this district a variety of scenery exists, unsurpassed in beauty by any in England. Mountains, clothed at their summits with purple heather interspersed with huge crags, and at their bases with luxuriant herbage, bound the view on either hand. Down the valley's centre flows the winding Yore, one of the most serpentine rivers our island boasts; now boiling and foaming in a narrow channel over sheets of limestone—now forming cascades only equalled by the cataracts of the Nile—and anon spreading out into a broad smooth stream, as calm and placid as a lowland lake. On the banks lie rich pastures, occasionally relieved at the eastern extremity of the valley by cornfields. Other streams, mere mountain torrents, increase the waters of the Yore during their course; and below Ulshaw, in the lands of East Witton, the Cover, which gives name to an adjacent dale; becomes united with them.

The briefest, but perhaps the best historian of Wensleydale, Maude, after speaking of the Yore being differently named Ure, Eure, and Jore—losing its title below Borough-bridge, where it receives the insignificant Ouse—and when afterwards augmented by the Derwent becoming the mighty Humber—justly says of its changed appellation, that it “is a circumstance that provokes the poet's ire and exclamation. At what period this reform took place, we have not been able to determine; but there is a strong presumption that the river which now washes the walls of York, was anciently called Eure or Yore, whence the city seems to have derived its name;” as also did the county.

(1) Vide Appendix “Boundaries of Wensleydale.”

Long before, Leland had been puzzled as to where the *Isis* and the *Ure* mingled their waters. In reality, the Yore was the Roman *Isis*.

Michael Drayton in his "Polyolbion" makes "the proud North Riding" call Yore her "sovereign flood," and reproachfully speak of the waters of the West, because they only unite with hers when she no longer needs them, adding of the northern streams—

"————— for my greater grace
 These floods of which I speak, I now intend to trace
 From their first springing founts, beginning with the Your,
 From Morvil's mighty foot which rising with the power
 That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat more doth fill,
 Near Bishops-dale at hand, when Cover, a clear rill,
 Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chase,
 For her loved Cover's sake, doth lovingly embrace
 Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and groves,
 In Middleham's amorous eye, as wand'ringly she roves."

No epithet could possibly be selected more applicable to the Yore than "*wandering*." (2)

(1) I have invariably adopted, "Yore," as the most correct orthography, but it is proper to observe, that much controversy has arisen at different periods, on this subject. In October, 1847, a writer in the "Leeds Mercury," signing himself "*Clericus*," maintained that the Romans named the river "*Urus*," as being descriptive of the stream's rapidity, especially when swollen from the west; the Latin word "*Urus*" signifying a beast like a bull, remarkable for its swiftness, and therefore applicable to such a river. He proceeds—"this word has been written in three different forms: "*Urus*," the Roman name; the Saxon form of this would be written with the initial "J," rather from the sound than from the orthography. The latter form is seen in "*Jervaulx*," and still more evidently in the inscriptions on tombs in that Abbey, as "*Jorevallia*." The termination "*vallis*" has been changed into the Norman form "*vaulx*," or "*vaux*." When again, we have the third form "*Yore*," as in "*York*," we have merely another mode of spelling "*Jore*," for the German pronunciation of "*Jore*" would be "*Yore*." When, therefore, the name "*Ure*" is given to the river, it is the Roman name; and when it is called "*Yore*," it is actually the more modern manner of spelling the Saxon form of the first name. Roman, "*Urus*;" Saxon, "*Jore*;" modern, "*Yore*." W. Hylton Longstaffe, Esq., says he adopts "*Eure*" for many reasons. *Ure* is inelegant, and does not show how it was that (by a similar conversion to that which so frequently converted the family name of *Eure* into *Ever*, both in spelling and pronunciation) this noble river gave the name to *Eboracum*, *Everwik* or *York*, as well as to *Isurium* or *Aldborough*. *Yore* is neither ancient nor modern, it wants the *e* of the ancient varieties, and is not used by the Tudor topographers. Besides it needs the explanation that the

There are several smaller dales branching out of Wensleydale, of which indeed they may be accounted part. Of these the principle are Bishopdale, and Raydale, or Rodale,—the valley of the Roe; which last contains Lake Semerwater, a sheet of water covering a hundred and five acres, and about forty-five feet deep. Besides this lake, the natural objects of interest in the district best known are Aysgarth Force, Hardraw Scaur, Mill Gill near Askrigg, and Leyburn Shawl; the last is a lofty natural terrace from which the eye may range from the Cleveland Hills, at the mouth of the Tees, to those bordering upon Westmorland. Rich in historic associations, Wensleydale contains the royal castle of Middleham, Richard the Third's favourite residence; Bolton Castle, built by and long appertaining to the Scropes, where Mary Queen of Scots spent a short portion of her sad captivity in England; and the Cistercian Monastery of Jorevalle or Jerveaux, a rich and mitred(1) Abbey, now

o as in Scrope and Rokeby, is to be pronounced as oo or ou—and the whole word Your as Drayton has it, or Ure as Leland and most of his successors write it. Yore is the semi-Latin mediæval form." (*Richmondshire, its Lords and Edifices*, p. 80.) I differ entirely, at present, from both these writers; but give their opinions, leaving the etymological reader to form his own judgment. From all preserved documents—Papal Bulls—Royal Charters—Feudal grants and family papers which I have hitherto investigated, as well as in the local pronunciation, I consider my orthography justified, and adhere to "Yore."

(1) In Longstaffe's "*Richmondshire*, p. 73," it is stated that "The abbey *spiritually* was a mitred one, but not *parliamentarily* so." This is certainly erroneous. When A. D. 1307, Edward the First, after keeping the previous Christmas at Carlisle, held on the octaves of St. Hillary a "Great Parliament" in that city, to which were summoned "eighty-seven Earls and Barons; twenty Bishops; sixty-one Abbots, and eight Priors; besides many Deanes, Archdeacons, and other inferiour Clearkes of the Convocation. The Master of the Knights of ye Temple,—of every shire, two Knights; of every city, two Citizens; and of every borough, two Burgesses, &c." (*Stowe's Chron.*, p. 210), we find the Lord Abbot of "Jorevall," thirty-sixth on the roll of Abbots, taking precedence over those of Fountains and Bellalaud, both Cistercian houses. There were in England, thirty-nine mitred Abbots, and, although the number of Abbots and Priors summoned to Parliament varied, there were never fewer than twenty-five Abbots and two Priors. (Vide, Hallam's Constitutional History. Henry's History of England.) Elsyng, in his "*Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*," says, in his Chapter "Of those who were antiently summoned to Parliament"—"All Abbots and Priors, which held by earldom or a barony, *ratione tenuræ*."

merely a pile of ruins. In Coverdale are the remnants of Coverham Abbey.

The district is celebrated for the produce of its dairies, it consisting chiefly of grazing farms; and Middleham Moor is well known as one of the first training grounds for race horses in England. The villages, which are numerous, are for the most part neat; and there are several gentlemen's seats pleasantly situated. To the botanist the vale presents attractions, as it produces many of our rarer plants, and in it the ornithologist will find more than one-half of our English land-fowl. On the moors grouse are plentiful; the wild cat and pine-marten are still occasionally found in the woods. In ancient times wolves abounded. Fish are plentiful in the Yore and its tributary streams, and in Lake Semerwater; almost every mountain beck contains splendid trout, and in spawning time large salmon frequent the river. There are mines of lead and coal; the former were worked in the reign of King John, if not earlier, while freestone, slate, and lime are easily obtained; nor are either iron or copper wanting, although not worked. The natives are a fine hardy race, stern of mood and somewhat rude in manners and in speech, but kind and hospitable to an extreme; retaining many of their forefathers' customs unchanged by modern refinement.

Leland tells us there is produced in "Uredale very little corne except bygge (barley) or otes, but plentiful of gresse on communes.

"Coverdale is worse than Swaledale or Uredale for corne, and hath no woods but about Coverham Abbey.

"In the dales of Richemontshire they burne linge, pete, and turffes.(1)

In the writ of summons their "christian names were never mentioned. They were styled thus: *Dilecto in Christo Abbati Sancti Augustini*. Jorevalle was beyond all question a barony.

(1) Turf, "*Turbis*," during the mediæval ages was commonly employed as fuel in France, Flanders, and England. Pliny mentions it as a poor substitute for wood, used in cookery by the Cauchi. (Nat. Hist. lxxvi. c. 1); whilst the

"In places where they cutte doune linge good gresse springeth for the catel for a yere or 2 until the linge overgroe it." This custom of burning the ling in order to promote the growth of herbage for sheep is yet practised, and frequently on a February or March evening the stranger will be alarmed by immense distant conflagrations which seem to threaten the safety of the country.

To finish this brief outline I may add that Wensleydale is a royal forest, of which the Duke of Leeds, hereditary Constable and Lord of Middleham Castle, through descent from the family of Conyers,⁽¹⁾ is Her Majesty's Ranger; possessing the right of hunting and shooting over all lands not belonging to Jorevalle Abbey.⁽²⁾ Formerly, Red Deer were plentiful in the parks, more especially in Bishopdale Chase; and these magnificent creatures came down the valley, in severe winters, so recently as the close of the last century.

And now, before we view Wensleydale in that happy day when the Holy Catholic Faith was professed throughout our Island, let us briefly revert to an earlier period—the earliest that attested history records. When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain B. C., 55, he did not by any means

Chronicle of Andres shows it was not more agreeable to the fine ladies of those days those days than of our own. "Quod uxor ejus focam glebarum vel turbarum erosum habetat."

(1) The house of Conyers, or Coigners, is one of hoar antiquity and high repute both in Yorkshire and the adjacent palatinate of Durham. The name, according to Camden's "Remaines," signifies *Quince*, and is placed amongst those families who had names from trees near their habitations. Alas for this ancient race! "From John, the son of Galfrid," writes Surtees, "descended in a long lineal procession gallant knights and esquires, who held Sockburn (in Durham), till the reign of Charles I., whilst the younger branches of this stately cedar shadowed both Durham and Yorkshire. All are now fallen; and not a foot of land is held by Conyers in either county." The last Sir John Conyers, Bart., died a pauper. The lands of Sockburn were held under the Bishop, Count Palatine of Durham, by the service of presenting each new prelate on his entering the diocese with the falchion, "wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn." This achievement is said to have been *before the Conquest*, nevertheless, the name of Conyers is of Norman origin.

(2) His Grace's Deputy Ranger is F. Cholmeley, jun., Esq.

perfect the conquest of the country. Wensleydale then formed part of the powerful kingdom of the Brigantes, or *dwellers on the water or hill country*, whose capital was Isurium Brigantium, the present Aldborough, near Boroughbridge; in all probability the chief city in Britain. The Romans had a long and severe struggle with the aborigines before their sway was universally acknowledged, and the Brigantes were the last to yield: their final subjugation was effected by Cnæus Julius Agricola, in the reign of Vespasian; the proprætor, Petilius Cerealis, receiving their submission A.D., 70.

Up to this era the religious creed of the Druids, a sanguinary superstition, imperfectly known to us, prevailed in Wensleydale. Often must the dale's thick woods have witnessed most barbarous rites—often must their echoes have repeated the agonising shrieks of human victims, consumed in slow flames as sacrifices to those demon gods who their priests taught could not be propitiated, unless for the life of a sick man, the life of a man was offered up. The Druids seem to have possessed some knowledge of the sciences; the art of writing was likewise familiar to them; but dark and gloomy indeed was their faith—dark as the oak forests in which its solemnities were held—gloomy as the strange belief that they derived their origin from Dis, or Pluto, which led them to compute their time by nights rather than by days.

Few traces of Druidism remain in Wensleydale, although it prevailed during so many centuries. One vestige may be found in the Beltane *bonfire*; till recently kindled near some of the villages on Midsummer Eve. In this fire, bones or dead animals are burned, whilst the spectators dance round or leap over it, and enforce contributions from all passengers, thus proving it to have been, originally, a sacrifice to the false god Bel, Belus, or Baal, who was once as much worshipped on the banks of the Yore, as by the streams of Babylon or Nineveh. Neither was wholly unknown, though adored by another name

"———Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol———

whilst

———with these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

MILTON.

To this day Penhill, the chief hill, retains its early British name, which as Pen is a word generally describing *round land*, like a head, means the round hill.

When Britain at last yielded to the rule of the Cæsars, Roman arts and customs superseded the British. The young nobility assumed the Roman costume, and finally, almost surpassed their conquerors in luxury: this country, in fact, became essentially Italianized. During the Roman occupation, a period of full four hundred years(1), Wensleydale was included in the province of Maxima Cæsariensis, the capital of which was Ebor or York, a favourite residence of the Emperors, when in this island. Other cities adorned the province, and in them temples, palaces, and baths, vied in magnificence with those of Italy. Wensleydale was not forgotten.

About the close of the second century, where Bainbridge now stands, the station or town of Bracchium, previously composed of turf huts, was built of stone, under the care of Lucius Aunæus Senecio, by the 6th cohort of the Nervii, Lucius Vipsius commanding the —th Legion. This cohort was quartered according to the Notitia Imperii, at Elenborough, whither it had probably removed from this place. The Nervii Dictenses, supposed to be a

(1) The great length of this period, equal to that between the reigns of Henry VI. and Victoria, is almost universally over-looked, together with the fact, that during the greater part of it, Britain was as highly civilized as any part of the world. A good History of England from B. c. 55, to A. D. 447, is much wanted.

portion of the cohort, lay at Ambleside, and the 3rd cohort at Whitley Castle, in Northumberland. It is uncertain to which Legion they belonged, as the number is gone from the Bainbridge inscription.

Traces of the town are yet distinctly visible, and at various periods, altars, stones bearing inscriptions in honour of the Emperors Pertinax, Antoninus, and Geta, parts of statues, &c., have been dug up. One of these relics was a statue of Aurelius Commodus, in the dress of Hercules; another, an altar, inscribed by the soldiery to Venus Victrix. The military road leading to Bracchium struck out from Leeming Lane to the north-west, passed over Watlass Moor through Thornton Steward, where a local memory of it remains, and vestiges of a Roman camp may be seen, crossed the Iseur or Isis, (Yore) at Ulshaw, and continued its course through Middleham Parks to Aggleborough and Bracchium.

Reverting to these days, we find the Druidical religion superseded by another superstition, less sanguinary and more refined, but still foul and hideous. The Gods of the Pantheon were worshipped in Wensleydale, and altars were raised to Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Apollo, on places where, in after years, the triumphant standard of the Cross was reared. The Roman deities were indeed

“ ————— long to tell, though far renown'd,

Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held;

Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,

Their boasted parents.” Titan, heaven's first-born,

With his enormous brood, and birthright seized

By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove

His own and Rhea's son, like measure found,

So Jove usurping reigned: these first in Crété

And Ida known, thence on the snowy tops

Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,

Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff;

Or in Dodona; and through all the bounds

Of Doric land; or who, with Saturn old,

Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,

And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

MILTON.

We may, perhaps, regard as a memorial of these times a beautiful spring on Witton Fell, yet designated Diana's Well. It rises in a spot which we may easily suppose Roman fancy would consecrate to the goddess of the chase. (1.)

But the Roman reign drew towards its close: the glory of the empire waned, and its armies were withdrawn from Britain. Harassed by barbarous enemies, the Britons called the Saxons to their aid, and the sons of Teuth hastened to the land which their children have possessed during the subsequent fourteen centuries. The Saxon princes established themselves monarchs in England. Wensleydale was at first a part of Deira, but after a time that province was united with Bernicia, and formed the kingdom of Northumbria. Now we find another change in religion; a fresh system of idolatry. The Scandinavian deities supplanted the gods of the Pantheon; thus, instead of Jupiter and Mercury, the Wensleydale men worshipped Woden and Thor. A temple or altar to the latter, probably gave name to Thoresby. On Aggleborough there is a cairn, one hundred and twenty yards in circumference, called "Stone-Raise." It was opened some years ago, in search of treasure, and found to contain a *kist-vaen*, which, as usual, held the skeleton of some old chief.

The long dark night that had so long hung over England was now nearly ended; the day-spring was advancing; light was at hand.

"'Tis past, the mingled dream; though slow and grey
O'er mead and mountain break the dawning day,
Though stormy wreaths of lingering cloud oppress,
Long time the winds that breathe—the rays that bless,
They come, they come.

* * * * *

- (1) The fountain is considered so pure that a very old rhyme is still current:
"Whoever eats Hammer nuts, and drinks Diana's water (pron *watter*)
Will never leave Witton while he's rag or tatter."

The Hammer woods contain excellent nuts, and the Witton people are proverbial for attachment to their native place.

how fair, how fleet
Along the mountains flash their bounding feet !
Disease and death before their presence fly,
Truth calls, and gladden'd Britain hears the cry,
Deserts the darken'd path her fathers trod,
And seeks redemption from the Incarnate God !

Soon, holy messengers of Truth were to arrive and turn the Saxons from being blind adorers of their deified ancestors, to become eminent members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church.

In the commencement of the seventh century (625), St. Augustine sent St. Paulinus into the kingdom of Northumbria. This great saint, the Apostle of the North, after many trials, had the happiness of converting St. Edwin, then king, to the Christian faith. The nobility and people, headed by the Pagan High-priest, Coifi himself, followed the sovereign's example. Pope Honorius sent a pallium to St. Paulinus, as Archbishop of York, and wrote a congratulatory letter to the king, at the same time providing for the episcopal succession, as St. Edwin had requested.

The conversion of Wensleydale to the Catholic Faith must be attributed to the labours of St. Paulinus. The churches being as yet too few and small to hold the crowds who flocked for baptism, the holy saint was wont to baptize in the river Swale, near Catterick, and possibly in the Yore also, though of this we have no precise account. Those were happy days in Wensleydale. The banner of the Cross was unfurled, therefore, all was peace and joy.

Lately, the roads were dangerous, but now, "a weak woman might have walked with her new-born babe over the whole island without damage." Anxious to promote the comfort of his people in every way, amongst other things, the good king "for the refreshing of wayfaring men, ordained cups of iron, or brass, to be fastened by such clear wells and fountains as did run by the wayside,

which cups no man durst touch, further than to his own present use and necessity, for the love and good-will they bare to their Prince." Within man's memory, such an iron cup, of antique fashion, very possibly one of St. Edwin's, remained chained by a small well of beautiful water, called "The Faries' Well," at Harmby.

We have now fairly reached THE CATHOLIC DAY OF WENSLEYDALE, at which I purpose taking a hasty glance preparatory to viewing the valley in the time of persecution, and at the present hour. The day dawned in beauty, promising serenity and calm, and although clouds passed occasionally over the sky, for the most part it continued tranquil and lovely until the fearful tempest of the sixteenth century burst upon it. We have seen Wensleydale converted to the Faith by a missionary from Rome—we have seen the king of Northumbria professing obedience to the Holy See. These are not matters of supposition, but historical facts, recorded by contemporary writers. (1) What churches were built in Wensleydale at this period we know not precisely, though, doubtless, many were erected, (2) as the king, who resided much at his palace near Tanfield, was zealous for religion.

After St. Edwin had reigned seventeen years, six of which were spent in the service of Christ, it pleased God to raise him to the glory of martyrdom. Penda, king of Mercia, revolted from his allegiance, and raised a powerful army of veteran soldiers. He was a cruel prince and

(1) The whole tenor of the Anglo-Saxon history shews that the spiritual jurisdiction was considered as the exclusive privilege of the bishops, and that their kings were proud to uphold and enforce it with their temporal authority. "It is the right of the king," says Wihtried, King of Kent, A. D. 692, "to appoint earls, ealdormen, shire-reeves, and doomsmen; but it is the right of the Archbishop to rule and provide for the Church of God." The King, indeed, is sometimes called the Vicar of Christ: but the old homilist informs us, that this title was given to him, because it was his duty to defend with his army the people of Christ, from the evil designs of their enemies. (*Whelock*, p. 151.) In the book of Constitutions, it is said, that the King ought to be as a father to his people, and in watchfulness and care, the Vicar of Christ, as he is called. (*Leg. Caz.* p. 147.)

(2) At Wensley may be seen portions of Saxon monumental inscriptions.

a zealous idolater, warring expressly to extirpate Christianity, yet, strange to say, he was abetted by Cadwallo, king of the Welsh, who, though nominally a Christian, was so implacable against the English, that in his eagerness to destroy them, he regarded neither religion, nor churches, nor age, nor sex. A great battle was fought in Yorkshire, in which St. Edwin was slain, A. D. 633. His body was buried at Whitby, but his head was carried to York Minster, which he had founded. He is honoured on the 4th of October. The field of battle was called Heavenfield, now Hatfield, from the great number of Christians slain. After this event, Wensleydale again became part of Deira; the kingdom of Northumbria being divided; and idolatry was re-established for a short time under Osrich, an apostate. St. Paulinus with St. Edwin's widowed queen and her family retired into Kent, nor did he ever again re-visit Wensleydale, but died happily at Rochester, on the 10th of October, A. D. 644.

The Archbishop, however, did not leave his diocese destitute. His deacon James remained to take care of the distressed Church, and he baptized many; he resided at a village near Catterick, where he died in a very advanced age. A pious king succeeded the apostate Osrich. This was St. Oswald, a devout Christian and of holy life, who filled his dominions with monasteries and churches; so we cannot suppose he forgot Wensleydale. After he had reigned eight years, King Penda once more raised an army to destroy Christianity, and St. Oswald, meeting him with an inferior force, was slain at Maserfield, now Winwick, in Lancashire, on the 5th August, A.D. 642. When surrounded by his enemies, and all hope was at an end, he offered his prayer for the souls of his soldiers. Whence it became a proverb; "O God, be merciful to their souls, said Oswald, when he fell." Many Wensleydale Churches were subsequently dedicated to this royal martyr.

Another pious prince ruled Deira. St. Oswin, who was noted for his goodness and humility. At last a dispute arose between him and king Oswi, respecting the boundaries of their dominions, and both levied armies. Oswin finding himself weakest, was anxious to save human blood, so dismissed his troops at a place called Wulfare's Dunn, or the hill of Wulfare, ten miles west of Catterick. Some think this spot was Ellerton on the Swale; but the greater probability is, that the dismissal took place at Wulsha, Ulveshow, or Ulshaw Bridge, then a ford of the Yore, on the Roman military road, which was unquestionably still used.

The king himself, accompanied by his faithful attendant Tonder, took shelter at Ingethling, now Gilling, with Earl Hudwald, on whom he had lately conferred that manor; but Earl Ethelwin being sent by Oswi in pursuit, St. Oswin and his devoted adherant were slain together, August 20th, A.D. 651. Queen Eanfled, Oswi's wife, with her husband's leave—who too late repented his fatal order—founded a monastery on the spot, in which, prayers might be for ever put up for both kings. It was afterwards destroyed by the Danes.

The year 655 witnessed King Penda's downfall. Oswi, with an inferior army, defeated and slew him near Loyden, which is Leeds, on the river Winnaed, subsequently called Aire.* The place was named Winwidfield, or the field of victory. At the time of his death, Penda was eighty years old, and of these he had reigned thirty, during which period he was a continual persecutor of Christianity, and slew five pious kings: yet, like some of the heathen Roman emperors, he had many Christians in his court, from whom he exacted a strict observance of their religious duties. He may properly be accounted the last Pagan king of all England, and it is remarkable that all his children were Christians; some of them eminent for sanctity, were afterwards canonized. With him, on this, the last of his fields, fell thirty princes of

the blood royal. Penda was thirteenth in descent from Woden : of his successors, kings of Mercia, eight successively enjoyed the dignity of Bretwalda, or Rex Gentis Anglorum, viz., from 659 to 800. Of the family were three martyred princes, and five canonized widows, or virgins, besides several who were by the Saxons accounted amongst the blessed. (1) His descendants yet remain in England.

And now, for nearly two hundred years, Wensleydale had peace—the valley was Catholic and happy. Churches were built on sites, now long forgotten, or faintly remembered in tradition, and the people, attentive to every sacred duty, prospered in all temporal concerns. It was during this period, more, perhaps, than at any other, that England won the glorious title for which our country was long pre-eminent—THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

At length new trials and persecutions drew on—

(1) Very many of the Saxon Royal Ladies adopted a life of religion either as nuns or recluses. A recluse was a woman of approved piety, whom the abbot permitted to reside in a cell near the church, and to attend daily at the divine service. She generally wore the same habit as a nun, and submitted to the same regulations ; but some of the princesses often retained a great part of the dress which they had worn in a secular life. St. Aldhelm has described one of these royal nuns. Her under vest was of fine linen, of a violet colour ; above this, she wore a scarlet tunic, with wide sleeves, and a hood fringed with silk ; her shoes were of red leather ; the locks on her forehead and temples were curled with irons ; and a veil was tied to her head with ribbands, crossed over her breast, and permitted to fall behind to the ground. Her nails were pared to a point, that they might resemble the talons of a falcon. *St. Ald. de. laud. virg.*, p. 364.) When Ethelwold, bishop of Winchester, was labouring to revive the original discipline of the Benedictine Institute, he saw at court the abbess Editha, daughter of king Edgar. Her dress was splendid, and shocked the austere notions of the prelate. " Daughter," he observed to her, " the spouse, whom you have chosen, delights not in external pomp, It is the heart which he demands." " True, father," replied the abbess, " and my heart I have given him. While he possesses it, he will not be offended with external pomp." (*Malm de reg.*, l. ii, c. 19, f. 50.) Editha might, with justice, be permitted to make the reply. Within the walls of her convent she was distinguished by the austerity of her life ; and her profuse donations to the indigent demonstrated the solidity of her virtue. After her death, the Saxon Church enrolled her name in the catalogue of saints. She is likewise commemorated with peculiar praise in the Roman Martyrology. *Vide Lingard's highly valuable "Antiquities of the Anglo Saxon Church."*

"Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fixed on each vale a Runic name,
Reared high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won."

The Pagan Danes made successful irruptions into England, and gained possession of Northumbria. Their cruelties towards the Christians of all ages, and both sexes, were great. "They could conceive no greater pleasure than to feast their eyes with the flames of the villages, which they had plundered, and their ears with the groans of their captives, expiring under the anguish of torture. Their route was marked by the mangled carcases of the nuns, the monks, and the priests whom they had massacred. From the banks of the Ouse to the river Tyne, the towns, churches, and monasteries were laid in ashes; and so complete was their destruction, that succeeding generations could with difficulty, trace the vestiges of their former existence"(1). This lasted more than seventeen years. It was sad, then, to view Wensleydale, recently so tranquil. The barbarous persecutors sought to re-establish foul idolatry in the sacred places where lately the One True God was devoutly worshipped in peace. Thousands fell victims to heathen fury, and doubtless, in Wensleydale, many suffered. But those happy saints gave themselves up willingly to death for the Catholic Faith, knowing it to be the entrance to eternal bliss. They have received their crowns, and are numbered with the white robed army of martyrs.

"Where is your dwelling, ye sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of spirits?
Or hope to dwell with you there?"

(1) Lingard. Anglo Saxon Churches. Vol. 11, p. 220-5.

Sages, who, even in exploring
 Nature through all her bright ways,
 Went, like the seraphs, adoring,
 And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—
 Martyrs, who left for our reaping,
 Truths you had sown in your blood—
 Sinners, whom long years of weeping
 Chasten'd from evil to good.

Maidens, who, like the young Crescent
 Turning away your pale brows
 From earth, and the light of the present,
 Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—
 Say, through what region enchanted
 Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
 Or, oh! to whom is it granted,

Bright souls, to dwell with you there?" MOORE.

Sweetly indeed had the beauties of their celestial abode been described, centuries ago, in melodious verse, by one who, eminent on earth for his sanctity, has long been a member of the glorious company—a sharer in their never failing, never-ending bliss—ST. AUGUSTINE. A description beautifully versified by B. Peter Damian, Cardinal Archbishop of Ostia, in the eleventh century.

"In that far land the citizens all share one equal bread,
 And keep desire and hunger still, although to fulness fed:
 Unwearied by satiety, unracked by hunger's strife,
 The air they breathe is nourishment, and spiritual life!
 Around them, bright with endless Spring, perpetual roses bloom,
 Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;
 Red crocusses, and lilies white, shine dazzling in the sun;
 Green meadows yield them harvests green, and streams with
 honey run;

Unbroken droop the laden boughs, with heavy fruitage bent,
 Of incense and of odours strange, the air is redolent:
 And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars dispense their changeful light,
 But the Lamb's eternal glory makes the happy city bright.(1)

(1) *Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
 Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
 Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,
 Pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,
 Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum
 Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum
 Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen innociderum.*

It is probably to this persecution that the martyrdom of Saint Alkelda, of Middleham, must be assigned. The name of this virgin saint does not occur in any of the best known martyrologies, yet of the fact of her existence and suffering, the most sceptical are convinced. Middleham church is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Alkelda; and in charters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the day of her feast is mentioned as being well known, though our calendars no longer retain it.⁽¹⁾ In the absence, therefore, of written authority, I must content myself with recording the few particulars of this saint, which local tradition has preserved from the remote era when she received her crown, to the present day.

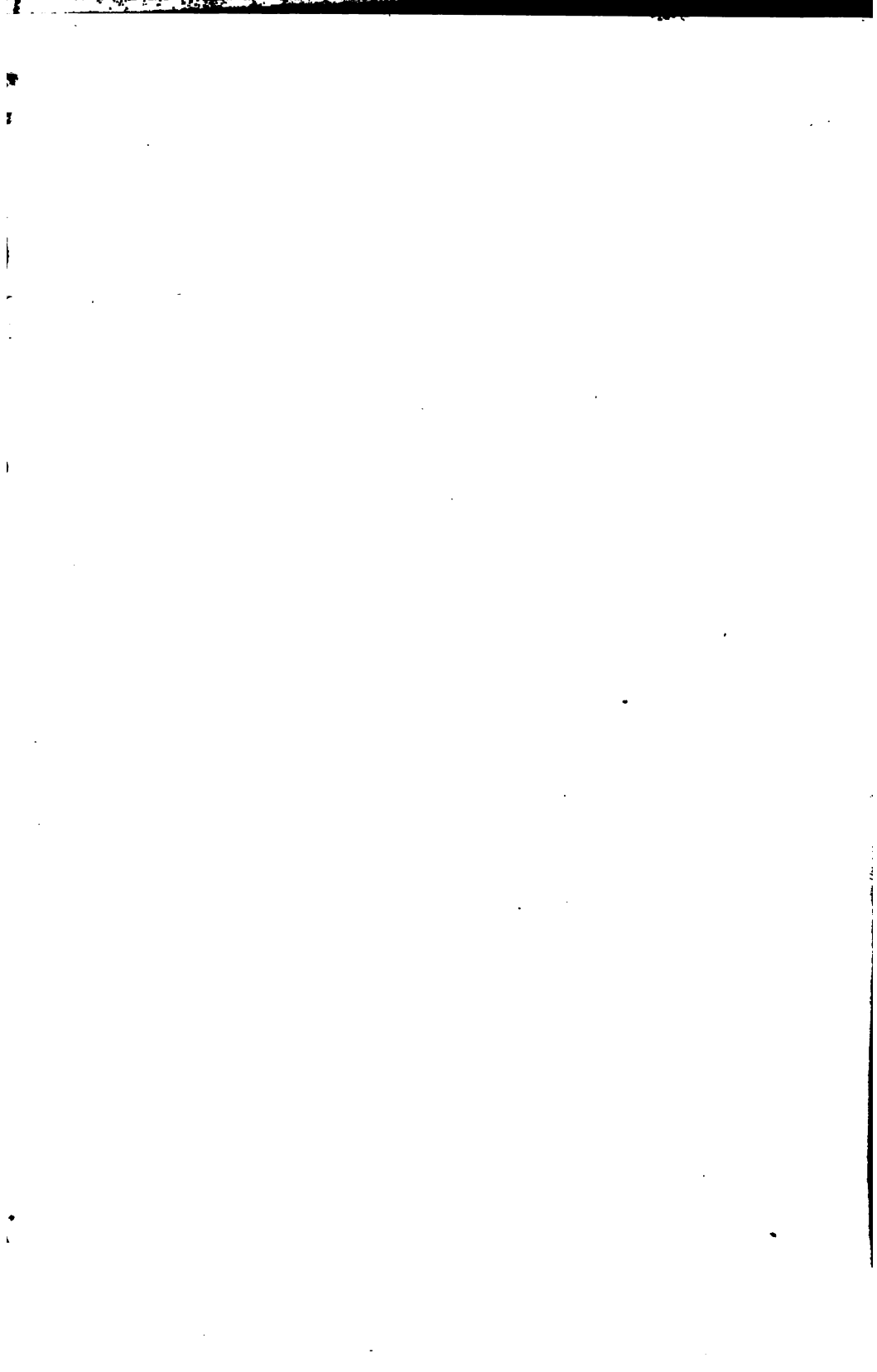
Saint Alkelda is said to have been the daughter of a Saxon Prince, or Earl, who, on account of her religion, was put to death by strangulation, by the Danes. In the east window of the chantry of our Blessed Lady, her passion was depicted in stained glass; portions of the representation are still there. She was shown in the act of being strangled by two females, who had twisted a napkin round her neck. Possibly, the scene of her suffering was the site of the present church, or a little to the west of it; for it is certain that her sacred remains repose somewhere in the edifice, and a spring which rises not far off, is named St. Alkelda's Well. The water of this fountain was accounted beneficial for weak eyes, and the writer knew a Protestant lady, who died not long since at an advanced age, who, in early youth, was accustomed to repair to it every morning, and who received much relief from its strengthening qualities. Certain fee-farm rents in Middleham, are required to be paid upon St. Alkelda's Tomb, and were regularly deposited on a *stone table*

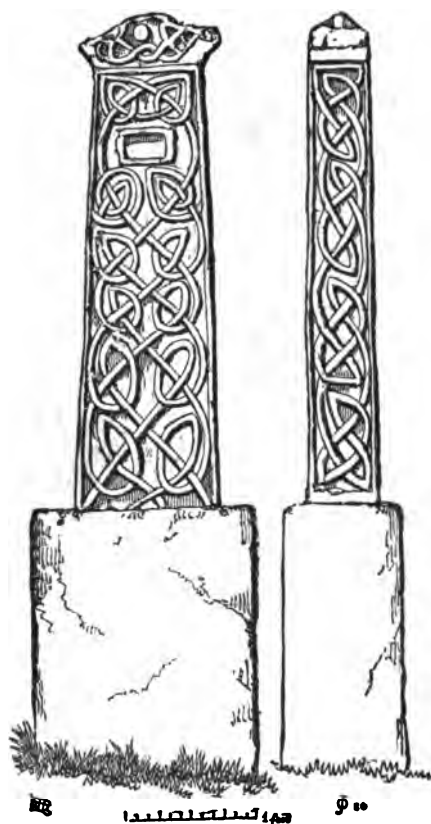
¹ According to the *Harleian MSS.* 1452—8, fol. 1786, Giggleswick Church, Craven, in Com. Ebor, is dedicated to St. Alkelda. Of the founder or foundation of this church we have no record, but it evidently existed, and was unappropriated in the reign of king Stephen. (*Vide Townley MSS.*) At Settle, in the parish of Giggleswick, there is an annual fair held on the first Tuesday after the 27th October.

(most probably an altar), in the middle of the nave, as also were some annual doles of bread, until the stone was removed, within the memory of persons recently living.

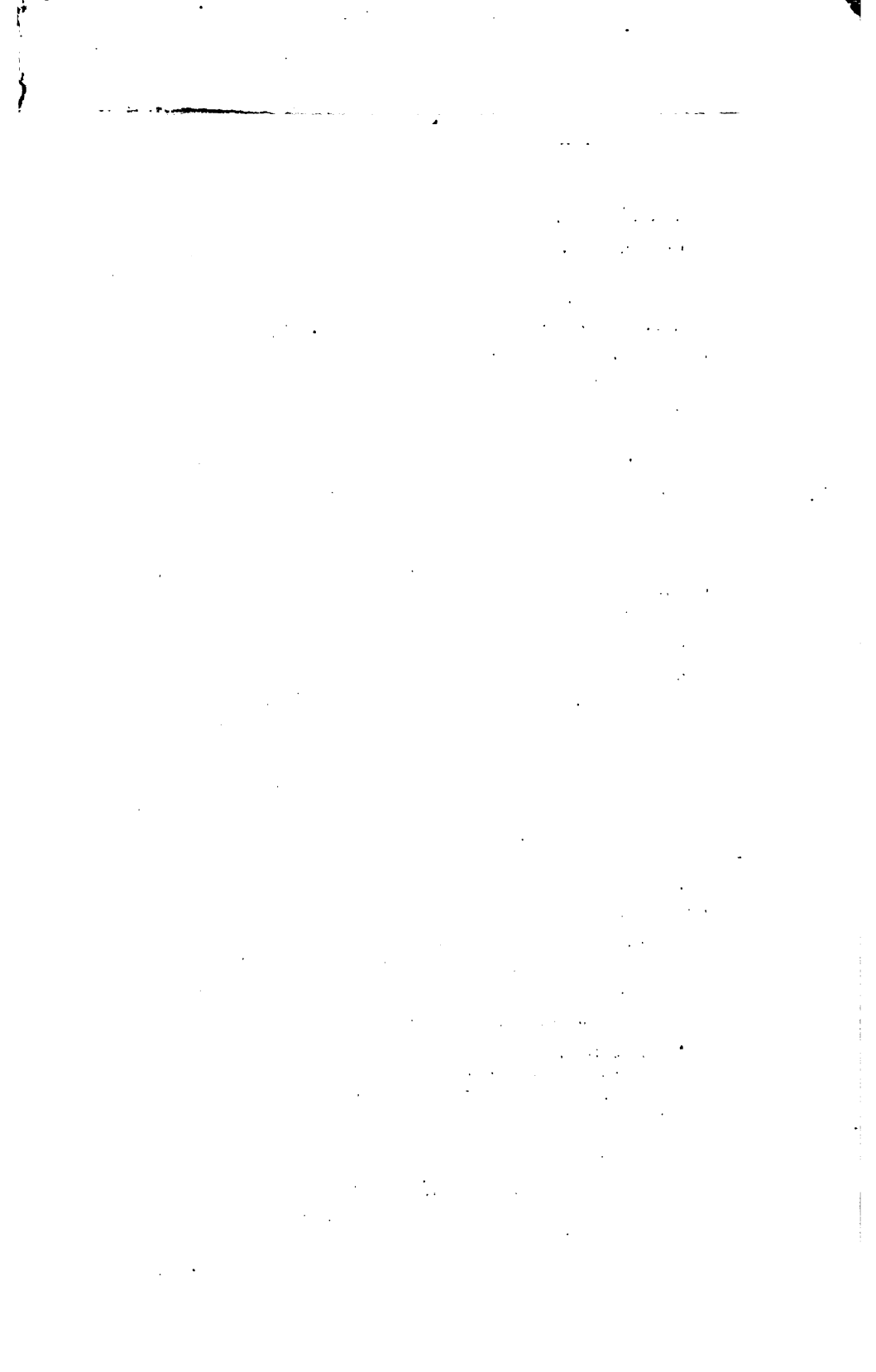
At what exact period, and by whose ministry the Danes of Wensleydale were converted to Christianity, is uncertain, but it was not long after their settlement. Ancient stone crosses of the character held by all antiquaries to be Danish, exist in the vicinity, and fragments of others have been dug up in various churchyards, amongst which I may name Thornton Steward, a manor belonging to the Dane Gospatrick. The district continued principally in Danish occupancy down to the Conquest, as Domesday Survey sufficiently attests. With other memoirs, Danebi, or Danby-super-Yore, reminds us of them, whilst south of Middleham Castle are the remains of a fort, commonly called William's Hill, which probably was a residence of the powerful Ghilpatrick. The modern name looks very like one of those absurd corruptions we so frequently encounter. On Aysgarth Moor, which is now enclosed, may be seen a circular encampment, probably Danish. (1)

(1) The occupation of a country by any people is commonly attested in ages afterwards by traces of their language. The peculiar dialect spoken in Wensleydale, and some of the adjacent dales, which is nearly unintelligible to a southern Englishman, abounds in words of Danish derivation. Whitaker, in his elaborate "History of Craven," notices this fact, and laments "that the Danish dialect, having been spoken by a people almost wholly illiterate, was seldom committed to writing; but it may be very nearly identified with the Islandic." He gives a few specimens, taken from the Dale's speech, which I here transcribe *Barf, Berg*, vel *Biarg, sarum Beck*, a rivulet, *Becknr.* Dale, *Dalur.* Dub, a deep pool in a river or elsewhere, and *Dib*, a deep valley, *Dyb.* Isl. Cove, a cave or hollow rock, *Cofa.* Fors, or Force, a waterfall, *Foss.* Fell, a mountain, *Fell.* Fleet, a flat bog, *Floot.* Gnipe, the rocky summit of a hill, *Gnypa.* Gill, Gully, the narrow course of a stream, *Gill, hiatus montium.* Groof, an hollow, in the earth, *Groof.* Haugh, or Howe, an hillock, *Haughur, tumulus.* Ing, a meadow, *Ing, pratum,* Dan, Lin, a waterfall, *Lind, aqua scaturiens.* Rayse, an heap of stones, *Reysa, erigere.* Lache, a boggy depression in the moors, *Laag, vallis.* Moor and Moss, a spongy piece of ground, *Moor, gen Moos.* Stank, a boggy piece of ground, *Staan idem.* Scar, or Scaur, *Skier, scopulus.* Scrogg, Shrogg, a stunted wood, *Skoogur, sylva.* Tarn, a lake, *Torn, idem.* Wath and With, often used in composition as *Langwith, Deerwith, &c.,* a ford. '*Vad.* These instances, it will be seen, are selected from substantives of place





Saxon Cross, in Hauxwell Church-yard.



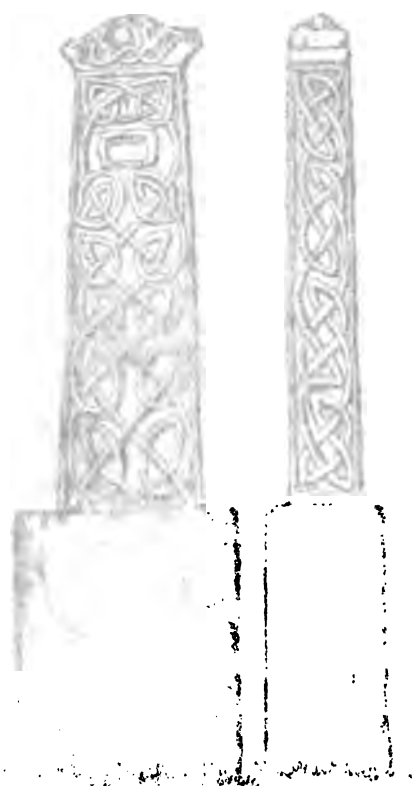


Fig. 1. Book covers of the 12th century.

The Danes introduced much of that elfin mythology which still lingers in Wensleydale. "Independently of the Gods of Valhalla, the northern paradise, the Scandinavians acknowledged a multitude of inferior, but still supernatural beings. Heaven, according to their creed, consisted of several cities, and in one of these we find the *Light* or *White* Alfs, who are more luminous than the sun; opposed to them were the *Black* Alfs, who were dark as pitch, and inhabited the forest or the depths of the earth." Besides these were the Nornir, or Destinies, living also under the ash tree, Ydrasil, whose branches extend over the whole universe, whose stem bears up the earth, and whose three roots stretch respectively amongst the Gods, the Frost Giants, and over Niffelheim. Beneath the last is the fountain Hvergelmer, from which flow the infernal rivers; here lies also the serpent king Nedlög, who is continually gnawing at the root. Under the root in the Giants' land is a well belonging to Mimer, in which all wisdom and prudence are hidden; and under the root of the Aser, is the well of Urda, where the gods sit in judgment. Near Urda's well stands a fair building, from whence issue the three maidens called Nornir; *Udr*, the Past; *Verthandi*, the Present; and *Skulld*, the Future. These maidens appoint the time that all men have to live. They take water each day from the well and pour it upon the Ash, lest its branches should wither. The dew which falls from Ydrasil, is honeydew, on which bees love to feed. To know the destinies of the universe was given to the Nornir alone, whom the gods themselves, having only dim forebodings of their own fortunes, frequently consulted. In addition, however,

'*Skrattafell*,' means the mountain haunted by demons, which will show, that the common people of the North are right in their pronunciation of the name of a certain being which their betters have perverted into "*Scratch*." (*Hist. Craven*, p. 491.) *Keld*, very frequent in old perambulations, signifies the cold summit of a hill; and *Car*, a pool. Harrison, in his Description of Britain, 1577, says—'Helbeck is so called because it riseth in the derne and elenge hills.' Both Chancer and Piers Plowman, two centuries before, used elenge in the sense of 'dreary or comfortless.' *Thwaite* signifies a division or separate district.

to these, were many other Nornir, who fulfilled the same functions, being some of celestial origin, others descended from the Alfs, and others again from the Dwarfs, as we are told in these verses :—

“Sundry children deem I, the Nornir to be,
The same race they have not,
Some are of Æser kin,
Some are of Alf kin,
Some are the daughters of Dualin.”

The Alfs are decidedly the English Fairies, known in some parts as the “Underground People,” amongst whom are included besides *Elves*; *Thusses*, *Teutones*, *Nisses*, *Huldras*, and all the *Duergar*. One class are undistinguished by any popular appellation; they are represented as being uniformly kind and gentle, but sad and mournful, as if uncertain of their future immortality. Afzelius says this myth arose “from the sympathy of the people with their forefathers, who, having died before the introduction of Christianity into the north, were laid in unhallowed ground, and were hence believed to wander in the spirit about their place of sepulture, or in the lower regions of air, till the day of judgment. They may be occasionally heard in the summer nights singing from the bosom of the hills, but if the listener breathes a word that may dash their lingering hopes of redemption, their song is on the instant changed to wailing.” Such were the illusions in which both Saxons and Danes believed prior to their conversion.

During the greatest part of the Saxon era, Wensleydale seems to have been included in the vast parish of Catteric; but prior to the Conquest, a subdivision had taken place. In Domesday we find only two churches *named*,—Thornton Steward and Spennithorne (Speningtorp); but we must not suppose from this that there were no others in the dale. On the contrary, considering the richness of the valley, its large population, and the devout

piety of our Catholic Saxon ancestors, we may be certain ample arrangements would be made, that not only on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation, but daily, also, the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass might be offered up in a becoming manner. These churches and chapels were soon to be destroyed. The mild and polished Saxon rule gave place to Norman tyranny, which raged with fearful fury through the North.(1)

In the year 1070, William the Conqueror, at the head of a formidable army, ravaged the whole country, "never ceasing to kill men, and to do all the mischief possible." In this beautiful and fruitful valley, as elsewhere, "men

(1) It may prove not uninteresting to ask "*Who were the Normans?*" The following paragraph is curious, but yet *true*; hence I give it, though myself of Norman as well as of ancient Saxon lineage.

"The period from which the English aristocracy dates its origin, is that of the Norman Conquest. Aristocracy, indeed, there was in the country before, but that was annihilated by the Normans; and this epoch is the vaunted birth-day of our nobility. There is nothing of which we hear so much as of the pride of a descent from these first Norman nobles; of the pure and immaculate blood derived from this long descent. We will take the trouble to refer to the histories of the time, and show what these Norman conquerors really were. They were not, in fact, one half of them, what they are pretended to be—Normans; but collected by proclamation, and by lavish promises of sharing in the plunder of conquered England—vultures from every wind of heaven rushing to the field of British carnage. The great vultures fleshed themselves to the throat with the first spoil, and returned home, while their places were obliged to be repeatedly supplied, through renewed proclamations, and renewed offers of the plunder of the Anglo-Saxons. Again we shall come to the curious question, who the Normans actually were? Who actually they were who actually were Normans? Our nobles, forsooth, are descended from the gallant and chivalrous Normans. They will be descended from them and them alone. There is not a soul of them that will claim the honour of descent from the Danes. Oh no! The barbarous and bloody Danes, they are a scandal and an abomination! They are thieves, pirates, plunderers, and savages. Nobody is descended from them, except some plebeians in the North of England, and except that the rabble rout of the common people are contaminated with their blood. And yet, who are the Normans? Why the Danes!—Yes, the aristocracy of England are descended from the Danes! They are the legitimate issue of this bloody and barbarous people that nobody wishes to acknowledge as ancestors. The Danes, driven from England, fell on the shores of France, and, amid the distractions of that kingdom, laid Paris in ashes, and siezed on that district which thence received from these Northmen or Normans, its name of Normandy. Here, though settled too comfortably for deserts, they never ceased to keep an eye on

were fain to eat horseflesh, cats, dogs, and men's flesh, for all the land that lay betwixt Durham and York, lay waste without inhabitants, and people to till the ground, for the space of nine years." One hundred thousand human lives perished.(1) Domesday Book, which was compiled between 1083 and 1085, gives us a startling idea of the sufferings of Wensleydale. Out of more than *thirty* manors and villages which were flourishing in the reign of St. Edward the Confessor, all lay waste except *seven*, namely, Thornton Steward, Danby, Spennithorne, Harmby, Witton, Aysgarth, and Swinithwaite; and these were but recovering, although thirteen years had elapsed. No public mill is named; a clear evidence of desolation. Most of the villages were afterwards rebuilt, but many never rose from their ashes. We know nothing of them save that they are recorded in the Survey.

William, who, when pursuing gratification thought little of destroying churches, and in making the New Forest, in Hampshire, demolished thirty-six, exclusive of chapels, besides one hundred and eight manors and villages, would care nothing for those of Wensleydale, itself destined afterwards to become a royal forest.(2) On

the far richer prize of England, from which, for their cruelties and fiery devastations, they had been settled about two centuries in France; and though they had acquired a considerable degree of external civilization, and much martial discipline, yet, if we are to judge by their proceedings on the acquisition of England, they had lost none of their greedy hunger of spoil, nor of their reckless and ruthless disposition to shed blood."—*Hampden's History of the English Aristocracy*.

(1) Orderic Vitalis; who denounces the "*feralis occisio*," the dismal slaughter.

(2) Wensleydale does not appear to have been enclosed, though the adjacent Forest of Skipton, and the Chases of Blackburnshire were fenced with a pale. On this subject, Whitaker says, "The Saxon forests, as far as I know, lay open, and the practice of enclosing these immense tracts must have been introduced by the great Norman lords. Musing on this circumstance, I was struck by a passage of Colnmella, from which it appears that the idea was familiar to the ancient princes of Gaul: *Hoc autem modo licet etiam latissimus regiones tractusque montium claudere, sicuti Galliarum; locorum vastitas patitur. Cobmella de R. R. l. g. c. i. Ed. Steph. MDXLIII*. The materials of the fence were cleft poles (*Vaceræ*) of oak, cork-trees, &c. Care was taken to enclose a supply of perennial water; as also great plenty of mast-bearing and bucciferous trees, particularly the *arbutus*. The animals nourished

lands whence the Saxon had gathered rich harvests, the heather encroached, and the dark trees grew rank. The fox kennelled on the Thane's forsaken hearth, "and that grey beast, the wolf of the weald," howled nightly around the ruined altars where saints and kings formerly knelt. Even yet, when nearly eight hundred years are gone, an observant eye may trace vestiges of Saxon buildings and cultivation, in places where neither buildings nor cultivation have since been; and still, shadowy traditions, growing fainter and fainter every day, point to castles and hamlets that have long been no more.

According to Spelman's Glossary, *vox Feodum*, from the statement of Thomas Sprot, a monk of the monastery of St. Augustine, in Canterbury, the number of parish churches in England about the time of the Norman Conquest, was 48,011, and that of the villages, 62,080. The number of parishes at present is not much above 10,000.

Some idea of the time may be gathered from the lines in Peter de Langtoft's Chronicle, who was himself a Yorkshireman. They are thus translated from the French original, of the fourteenth century, by an unknown hand.

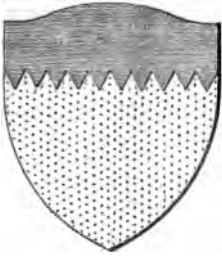
in these enclosures were the stag, the wild-boar, the fallow-deer, the roe, and the oryx; which last, from the account given of his inverted mane by Pliny, can have been no other than the aurochs, or wild bull, still found in the Lithuanian forests. Beans, yet in use for the winter fodder of deer, are particularly recommended. On the whole, I propound it as a subject of curious speculation, whether the practice of enclosing forests were not continued in France from the æra of classical antiquity to the Middle Ages, and whether the Norman lords, when they became possessed of tracts, equally wild and extensive in this country, did, by enclosing them, anything more than follow the example of their ancestors. The forests of the French nobility at the time of the revolution, were uniformly open, but so have been our own during four or five centuries. In the old economy of the forests, the wild bee-stocks were always an object of attention: officers were appointed specifically for the purpose of pursuing them, and securing the wax and honey. These were called Bigres, or Bigri, possibly a corruption of Apigeri. The Bigres had a right to cut down trees in order to get at the honey. In a charter of Rich. II. occurs "In Foresta de Bord. unum Bigrum *ad luminare ecclesie*."—See Du lange in voce Bigrus." *Whit. Hist. Craven*, p. 233.

"Now dwellis William eftē, full bare was many wone,
 Of Gode men er none lefte, but slayn er ilk one.
 Grete sin did William, that swilk wo did werk
 So greate vengeance he nam, of men of holy kirk,
 That did no wem till him, ne no trespass
 Fro York unto Durham no wronging stede was,
 Nien yere, says my buke, lasted so grete sorrow,
 The Bishop's clerks tūke their lives for two borrowe."¹

William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the reign of Stephen, about eighty years after, says, "not an inhabited village remained. Fire, slaughter, and desolation, made a vast wilderness there, which continues to this day." "It was a horrid spectacle," says Roger Hoveden, "to see on the high roads and public places, and at the doors of houses, human bodies eaten by the worms, for there remained no one to cover them with a little earth." Malcolm, king of Scotland, kindly received numbers of the people, who fled into his country, and there introduced their language and customs. Simeon of Durham, says, that in his time, Scotland was so stocked with English, both men and maidens, that they were to be found in all the farmhouses, and even in the cottages. These spread the Saxon tongue quite through the country; and, at the present day, there is a striking similarity between Lowland Scotch, and the North York dialect, the majority of words and their accentuation being common to both.⁽²⁾

(1) i. e. two sureties.

(2) It was in the Church of Christ that the Saxon influence had been most firmly fixed, and in spite of unexampled oppression, it was in that Church it was most securely preserved. * * * The Abbot of the wealthy monastery was chosen by his fellows for his learning or his ability, and thus the hierarchy of the Saxon Church were truly *of* and *for* the people. * * * There is plenty of contemporary evidence to prove the fact, that these priests of God laboured painfully among their neighbours, and even when owning the sway of a French Abbot, were bestowing all their heart's best feelings on their English fellows. The lessons of Christianity—patient endurance of wrong—unresisting submission to authority—with unblenching faith and unclouded hope—were lessons peculiarly acceptable to the Saxon temperament. The tonsured monk who brought to the miserable cabin of the sick and dying the free alms of his monastery, brought also a greater and loftier bond—the lesson of mercy and the promises of hope, in the language held more dear, because it was under the ban of authority. Nor was this all—the English student in his cell exercised his



Happily this dreary period did not continue. William had bestowed the domains of the murdered Edwin, Saxon Earl of Mercia, of which Wensleydale formed part, on his follower and relative, Alan Rufus, first Earl of Richmond; who shortly after began to build the castle at that place. Alan gave the manor of Middleham to his brother Ribald, who probably resided there; and who, after the death of his wife, Beatrix, became a monk of St. Mary's, at York. He appears to have been liberal to the Church. To his grandson Robert, Conan Earl of Richmond granted the Forest of Wensleydale, with common of pasture; and this Robert, in 1190, began the Castle of Middleham. The family, in likelihood, previously resided in Ghilpatrick's fortress.

The Norman Houses being now settled, became anxious to repair the devastation committed by their great leader, which had rendered the estates he gave them comparatively valueless. (1) Churches and monasteries began to be faculties in recording the events of his day—in translating the holy lessons of the Christian fathers, or in perpetuating his own original thoughts by inscribing the vellum with the dear words of his mother tongue, and thus formed that connecting link—faint, but distinct—between the literatures of several ages. As successive years rolled by, the English monk gradually recovered his lost inheritance. Learning and wisdom, even under the Saxon frock, resumed their proper position, not only in the cloister, but in the church, until at last, a century after the battle of Hastings, a Saxon priest, St. Thomas a Becket, became again the head of the English Church."—J. HAY.

(1) From the time that the Conquest began to prosper, (says M. Thierry), not young soldiers and warlike chiefs alone, but whole families, men, women, and children, emigrated from every remote district of Gaul, to seek their fortunes in England. To the people on the other side of the channel, this country was like a land newly discovered, to which the colonists repair, and which is appropriated by the first or by every comer. Our neighbours, in fact, came over wholesale, and colonised England on the "Wakefield principle," all ranks and orders of society locating themselves together.

"William de Conigsby
Came out of Brittany,
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maid Manfras,
And his dogge Hardigras."

built. Of the precise dates when most of the former were erected, we must be content to remain ignorant: respecting the latter, we possess more accurate information. And first of Jervaux, as Yorevale or Jorevalle Abbey is now styled.

About the year 1144, Acharius Fitz-Bardolph, son of Bardolph, who was illegitimate brother of Earl Alan Rufus, gave to Peter de Quinciano, and certain other monks of Savigny, in Normandy, lands at Fors, near Askrigg, where a religious house of the Cistercian Order was founded in 1150, John de Kingston being the first Abbot. But Fors was a bleak, inhospitable, and sterile spot, exposed to inclement winds, and the monks suffered greatly. Accordingly, in 1156, Conan, fifth Earl of Richmond, granted to them lands in East Witton, whither, with the consent of the founder's son, Herveius, the community removed. On a well-selected site beside the Yore, a stately Abbey, with a magnificent church dedicated in honour of the ever Blessed Virgin, speedily arose, and continued for four hundred years a blessing to the dale.

The Earls of Richmond, and their collateral branch, the descendants of Herveius, who assumed the surname of Fitzhugh, were great benefactors to this house, which

So writes the Saxon rhymers in bitter pleasantry. 'The Norman Earls of Richmond brought into Richmondshire people from their own estates, and hence traces of the Norman language may still be observed in every village within the limits of that Yorkshire district.' Eight centuries have impressed a stamp and credit upon phrases originally Norman, still in use. Let any one go through the quiet rural villages of Richmondshire, and he will find words and phrases, which, if he has any taste for genuine provincialism, will, owing to their originality, surprise and interest him. In the district of which we are now speaking, certain modes of pronunciation of particular words ought to be studied by the Philologist, because, as in the names of places and in the use of particular words, the best clue to the real origin of one and the other, is the mode in which they are pronounced by uneducated people. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, in particular, nothing can exceed the striking and peculiar emphasis laid by those pronouncing them on certain vowels and consonants, the same letter representing very many varieties of sound!" Review of Dinsdale's "*Glossary of Teesdale words*" in the Durham Advertiser, as quoted in Longstaffe's *Richmondshire, its ancient Lords and Edifices*, p. 142—8.

became the burial place of the latter lordly race. The barony of Fitzhugh became extinct in 1516. Once established, the beneficial effects of the Abbey soon became perceptible in Wensleydale, and the age of the saints seemed about to return. Under the auspices of the monks, agriculture revived—the lands were tilled—the wastes reclaimed, and the people employed. For the indigent, there were food and alms; for the troubled or erring, wholesome counsels; for the sick, medicines and pious aid; for the dead peasant, becoming Christian burial.



Nor did Yorevalle stand alone. The Lords of Middleham lagged not behind their kinsmen in good deeds. In 1214, Ralph Fitz-Robert translated the House of Premonstratensian Canons, which his mother, Helewisia, daughter and heiress of Ralph de Glanville, Lord of Coverham, and High Justiciary of England, had, by authority of a Bull granted by Pope Clement II., founded at Swayneby, from that place to Coverham; where an Abbey was built, which flourished till the smaller religious houses were suppressed, in 1538. Alas! but slight traces of it now remain to arrest even the antiquary's eye. It was one of the thirty-five Premonstratensian Houses in England. This order was founded by St. Robert, at Premontre, in France, on Christmas Day, 1121. "It was very austere. The religious never wore linen, and observed a perpetual abstinence from flesh, and a yearly rigorous fast of many months." They were usually called in England, "White Canons."

The Canons of Coverham possessed nearly all Coverdale. Ralph Fitz-Robert gave all his lands, from Harebec to Tadike, across the valley from Whernside to Waldene; Woleran, son of Robert, gave the church of Coverham. The constant Scottish raids on their lands, in the reign

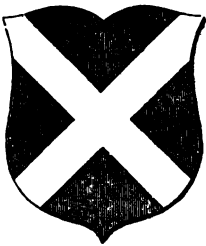
of Edward II., reduced the House to poverty; but that king gave the monks license to acquire lands, of ten marks value per annum. Galfrid le Scrope conferred the advowson of the church of Sadburgh, which was duly appropriated. The Scropes had previously given the church of Downholme. The last acquirement of the Canons, was Coverhead or Slapegill. In the reign of Henry VII., they were twenty in number, and their church was remarkable for good singing.

One black circumstance connected with the district during the twelfth century must not be forgotten. Sir Hugh de Morvile, one of the four murderers of St. Thomas of Canterbury, was a Wensleydale knight. On the 29th of December, in the year 1170, he, with his three companions, Tracy, Brito, and Fitz-Urse, attacked the glorious martyr before the altar of St. Bennet, in his own cathedral church, at Canterbury. Morvile gave the second or third stroke, and when Richard Brito had cut off the top part of the archbishop's head, he it was, who, "with the point of his sword, drew out all his brains, and scattered them on the floor." The assassins fled to Knaresborough, which belonged to Morvile, and there lived a short time by themselves, the most degraded menials refusing to attend them. Afterwards, they went to Rome, when the Pope enjoined them a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which, Morvile, with two of his companions diligently performing, lived and died there true penitents, and were buried before the gate of the church of Jerusalem, with this epitaph—"*Here lie the wretches who martyred blessed Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury.*" Their deaths occurred within three years after the saint's martyrdom. A conspicuous landmark, called "Hugh Morvile's Seat," is frequently mentioned in charters relating to the boundaries of Wensleydale.

I have already said it is difficult or impossible to assign the dates of their foundation to the Wensleydale Churches. No doubt, most occupy Saxon consecrated

sites, for no new villages have arisen in the valley since the conquest, though many have disappeared. We can, however, name the respective patron saints. The Collegiate Church of Wensley is dedicated to the Holy Trinity; the Collegiate Church of Middleham, to our Blessed Lady and St. Alkelda the virgin; Coverham and Rednire, to our Blessed Lady; Spennithorne, to St. Michael the Archangel; Aysgarth, to St. Andrew; East Witton (old), to St. Martin; Thornton Steward, Askrigg, and Bolton, to St. Oswald, the king and martyr; and West Witton to St. Bartholomew.

In most of these churches were one or more chantries, with an officiating priest attached to each; which were founded by pious individuals, in order that the adorable sacrifice of the altar might be continually offered for their souls and for all Christian souls. These chantry priests also usually assisted the rector or vicar in administering the Sacraments to his parishioners. Besides the yet existing churches just mentioned, there were many chapels long ago destroyed; amongst which may be named All Saints, at Thoraby, founded by Maria de Nevile, Lady of Middleham, in 1316; a chapel at Dale Grange; that of St. Restitutus, at Thornton Rust; of Saints Peter and Paul, at Leyburn; of St. Anne, at Bolton; of All Saints, at Harmby; of St. Thomas, at Carlton; of St. Simon, in Coverdale; a chapel at Studhow; and "a little hospital with a chapel of Jesus at the east end of Middleham." At Fors, the community of Jorevalle maintained a cell.



In the reign of Henry III., A. D. 1270, Ralph Fitzranulph, Lord of Middleham, dying without issue male, his estates were divided between his three daughters; when the castle and lordship of Middleham fell to the "fair and gentle" Mary, who married Robert de Nevile, son of the Lord of Raby,

(lineally descended in the paternal line from Uchtred, the great Saxon Earl of Northumberland) and who survived her husband forty-nine years. From this marriage descended the Earls of Westmoreland, and ever afterwards Middleham was a favourite residence of the powerful Neviles. (1) There dwelt the mighty Earl of Salisbury, and his yet mightier son—the renowned “king-maker,” Warwick. There, too, dwelt Richard, Duke of Gloucester, (2) Warwick’s son-in-law, afterwards England’s Third Richard; and there that monarch’s only son, Edward, Prince of Wales, was born, in 1473, and died in 1484, “The White Rose” early drooping. A room in the now ruinous castle is called “The Prince’s Chamber.” (3) There, too, common history avers Edward IV. was held

(1) This great family at different periods have enjoyed the Dukedom of Bedford, Marquisate of Montague, Earldoms of Richmond, Kent, Salisbury, Warwick, and Avergavenny, and the Baronies of Fauconberg, Latimer, Furnival, Ousely, Nevile of Essex, and two baronies of Nevile; all borne by separate members of the house.

(2) His mother was Cecilia Nevile, daughter of the Lord of Middleham.

(3) It is a fact little known to casual readers that on this Prince’s death, King Richard appointed his nephew, John, Earl of Lincoln, son of John De La Pole, Duke of Suffolk, by his wife the Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, successor to the throne. On the accession of Henry VII., this young prince was naturally regarded with jealousy by the new king. He retired to his aunt, the dowager duchess of Burgundy, but returning to support Lambert Simnel’s insurrection, fell at the battle of Stoke, June 16th, 1487. The rapid elevation of the De La Poles is remarkable. In the time of Edward III., William De La Pole was a wealthy merchant of Ravensere and Hull. On one occasion he lent the king £18,500; became chief baron of the Exchequer and knight banneret, and was frequently employed in embassies. His son Michael, also originally a merchant, was created Earl of Suffolk, by Richard II., and made Lord Chancellor, but was ultimately deprived of everything. His son Michael was, however, restored to his father’s dignities, and was father of Michael, Earl of Suffolk, killed at Azincour, 1415. William, son of the first earl succeeded, who became so celebrated in the sixth Henry’s reign as Queen Margaret’s favourite. He was created Marquis and Duke of Suffolk, Lord Chancellor, Lord High Admiral, and, in fact, *Dictator*; but his honours only led to a bloody death. Edward IV. restored his son, John De La Pole, to his peerage dignities, and this nobleman eventually married Elizabeth, (second sister of Edward IV. and Richard III.,) by whom he had John, Earl of Lincoln, declared presumptive heir to the throne of England by the latter sovereign, but who was killed in his father’s life-time; Edmund, who succeeded as Earl of Suffolk, and was beheaded in the Tower, “for safety sake,” by Henry VIII., A.D. 1513; and Richard De La Pole, who entered the service of Louis XII., and assumed the appellation of “The White Rose.”

prisoner in charge of his first cousin, George Nevile, the magnificent Archbishop of York; but later research, as well as Rymer's *Fædera*, confutes this, for the king undeniably exercised not only full liberty but regal powers while resident at the castle, which he frequently was, it being his mother's birth-place. Shakspeare has adopted the popular error, and gives a version of Edward's escape in the third part of Henry VI., Act iv. Sc. 5. Stowe says, "by faire promises he escaped and came to London."

It was on the towers of Middleham Castle, Richard, Earl of Salisbury, displayed the standard of rebellion in 1459, and from thence, he, attended by Sir Thomas Harryngton and others, marched up Coverdale and through Craven, into Lancashire, at the head of five thousand men. The result was the battle of Blore-Heath, in Staffordshire, where Henry the Sixth's troops were defeated, with the loss of their leader, Lord Audley, his principal officers, and two thousand four hundred men, on the 23rd of September. The Earl being afterwards wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Wakefield in the following year, was placed in Pontefract Castle, and ransomed his life for a large sum, but some of the commons, who disliked him, took him thence by violence, or rather probably the connivance of his guards, and beheaded him. After his death, Sir John Nevile, brother to Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland, was made Constable of the castle for life, with an annuity of 100 marks on the Manors of Worton and Bainbridge.

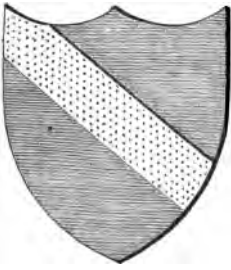
In September 1471, the captain of the Earl of Warwick's navy, commonly called the Bastard Falconbridge, son of William Nevile, Earl of Kent and Lord Falconbridge, was beheaded in Middleham Castle, by order of the Duke of Gloucester, although he had the King's pardon. In a play called *George-a-Green*, written by John Heyward, about 1599, Edward IV. is made to give the castle to an old warrior, aged 103 years, named William Musgrave, as

a reward for taking the king of Scots prisoner; but, for all this, history furnishes not the slightest foundation.

Meanwhile, another powerful family arose in Wensleydale; the baronial house of Scrope. The earliest mention of them here occurs in 1287, when they held three caricates of land at Bolton. They rapidly rose in importance, and divided into two lines; the Lords Scrope of Bolton, and the Lords Scrope of Masham and Upsal. Both these peerages are now abeyant, but a junior branch of the former, now chief of the name, is still seated at Danby-super-Yore. Richard, Lord Scrope, High Chancellor of England, in the third year of Richard the Second's reign, (1379), obtained leave to build a castle at Bolton; which Leland tells us took eighteen years in building, and cost 18,000 marks, or, £12,000.

The lords, both of Middleham and Bolton, were munificent benefactors to the Church; but the gifts of the Nevilles were principally on their domains in the palatinate of Durham. June 10th, 1457, the archdeacon of Richmond granted a licence to Richard, Earl of Salisbury, to have Mass celebrated in the chapel of his castle at Middleham: portions of that chapel yet remain. We now must close our hasty ecclesiastical view of Middleham. Richard III., who, as already noticed, was, for family reasons, very partial to that town, determined to raise the rectory into a collegiate church, with a dean, six canons, four clerks, a clerk sacristan, and choristers; and he obtained a Bull to that effect, from Pope Sixtus IV. This Bull was proclaimed by the Abbots of Jorevalle, St. Mary's of York, and Fountains, in the parish church of Middleham, July 24, 1482. "Henry VII.," says Leland, "took the new college land away," leaving the incumbent the rank of Dean, with some unusual privileges.

The founder of Bolton Castle, Chancellor Scrope, had obtained license for a chantry of six priests in his castle, but not thinking this sufficient, he further procured



licenses enabling him to make Wensley Church collegiate, with as many priests as he thought proper (which appears never to have been carried into effect), and to appoint a priest to St. Anne's, at Bolton.

Another establishment in Wensleydale remains to be mentioned, which no historian has hitherto

noticed;—the Preceptory of Knights Templars, on Penhill, just above the little village called Temple. Of this we know nothing, save that the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem had lands on Penhill; transferred to them no doubt, like others in England belonging to the Temple, when that Order was suppressed in 1313. All record of this Preceptory is lost; even tradition is silent. A few years ago the ruins were accidentally brought to light. The then proprietor, W. J. Anderson, Esq., of Swinithwaite Hall, ordered the removal of an unseemly mound, which, on excavation, proved to be the remains of the Chapel. Care was immediately taken, and the whole exposed. The outline is very perfect, and the walls are about two feet high. It contains the altar and some very singular stone coffins. Outside the east wall a great number of stone coffins were found, lying side by side, containing the bones of the warrior monks. Subsequently the foundations of many other buildings were laid bare, and pieces of armour, bits, spurs, &c., discovered, clearly betokening a cavalry station. These are all interesting relics. They remind us of the humbly heroic comrades and successors of Hugh de Payens and Raymond du Puis, and

“——— of the Red Cross Hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as in breach;
Alike to him, the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar.”

Leland mentions the “ruine of a castlet or pill” on Penhill, which has much puzzled succeeding antiquaries; no

traces of any such being visible. Perhaps this was part of the Preceptory, which might be deserted even then, three hundred years ago.

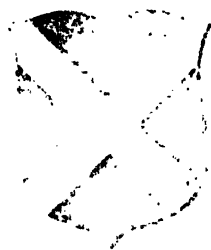
This was the bright meridian hour of Wensleydale's Catholic Day. Can you, reader, picture to yourself such a happy time? The beautiful valley with its forests and well stocked parks and rich meadows, smiling in the summer sunshine—Middleham and Bolton Castles looking down in grey majesty on the scene, the banners of the Plantagenet, the Nevile, and the Scrope, floating from their towers; and above all, pre-eminent, the graceful gothic abbeys of Jorevalle and Coverham; those sacred abodes of learning, piety, and sanctity; where indigence ever found shelter, and wretchedness relief. In every hamlet, however small, a church or chapel rearing its tower or bell-turret above embosoming trees, with its little green nook of consecrated ground where the rural dead rested, who having departed with the sign of faith repose in the sleep of peace. In the village streets, at intersecting paths, and by the wayside, richly-carved crosses of stone, reminding each traveller of his faith, of whose blessed symbol men had not then learned to be ashamed.

"As the cross was the instrument of redemption, it was always considered as the distinguishing symbol of Christianity. A cross was borne in front of the missionaries when they announced the doctrine of the gospel to Ethelbert. A cross was erected by Oswald, the exiled king of Northumbria, and venerated by his followers, before they ventured to face the numerous and victorious host of the Britons. A cross, in many districts, supplied the place of an oratory, and around it the thane and his retainers frequently assembled to perform their devotions,(1) and in the principal churches, a cross of silver

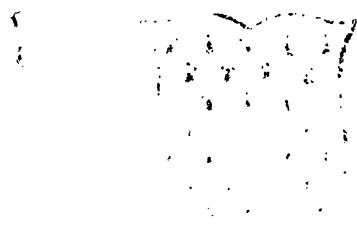
(1) Sic mos est Saxonice gentis, quod in nonnullis nobilium bonorumque hominum prædiis, non ecclesiam sed sanctæ crucis signum Deo dicatum, cum magno honore alium, in alto erectum, ad commodam diurnæ orationis sedulitatem solent habere. *Vit. St. Willibaldi, apud. Can. lect. ant., vol. ii. par. ii., p. 107.*



100. *St. John's*



101. *St. John's*

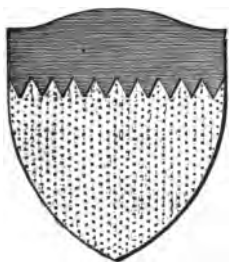


102. *St. John's*

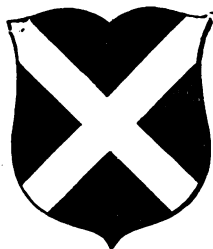


103. *St. John's*

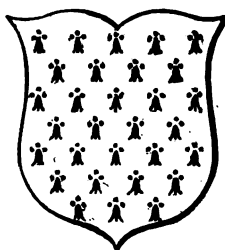
ARMORIAL SHIELDS. I.



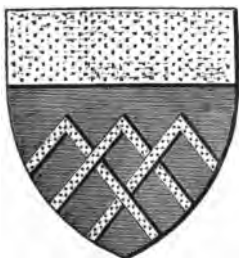
FITZ-RANDOLPH,
Lord of Middleham.
A. D. 1190.



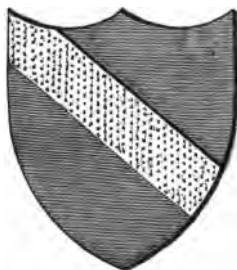
NEVILLE,
Lord of Middleham.
A. D. 1270.



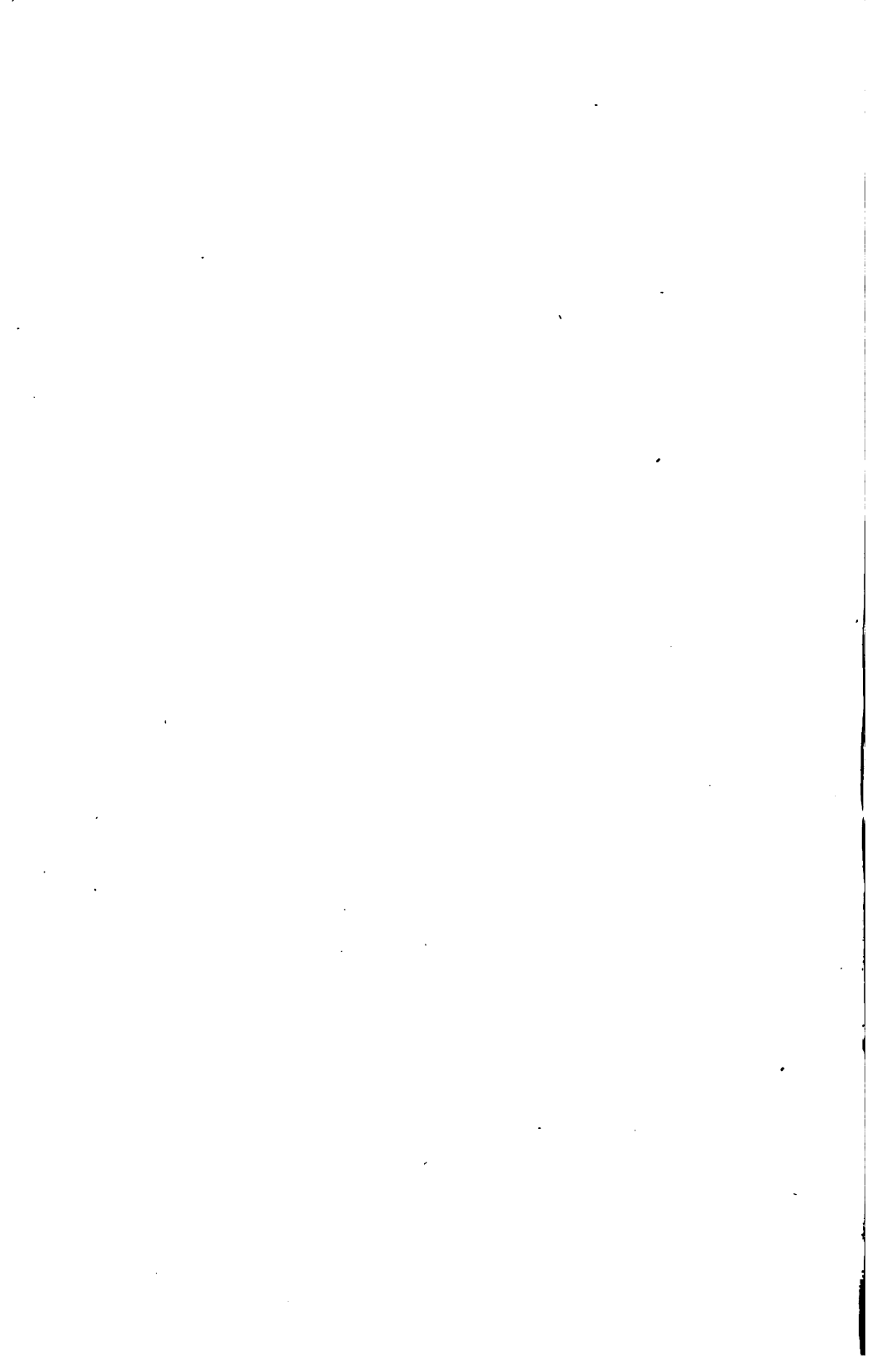
ALAN,
EARL OF BRITTANY AND RICHMOND.



FITZ-HUGH.
Baron, Founder of Jorevalle
A. D. 1156.



SCROPE,
(of Bolton) Baron.
A. D. 1379.



was displayed on the altar,(1) and proclaimed the victory of Christ over the gods of paganism.”(2)

“Faith in the wildwood’s tangled bound
A blessed heritage had found;
And Charity and Hope were seen
In the lone isle and wild ravine.
Then pilgrims in the forest brown
Slow wand’ring on from town to town,
Halting mid mosses green and dank,
Breathed each a prayer before they drank
From waters by the pathway side.
Then duly morn and eventide,
Before these ancient crosses grey,
Now mouldering silently away,
Aged and young devoutly bent
In simple prayer, how eloquent!
For each good gift man then possess’d,
Demanded blessing and was bless’d.”

MARY HOWITT.

And those Abbeys, and those Churches—consider but their beauty; of which, indeed, few moderns can form a just conception. No whitewash defaced them—no uncouth pews of mouldering wood—no mildew was on the walls—no sepulchral tablets, attributing superhuman virtues to frail humanity. The sunbeams streamed through painted glass, revealing the figures of the Blessed Virgin, of saints, and of angels; falling at last in mellowed light upon the diapered and stained floors. On the pavement were brasses just naming the faithful departed, and perhaps, on one or two superior tombs, recumbent effigies of knights and ladies, meekly looking up towards heaven, their hands folded on their bosoms in

- (1) Quin etiam sublime crucis radiante metallo
Hic posuit trophæum.

Bed. l. v. c. 19.

St. Aldhelm wrote before Bede, and frequently styles the Christians *cruciolaræ*, or worshippers of the cross. (*St. Aldhelm, de laude virg.* p. 291—330). Alcuin was always accustomed to bow to the cross, and repeat this prayer. “Tuam crucem adoramus, domine, tuam gloriosam recolimus passionem: misere nostri.” *Vit. Alc. in act. SS. Bened. sæc. iv. tom. i.*, p. 156.

- (2) Lingard’s “Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.” Vol. ii, p. 113.

attitude of prayer, even as they had died; and for all, and for each, the simple but touching christian inscription,—“Of your charity pray for their souls.” (1)

“The nave was usually occupied by the portraits of the Blessed Virgin, and the twelve Apostles. The southern aisle exhibited a series of pictures, representing the most remarkable facts recorded in the Gospels; while the northern struck the eye with the terrific visions described by St. John, in the Book of Revelations. The most illiterate peasant could not enter the Church without receiving the most profitable instruction. He either beheld with pleasure the amiable countenance of Christ

(1) It is true that we sometimes meet with modern monumental inscriptions of an appropriate character, but the majority are either filled with daring assertions of the deceased's eternal happiness, fulsome eulogy, or laughable efforts at grandiloquence, and very often, all three combined. Hence, a stroll through a churchyard more frequently excites our risible faculties, than induces the meditative mood befitting one who wanders among those chambers of the dead, of which he himself must so soon become an inmate. Take from amongst hundreds, two curious examples; the first from Biddulph Church, Staffordshire, the second from Pewsey Churchyard, Dorsetshire.

“Goe, gentle stranger, press not neere
To question who's intomb'd heere.
Here lies the man, ah, me noe more,
Lest thou this sacred dust adore.
His honor'd name's conceal'd from thee,
To keepe thee from Idolatrie.
Suffice it only here to find,
He was a man of mortall kind.
The composition of his spirit,
The exposition of his merit,
Are theames all humane thoughts transcend,
Matters t' admire, not comprehend.
The world knows his, noble worth so well,
All tongues, all pens, on's praise shall dwell.
Moltis ille quidem flebilis occidit
Nolli flebilior.....E. B.
Ehew, fugaces.....
Labuntur anni.....”

This was a certain Sir William Bowyer, knt., who died 1640.

“Here lies the body—of—Lady O'Looney—great neice of Burke,—commonly called the sublime.—She was—, bland, passionate, and deeply religious;—also, she painted—in water colours,—and sent several pictures—to the exhibition.—She was first cousin—to Lady Jones:—and of such—is the kingdom of heaven.”
A most astounding climax!

and his faithful servants ; or studied the important mysteries of the incarnation and redemption : or from the spectacle of the last judgment, learnt to descend into his own breast, and to deprecate the justice of the Almighty.”(1)

The roodlofts, dividing choir and nave, were rich with harmonious colouring and gold ; the ceilings and stalls were of oak, tastefully and elaborately carved ; the walls and arches were stained with various hues, in graceful and appropriate designs, relieved with gilding ; the sanctuary being more gorgeously decorated than any other part. There, in “the dim religious light” the eastern window gave, stood the altar on which the most Holy Sacrifice was offered, adorned as such a sacred throne should be ; a light burning day and night before the Blessed Sacrament. Not a church so mean “as not to possess crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, patens, and cups of silver.”(2) The chantries, with their altars too the same. Neither were the sacred vestments less appropriately rich. All these things were *the gifts* of private

(1) Such is the description given by Bede of the paintings with which the pious liberality of Beánét Biscop decorated the church of his monastery. *Bed. Vit. abbat. Wirem*, p. 293. *Hom in nat. Divi Bened. tom. vii, col. 465.*

(2) Even in the Saxon era “the plate and jewels which piety poured into the treasures of the principal churches, are represented of such immense value, that it is with reluctance we assent to the testimony of contemporary and faithful historians. From them we learn that, on the more solemn festivals, every vessel employed in the sacred ministry was of gold and silver ; that the altars sparkled with jewels and ornaments of the precious metals ; that the vestments of the priest and his assistants were made of silk, embroidered in the most gorgeous manner ; and that the walls were hung with foreign paintings, and the richest tapestry. (*Bed. p. 295, 297, 299, 300. Edd. Vit. Wilf c. 17. Alc. de pont. v. 1224, 1286, 1488.*) In the church of York stood two altars, entirely covered with plates of gold and silver. One of them was also ornamented with a profusion of gems, and supported a lofty crucifix of equal value. Above were suspended three ranges of lamps, in a pharus, (a contrivance for suspending lights in the church) of the largest dimensions. (*Alc. ibid. v. 1488.*) Even the books employed in the offices of religion were decorated with similar magnificence. St. Wilfrid ordered the four gospels to be written with letters of gold, on a purple ground, and presented them to the church of Ripon, in a casket of gold, in which were enclosed a number of precious stones. *Edd. c. 17. Bed. l. v. c. 19.*” Lingard. *Ant. Ang. Sax. Church*, Vol. i, p. 206.

individuals. Church-rates, no one dreamt of, or could have understood; for our ancestors were verily men who

“—————built in marble, built as they
Who wish'd these stones should see the day
When Christ returns, and these vast walls
May stand o'er them when judgement calls.
Not that the shrines in grandeur built
Can do away the stains of guilt;
But witnesses they are of love
Which only shall unfailing prove—
Of paths in stern abasement trod—
Of self that died to live to God.”

An eloquent and popular Protestant preacher (1) has said: “If it be fitting, that the palaces of our kings bear evidence of the illustriousness of the party to whose use they are devoted, what is to be said of the Churches of our God? There ought not to be in a Christian land more sumptuous structures, than those which are expressly dedicated to the Almighty. It is no good sign, when palaces are more and more costly, and Churches less and less noble. There is no finer saying in scripture, than that of David to Nathan. ‘See, now I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains.’ It shamed this righteous monarch, to be more splendidly lodged than the sacred emblem of the Divine Presence; he could not enjoy his cedar palace, whilst there were only curtains to enclose the ark; and though, because he had been a man of war from his youth, and therefore instrumental to the shedding of blood, he was not judged a fit person to found and rear a great temple, yet did he devote the rest of his life to the amassing all kinds of precious things, which his son might employ on the projected structure. He rifled the world, that its Maker might have a habitation, massive with richness and sparkling with glories; and when Solomon had completed the gorgeous fabric, there was not on the face of the

(1) The Rev. Henry Melville, B.D.

earth, a monarch, whose dwelling could rival that reared for the universal King. And this king took possession of the noble sanctuary, with every demonstration that He approved the piety which had dedicated to him the marble and the jasper and the gold. After this, let no man say, that the meanness of a structure is no reason against its fitness for God's service. In one sense, it is no reason ; God requires not the majesty of architecture, in order that He may condescend to the taking up His abode, and giving audience to His people ; but at least our piety should be shown by our readiness to dedicate the best which we have unto God. If God is to have a house at all, that house should be the noblest that we have the power of rearing ; bearing such proportion as our ability can effectuate, to the greatness of the Being, who is to show Himself within its walls. Otherwise, if our churches be inferior to our other structures, less splendid in design, less rich in architecture, we give the strongest of all possible proofs, that we are less disposed to do honour to God than to ourselves ; that we think the 'curtains' good enough for the ark, and reserve the 'cedar' for our own habitation. *It was not thus with our ancestors, whom we are ready enough to accuse of superstition, but in whom there must have been better and loftier feelings.* Witness the Cathedrals, which yet crest our land ; mightier and more sumptuous, as they ought to be, than even our palaces. Say not that a mere dark superstition actuated the men, who designed and executed these sublime edifices. The long-drawn aisles, the fretted roofs, the dim recesses, the soaring spires, all witness that the architect had grand thoughts of God, and strove to embody them in combinations of the wood and the stone, even as the poet his conceptions in the melodies of verse, or the orator his in the majesty of eloquence. It is a cold and withered piety which catches no inspiration from the structure, as a man walks beneath arches, which seem designed to bear up the sky ; and

hears the rich symphony wandering amid the forest of pillars, as the voice of the Lord God circulated among the trees of the garden. And there must have been piety, lofty and ardent piety, in those who could plan structures that thus seem to furnish instances of their piety to successive generations. The cathedral, with its awe-inciting vastness, its storied windows, its mellowed light, its deepened shadows, appears like the rich volume of some old divine; we gather from the work the mind of the author, and it is a mind which has grown great in musing upon God." (1) Thus justly and beautifully argues Mr. Melville.

The churches, at least the major portion of them, yet stand in Wensleydale; strangely mutilated; sad, silent, but incontrovertible witnesses of the Past; whose Catholic testimony none can impeach. Imagine, reader, the splendid conventual church of Our Blessed Lady, at Jervaux, when it stood in all its glory. Forget not the good monks, and their continual labours of love. Reflect how within those now roofless walls the traveller was kindly sheltered, and the poor man daily fed. No idle lives led those monks of old, any more than do those of the present day, whom none accuse of indolence. When not occupied by their sacred duties, they were busily employed either in manual labours, or charitable works, or literary toil.

When Wensleydale, like all England, was Catholic, foreigners were wont to admire English piety. The author of the "Italian Relation of England," says:—"although they all attend Mass *every* day, and say many Paternosters in public (the women carrying long rosaries in their hands, and any one who can read taking the office of our Lady with them, and with some companion reciting it in the church, verse by verse, in a low voice, after the manner of churchmen), they always hear mass on Sunday in their parish church, and give liberal alms,

(1) *Miscellaneous Sermons*, by the Rev. Henry Melville, vol. iii, p. 407.

.....nor do they omit any form incumbent on good Christians." (p. 23.)

Morning, noon, and evening, the Angelus pealed from every steep^{le} and bell turret, and as the sweet sound floated through the valley, the monk in his cell—the baron in his hall—the village maiden in her cottage—and the labourer in the field, reverently knelt, and recited the allotted prayers in remembrance of Christ's Incarnation for us. The bell which is still rung in some parishes at eight in the morning, at noon, and at five in the evening, though its origin is forgotten, and it now serves only to summon the labourers to and from their work, is, in reality, a relic of the Angelus. Our Blessed Lady "of Gervaux, Coverham, and Wynsladale" (1) was particularly revered in Wensleydale.

In those times the great Festivals of the Church were solemnised with devout splendour in the green valley of the Yore, the resort of royalty and nobles. The feasts in honour of the Blessed Virgin were days especially kept, (2)

(1) Middleham Household Books, temp. Edw. IV.

(2) Among those who claimed the peculiar veneration of the Anglo-Saxons, a high pre-eminence was given to the virgin mother of the Messiah. That her influence with her son was unrivalled, might be justly inferred from her maternal dignity: and the honours which were paid to her memory, had been sanctioned by her own prediction. (Luke, c. i, v. 48.) Her praises were sung by the Saxon poets. (St. Aldhel de Virg. in Bib. Pat., tom. viii, p. 14. Alcuin, Ant. lect. Canis tom. ii, par. ii, p. 471.) A hymn was sung in her honour every evening. (Bede, oper. tom. vii, col. 148.) In the Anglo-Saxon pontificals are preserved the same hymns as occur at present in the Roman Breviary. (See Wanley, MSS., p. 184, 244, 280.) By Saxon preachers, her prerogatives were extolled, and the principal incidents of her life were commemorated by the four solemn festivals of the Nativity, the Annunciation, the Purification, and the Assumption. In the collections of Saxon Homilies are several for the festivals of the Blessed Virgin. (Wanley, p. 11, 17, 35, 59, &c.) Our ancestors were too well instructed to confound man with God. They knew how to discriminate between the adoration due to the Supreme Being, and the honours which might be claimed by the most holy of his servants. See Alcuin's address to the Virgin Mary.

Tu mundi vitam, totis tu gaudia sæclis,
 Tu regem cæli, tu dominum atque Deum
 Ventris in hospitio genuisti, virgo perennis
 Tu nobis precibus auxiliare tuis.

Alcuin. apud Can. tom. ii, par. ii, p. 471.

the accustomed processions on Palm Sunday and Corpus Christi(1) joyfully and reverentially attended in every town and village ; and duly

" On Christmas eve the bells were rung :
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

* * * * *

All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

An ancient Christmas usage yet prevails, of which few recognise the true beginning,—the Yule Clog. This was originally placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, in order to enable *every* member of the family to attend the midnight Mass ; its size ensuring a cheerful blaze to welcome them home on their return through the cold frosty winter's

The Saxon homilist is very accurate in his expressions. " Him alone shall we adore. He alone is true Lord and true God. We beg the intercession of holy men, that they would intercede for us to their Lord and our Lord. But, nevertheless, we do not pray to them as we do to God." " Nulli martyrum," says the MS.—1.1.1.1., 8. 18, apud. Wanley, p. 148., " sacrificamus, quamvis in memoriis martyrum constituamus altaria." Again, " Having worshipped his Creator alone, let him invoke God's saints, and pray that they would intercede for him to God ; first, the Holy Mary, and then all the saints of God." (Lib. leg. eccles. apud. Wilk. p. 272.) The idea of intercession necessarily includes that of dependence : and to employ the mediation of his favourites, is to acknowledge the superior excellence of the Deity. Thus in the Saxon Homilies, the preacher exhorts his auditory to solicit the intercession of the Virgin Mary, with Christ, her Son, her Creator, and her Redeemer." *Abridged from Lingard's "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church."* Vol. ii, pp. 90—108.

(1) " From the time of St. Gregory the Great (A.D., 590) we read of processions of the ' Blessed Sacrament ;' but it was not until 1262, under the pontificate of Urban IV., that this festival was introduced. On the appointed day the heart of Christendom called up her three hundred million worshippers to come and honour this sublime doctrine. Gold, and silver, and precious stones, richly embroidered tapestries, flowers of every hue, flowed into the churches—towns and cities were arrayed in gorgeous beauty. And so 'midst the unceasing ringing of countless bells, and loud choral song of praise, that seemed to be re-echoed back from the eternal choir above—forth went the *Sacred Host*, and king and people fell prostrate. And from that day to this, no festival so dear to the children of the church—none more loved, none more honoured." *Rev. J. Mulligan.* This extract will perhaps afford many some insight into the Festival of Corpus Christi, which is *retained* in Protestant Calendars, as a *Fixed* Feast, occurring June 10th, whereas it is a *Moveable* one.

night. There is another memento of Catholic days. On Christmas Eve, or rather morning, the church bells ring, and these peals are called "*The Virgin Chimes*," but *why*, almost all have now forgot.

Thus acting as became Christian men, the people lived contented lives, and died good deaths. There was no austere gloom amongst them; innocent pastimes—our fine old English sports—afforded frequent recreation. Hospitality was unbounded. In the monasteries, strangers were lodged gratuitously; whether it was a prince with his superb train—a noble with huge retinue—a journeying knight—or a footsore peasant. Abundance was provided for all. Every morning at the gates a dole was distributed to a certain number of poor men; of bread and meat on flesh days, and of bread and fish, or porridge, on fasts and days of abstinence. Union-houses and poor-rates were utterly unknown, for men enjoying the light of Catholic truth would have trembled to account poverty a sin, or to despise the poor of Jesus Christ.

At the castles and manor-houses equal liberality prevailed. As a specimen, we may take the number that sat at the board of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, on the Feast of the Epiphany, Thursday, January the 6th, 1508. There were at dinner 134 Gentry, 188 Yeomen or Valets, and 197 Garçons or Grooms; and at supper, 126 Gentry, 176 Valets and 98 Garçons. At the public installation banquet of George Nevile, Archbishop of York, in 1466, one hundred and eighty oxen and six wild bulls, one thousand sheep, three hundred calves, three hundred swine, and as many porkers, five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, two hundred kids, and four thousand rabbits, formed what may be styled the solid basis of the entertainment. Besides these, there were twenty thousand fowls, wild and tame; (1) six hundred and twelve

¹ Amongst these were a thousand of the beautiful and rare Egrette. In consequence of this destruction the species became so scarce that it has been remarked a single meal well nigh exterminated it.

fishes; two thousand venison pasties, hot and cold, and nine thousand dishes of pastry, besides abundance of sweetmeats. The liquors consisted of three hundred and thirty tuns of ale, one hundred and four tuns of wine, and a pipe of ipocras. The preparation of the banquet required five hundred and fifteen kitchens, sixty-two chief cooks, and one thousand servitors.

It was in those days that the Lord of Middleham—the Great Earl of Warwick—who was justly beloved by his dependants, maintained such splendid housekeeping that, when he sojourned in London, in his establishment “six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat, for who that had any acquaintance in that house, he should have as much sodden and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger.”(1)

(1) Whilst noticing the hospitalities of bygone ages, perhaps the reader will be neither unamused nor uninstructed by the following Bill of Fare, on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Nevile, of Chevet, near Wakefield, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, 19, Henry VIII, (by his wife, Elizabeth, widow of Sir Thomas Tempest) with Roger Rockley, Esq.; January 14th, 1526.

FOR THE FIRST COURSE AT DINNER.

1st.—Brawn, with mustard, served with malmesey. 2nd.—Frumetty to pottage. 3rd.—A roe, roasted for standart. 4th.—Peacocks, two of a dish.* 5th.—Swans, two of a dish. 6th.—A great pike on a dish. 7th.—Conies, roasted, four of a dish. 8th.—Venison, roasted. 9th.—Capon of grease, three of a dish. 10th.—Mallards, four of a dish. 11th.—Teals, seven of a dish. 12th.—Pyes, baken, with rabbits in them. 13th.—Baken oranges. 14th.—A flampett. 15th.—Stoke fritters. 16th.—Dulcetts, four of a dish. 17th.—A tart.

SECOND COURSE.

1st.—*Marterns* to pottage. 2nd.—For a standart, cranes, two of a dish. 3rd.—Young lamb, whole, roasted. 4th.—Great fish, salmon, *gollis*. 5th.—Heron-sewes, three of a dish. 6th.—Bytters, three of a dish. 7th.—Pheasants, four of a dish. 8th.—A great sturgeon goil. 9th.—Partridges, eight of a dish. 10th.—Stints, eight of a dish. 11th.—Plovers, eight of a dish. 12th.—Curlews, eight of a dish. 13th.—A whole roe, baken. 14th.—Venison, baken, red and fallow. 15th.—A tart. 16th.—A *marchpane*. 17th.—Gingerbread. 18th.—Apples and cheese, stewed with sugar and sage.

THE EXPENSE OF THE WEEK, FOR FLESH AND FISH, FOR THE SAID MARRIAGE.

Two oxen, 3*l*.; two brawnes, 1*l*. 2*s*.; two roes, 10*s*., and for servants going, 15*s*.; swans, 15*s*.; nine cranes, 1*l*. 10*s*.; twelve peacocks, 16*s*.; six great pike, for flesh

* *i.e.* upon; still the dialect of Yorkshire.

It was in those days that we are told there was "no small innkeeper, however poor and humble he might be, who did not serve his table with silver dishes and drinking cups; and no one who had not in his house silver plate to the amount of at least £100 sterling (£1000 modern) was considered to be a person of any consequence," whilst of the inferior or middle classes "there were few whose tables were not daily provided with spoons, cups, and a salt-cellar of silver." The traffic in Wensleydale must have been much more considerable than at present, for, besides fairs, there were weekly markets at East Witton, Middleham, Wensley, and Leyburn, only one of which remains, and that revived within the last century.

dinner, 10s.; 21 dozen conies, 5l. 5s.; three venison, red deer hinds, and fetching them, 10s.; twelve fallow deer, does, seventy-two capon of grease, 3l. 12s.; thirty dozen mallards and teal, 3l. 11s. 8d.; three lambs, 4s.; two dozen heron-sewes, 1l. 4s.; twelve bitterns, 16s.; eighteen pheasants, 1l. 4s.; forty partridges, 6s. 8d.; eighteen curlews, 1l. 4s.; three dozen plovers, 5s.; five dozen stints, 9s.; sturgeon on goile, 5s.; one seal, 13s. 4d.; one porpoise, 13s. 4d. Sum total, 46l. 5s. 8d.

FOR FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

1st.—*Leich brayne*. 2nd.—Fromety to pottage. 3rd.—Whole ling and haberdine. 4th.—Great gulls of salt salmon. 5th.—Great salt eels. 6th.—Great salt sturgeon gulls. 7th.—Fresh ling. 8th.—Fresh turbot. 9th.—Great pike. 10th.—Great gulls fresh salmon. 11th.—Great rudds. 12th.—Baken turbots. 13th.—Tarts of three several meats.

SECOND COURSE.

1st.—Marterns to pottage. 2nd.—A great fresh sturgeon goil. 3rd.—Fresh eel roasted. 4th.—Great breitt. 5th.—Salmon *chins*, broiled. 6th.—Roasted eels. 7th.—Roasted lampreys. 8th.—Roasted lamprons. (*Petromyzon Fluviatilis*, still called *lamprons* in Cumberland. The Nevilles sent fish ready cooked from Warwick to Middleham, as Dugdale asserts.) 9th.—Great turbutts. 10th.—Salmon, baken. 11th.—Fresh eel, baken. 12th.—Fresh lampreys, baken. 13th.—Clear *gillee*. 14th.—Gingerbread.

On the edibles, given in this Bill of Fare, few observations need be made, as most of them are in use at present. Some, however, are forgotten. Seals, porpoises, cranes, herons, and bitterns are no longer used in general, though all are very far from being unpalatable food. *Marchpayne*, was a kind of biscuit, or almond cake, much used in old desserts. "Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane," says the 1st servant at the banquet in *Romeo and Juliet*. Act I, scene 5. "*Apples and cheese stewed with sugar and sage*" evidently formed a part of the dessert in Queen Elizabeth's time. In "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," Shakspeare makes Sir Hugh Evans exclaim to Simple, when directing him to call at Dr. Caius's house with a letter.—"I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; *there's pippins and cheese to come.*" Act I, sc. 2.

Reader, my sketch is necessarily a very brief and imperfect one: I have subdued the colouring lest it should seem too glowing to eyes unaccustomed to Catholicity. I might have shown more—much more, and expatiated at far greater length upon the glorious Past; but I trust you have seen enough to make you venerate your Catholic forefathers, and to heave with me a sigh of regret as you gaze on the ruined monasteries and defaced churches around—contrast these beautiful memorials of the brilliant piety exhibited of old with our darkened times—think of the altered condition of the now suffering poor, and remember what fair Wensleydale was in
THE CATHOLIC DAY.



FONT, IN ST. OSWALD'S, THORNTON STEWARD.

A SIGH FOR THE DAYS OF OLD.

A sigh for the days of old—
For the merry ancient time—
When British hearts were stout and bold
As the tough oak of their clime.
When the Holy Faith was kept,
Before faithless men had chang'd,
And from the way their fathers trod,
Through Error's pastures rang'd.

A sigh for the years gone by—
When every warrior's sword
At the glance of Beauty's eye,
Flash'd, obedient to her word;
When the high-born noble knelt
In the light of maiden's smile,
And maintain'd more fair than foreign dames
The Ladies of our Isle.

When oft in the Castle hall
Was the banquet freely spread,
Till the massive table groan'd withal;—
While the baron graced its head,—
And the vassals sate below,
And the poor men at the gate,
Each feasting on the plenteous cheer
According to his state.

A sigh for the days gone by—
For the kindly ancient time,—
When the wanderer heard with joy
The convent's evening chime;
And the doors were open thrown,
And the weary welcom'd in,
Where the broken-hearted shelter found
From life's tempestuous din.

Then the aged had no fear,
In the sunset of their day,
That a ruthless hand would tear the wife
From her husband's breast away ;
But the labourer worn with toil,
As at length asleep he fell,
Was sooth'd by her whom from lusty youth
He chose and cherish'd well.

Then the cottage maidens sung
At eve round the old elm tree,
Till all the village echoes rung
With the sound of guiltless glee :
And they form'd the rustic dance,
And their mirth was heard afar,
Till home they wended—twos and threes—
Beneath the twilight star.

A sigh for the days of old—
For the merry ancient time,
When British hearts were stout and bold
As the tough oak of their clime.
A sigh for the purer joys
To our sleeping fathers known ;—
Oh, who dare blame if in dreamy hour
I mourn that they are flown ?





CHAPTER HOUSE, JOREVALLE ABBEY.

THE DAY OF CHANGE;

OR,

CHAPTER II.

Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing.

Sir W. SCOTT.

Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou
lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a little while and the blast of
the desert comes; it howls in thy empty courts.

OSSIAN.

HITHERTO, our steps in Wensleydale have been sur-
rounded by natural and religious beauty; but we have
reached a gloomy Day. Although the valley's natural
charms will continue, in the inscrutable dispensations of
Almighty God, its religious beauty must be overspread—

not exterminated,—for there will still remain glorious lineaments, covered, alas, with a thick desolating veil. We have reached that period of destruction and persecution called the Reformation. Of this mournful apostacy, I desire to give no minute history; but as I watch how Wensleydale fell away from the Catholic Faith, I cannot avoid glancing at what passed elsewhere.

Henry VIII. ascended the English throne, April 22, 1509, and at the time of his accession, gave promise of future goodness and piety; expectations which proved illusive, for never, before nor since, did such a monster in human shape pollute the royal seat of the chaste St. Edward. Henry VII. bequeathed his son the largest amount of riches ever accumulated by an English sovereign. £1,800,000, in gold and silver, was found in his coffers, a sum fully equal to twenty millions of our present currency, yet this enormous wealth, joined to his vast yearly revenues, proved all too little to satisfy the Eighth Henry, who, even after he had seized the Church's large revenues, amounting at the lowest computation to £1,600,000 per annum, was continually complaining of poverty, and oppressing his subjects by taxes and imposts.

This king's real character did not manifest itself for some years. The early part of his reign was only marked by moderation and a devout attention to religion, which lasted whilst he was guided by the counsels of Cardinal Wolsey. About the year 1521, when the Lutheran heresy—then spreading over the continent—began to insinuate itself into previously happy England, Henry published a treatise, "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martyn Luther*," which received so much approbation from Pope Leo X., that his Holiness conferred on the author, the title of "Defender of the Faith." Unhappily these good dispositions did not continue. The king's heart became inflamed with pride and an impure love; in defiance of all laws, divine and human,

his wife, Catharine of Arragon, was put away for Anne Boleyn; and from the date of that adulterous union, the records of Henry's reign form the foulest pages of English History.

The tyrant's religious vagaries are irrelevant here, save as connected with the sad and fatal changes they wrought in Wensleydale; the ill effects of which are felt at the present time. The character of the Wensleydale clergy may be estimated by the report of Henry's own commissioners, who, with scarcely any exception, bear witness that both the parochial and chantry priests were of "honest conversation and qualities,"—for the most part middle-aged or elderly men, and having no other provision than their very moderate stipend. Nor were there more than just sufficed to say Mass daily, and administer the sacraments to the congregations, for the number of "*houselling people*," i. e. communicants, in most of the parishes at that time would astonish all moderns—save Catholics. These olden priests seem to have much resembled the beautiful character Chaucer gives of "the pouré Parson of a tounne," who, he tells us

"——— could in little thing have suffiance.
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he ne left not for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief to visit
The farthest in his parish, much and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf,
That first he *wrought*, and afterwards he *tawght*.
Out of the Gospel he the wordés caught,
And this figure he added yet thereto,—
That if gold ruste, what should iron do?"

The chantries were nevertheless suppressed, although founded and endowed in perpetuity by private individuals; and the spoils,—great or small—went to the ever grasping king and his courtiers.(1)

(1) Dyverse Pishes, o't in ye North Riding having Plate belonging to the Chantries founded in them, as followeth. Harl. MSS. 591—fol. 85.



Upon the last survey, the clear value of the estates belonging to Coverham Abbey was found not to exceed £160 18s. 3d. per annum; hence it was of course suppressed with the smaller houses. (1) The work of demolition went on with alacrity throughout England—shrine after shrine—abbey after abbey fell. The magnificent

Redmire in Wensley, a Challice p'cell guilt, per oz. IX oz.
 Myddleham, a Challice, p'cell guilt, per oz. XIII oz.
 Thoraby, a Challice, p'cell guilt, per oz. VI oz.
 Horneby, a Challice, p'cell guilt, per oz. V oz.

I am not certain that the last mentioned place is Harby, but am led to think so from its position. Several acts of parliament were passed at various periods of our history, to check the frauds practised by goldsmiths in their wares. In 1403, the statute, 5, Hen. IV., c. 13, provides that, "whereas many fraudulent artificers, imagining to deceive the common people, do daily make locks (brooches), rings, beads, candlesticks, harness for girdles, hilts, chalices, and sword pommels, powder-boxes, and covers for cups, of copper and of latten, like to gold or silver, and the same sell and put in gage to many men not having full knowledge thereof, for whole gold and whole silver, to the great deceit, loss and hindrance of the common people," in future such articles shall not be gilt or silvered over under a penalty of £100; but articles for the church *except chalices*, are allowed to be silvered though made of copper or latten, "so that always in the foot, or some other part of every such ornament so to be made, the copper and the latten shall be plain, to the intent that a man may see whereof the ting is made, for to eschew the deceit aforesaid." In 1420, it was enacted, 8. Hen. V., c. 8., that "none from henceforth shall gild any sheaths nor metal, but silver and the ornaments of holy church; nor shall silver any metal but knight's spurs, and all the apparel that pertaineth to a baron." Shakspeare has more than one allusion to the *gilt copper*.

"*Falstaff*. I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty marks.

Hostess. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

* * * *

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal: three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter."

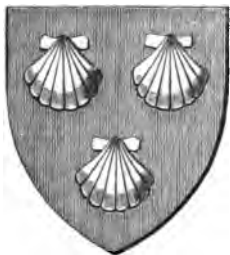
1st. Pt. King Henry IV., Act 3, sc. 3.

(1) At the time of Kirkby's Inquest, there were eight carucates of land in Kettlewell, in Craven, of which Elias de Knol held two of Robert de Gray, of Rotherfield, and the Abbot of Coverham, and they of Osbert de Arches, and he of the heirs of Percy, and they of the king, *in capite*. The Abbot of Coverham

pile of Jorevalle was doomed. Adam Sedbar or Sedbury, the twenty-third and last Abbot of that ancient house, together with some of the brotherhood, was charged with

held three other carucates of Robert de Gray, who was grand-nephew of Walter Gray, Archbishop of York. By inquisition after his death, it is found that he died seized of a moiety of the manor of Kettlewell, and the monks of Coverham held the other. Free warren in Kettlewell was granted to the Abbot and Convent of Coverham, 55, Henry III. (A.D., 1270). So early as 1229, the convent presented to the rectory: indeed six years prior to that date, there is a fine between Con, Abbot of that house, and Robert, prior of Bolton, his disturber, of a moiety of the advowson, which the prior acknowledges to be the Abbot's right; receiving in consideration of the same one oxgang in Kettlewell, and paying in return to the Abbot, one pound of pure incense. With respect to the assignment of this advowson, there is the following entry in the Comptus of Christopher Lofthouse, Prior of Bolton, 12, Edw. IV. (A.D., 1471). "Ketylwell,—Abbot de Coverh'm pr. Advocacio'e Eec'lie de Ketylwell XXs., per an. pro qui' quidem XXs., idem Abbas obligavit villam de Wallerburne, &c., ad districtiorem, &c., si solucio'e dict. XXs., defecerit pro anno. D'us. Ric' Dux Gloucest' ten't libe' ib'm dic. ten't ut patet in cartis D'ni Walt. Gray.

When the ecclesiastical survey was taken, 26, Hen. VIII (A.D., 1535.) this was the valuation of Coverham Abbey. Abbey home lands, orchards, mills, &c., 12*l.*; Scafton Grange, 6*l.*; Slapegill, 60*s.*; Carleton, 60*s.*; all in conventual occupation. The value of the other manors, &c., was—Scafton, 113*s.* 8*d.*; Caudeberge, 113*s.* 4*d.*; Swynsyd, 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; Hyndlaywathe, 66*s.* 8*d.*; Arkyllysyd, 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; Carleton, 20*s.*; Melmerby, 4*l.*; Agylthorpe, 26*s.* 8*d.*; Crackcall, 14*l.*; Menythrope, 6*l.* 8*s.*; City of York, 10*s.*; Thexton, 11*l.* 8*d.*; Lemying, 10*s.* 8*d.*; Newby, 10*s.*; Yaffurthe, 8*s.*; Ainderby, 10*s.*; Wytwell, 3*s.*; Preston, 5*s.*; Watlows, 25*s.*; Elyngton, 13*s.* 4*d.*; Esthawkeswell, 26*s.* 8*d.*; Walburne, 60*s.*; Richmond, 20*s.*; Sedberwe, 15*s.*; Hernby, 30*s.*; Feyrby, 13*s.*; Redmyer, 6*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*; Thoraby, 70*s.*; Garsdall, 11*s.* 4*d.*; Total, 116*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* The spirituals in tithes, Paschal dues, &c., were—Coverham Rectory, 20*l.*; Sedburgh, 41*l.* 10*s.*; Downholme, 7*l.* 10*s.*; Kettlewell, 8*l.* 10*s.* all in the county of York; and in the Palatinate of Durham, Seaham Rectory, 13*l.* 10*s.*; making a grand total of 207*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*, equivalent to about 2,140*l.* of our present currency. Out of this the convent had annually to pay—to Middleham Castle, for Scafton, 3*d.*, and for Slapegill and Carleton, 2*s.* 2*d.*; to York Castle for Menythorpe, 6*s.*; to St. Leonard's, at York, for Theyxton, 18*d.*; to Mount St. John, for Feyrby, 6*d.* To the Rector of Masham, 2*d.*; to Lord Le Serope, for Ridmyre, 2*s.* 8*d.*; to the Abbey of St. Agatha for Garsdall, 16*d.* For synodals and procurations.—to the Archdeacon of Richmond, for the Rectory of Coverham, 23*s.*; to the Archbishop of York, for the pension—i. e. priest's income—of Sedberwe, 20*s.*; to the Prior of Connyside, for Sedberwe church, 20*s.* A payment of 4*l.* to Mount St. John, and 3*s.* 4*d.* to St. Martin's Priory. To the Archbishop of York, for the church of Kettlewell, procurations, 13*s.* 4*d.*; synodals, 12*d.* To the Prior of Bolton, pension for Kettlewell church, 20*s.*; to the Archbishop for the same, 20*s.* 8*d.* To the Chapter of York Minster, for Kettlewell church, 18*s.* 4*d.* To Robert Kyrkeby, perpetual chaplain of Redmyer, 6*l.* To Adam Middleham, perpetual chaplain of Thoraby, 100*s.* To the chaplain celebrating in Feyrby for the souls of



participation in Sir Robert Aske's Pilgrimage of Grace, a manifestation undertaken by the men of the north in their zeal for that Catholic Church whose altars and temples Henry profaned and destroyed, whilst with singular inconsistency he consigned to the flames all who

impugned some of its principal and most vital truths.

About 40,000 men were in arms on this occasion. They swore that they were moved by no other motive than their love to God, their care of the King's person and issue, their desire to purify the nobility, to drive base-born persons from about the King, to restore the Church, and to suppress heresy. York, Hull, and Pontefract were soon captured by them, and Henry, alarmed, entered into negotiations, which terminated in a general pardon, and a promise that a parliament should be held in the north, and their grievances patiently discussed. On the faith of this assurance, the insurgents immediately dispersed. But the King, freed from his apprehensions, neglected to redeem his promise, and within two months, the "pilgrims" were again in arms. This time they were utterly defeated by the Duke of Norfolk, and their leader Aske, and the other chiefs, comprising some of the best blood of the north, were taken and executed. Much mystery still hangs over all the accounts of this affair; the

James Cooper and his parents, in perpetuity, 100s. Of doles especially bequeathed to the poor, 40s. Of the dole distributed for the soul of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, 20s. To Christopher, Lord Conyers, seneschal of the lands, 4l. To Thomas Ray, seneschal of the Abbey, 13s. 4d. To Godfrey Metcalfe, bailiff of Coverham, 20s. To Robert Kay, bailiff of Thexton, 13s. 4d. To John Curdake, bailiff of Menythorpe, 13s. 4d. Ralph Symonson, bailiff of Crakehall, 13s. 4d. To Edward Lofthouse, bailiff of Swynsyd, 13s. 4d., and to John Tysen, bailiff of Caudbergh, 13s. 4d. These deductions make the conventual yearly income equivalent to about 1600*l.* modern currency. From the earliest period the Abbot of Coverham, as rector of the parish church, paid an annual sum to one of the canons for officiating in the same, and a further distinct sum to the chaplain of St. Botolph's, both which payments were disallowed by the commissioners, and were therefore probably only of prescriptive right.

most we know is certainly that the insurgents fought for the faith of their fathers, were unsuccessful—and *died!*

“The last sad hour of freedom’s dream,
And valour’s task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch’d, till morning’s beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature’s bliss,
If death that world’s bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

MOORE.

It is said that the following quaint rhymes, alleged to be taken from the ancient prophecies of Merlin, were often recited in the host as an ambiguous prediction of their expedition and its chief.

Forthe shall come a worme, an *Aske* with one eye.
He shall be the chiefe of the mainye;
He shall gather of chivalrie a fulle fair flocke
Half capon and half cocke,
The chicken shall the capon slay,
And after thatte shall be no May.

In March A. D. 1537, Astbebe, a monk of Jorevalle, was hanged, together with the Abbot of Sawley, in Lancashire; and in the following June, Abbot Adam, with the Abbots of Fountains and Rievaulx, and the Prior of Bridlington, suffered the same death at Tyburn; their crime being a denial of the King’s supremacy as “Head of the Church,” a title which he had, by this time, presumptuously arrogated. (1)

(1) The Right Honourable C. J. Fox condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a state: “What purpose (he asks) can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance, corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other.”—*Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act*, 1790. Locke says of the connexion between Church and State. “The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are, in their original end, business, and in every thing, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other.”—*First Letter on Toleration*. The *exclusively divine* right of kings, even in temporal matters only, has never been admitted without reservation by Catholic writers. Bellarmine maintains—“That kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations”—

Those were terrible days. All Catholics were in hourly risk of encountering a cruel death for their faith's sake; and bear in mind, reader, that during this and the subsequent years of ceaseless persecution, *hanging* did not mean simple strangulation, as in modern days, but the frightful and torturing sentence passed for high treason. That sentence in effect, was, that the convict should be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution—hanged by the neck—immediately cut down alive—have his bowels taken out and burned before his eyes,—and that afterwards his head should be smitten off, and his body divided into four quarters, and disposed of at the sovereign's pleasure. Some may imagine humanity permitted the sufferers to become at least insensible before being cut down, but, with very few and far between exceptions, the terrible sentence was strictly fulfilled to the letter, and in innumerable instances the victims *spoke* whilst the hangman's hands were tearing the smoking bowels from their bleeding bodies.

During 1537, such executions of the religious were incessant. Regardless of their sacred character, eight Abbots were dragged to the reeking scaffolds; besides a host of minor ecclesiastics, and a great many laymen of all degrees. Richmondshire and Wensleydale did not escape. As the property of the Church and the patrimony of the poor were unscrupulously appropriated to

see De Pontif, lib. 1, cap. 7. Cardinal Perron asserts, "that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people must be obtained," whilst Mariana speaks "of the subordination of the Throne to the interests of the people." *De Rege et Regis Institutione*, lib. i, cap. 6, 8, 9. England is indebted to a Jesuit for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the Revolution was founded, viz., the right of the people to change the succession.—See Doleman's *Conferences*. When Englishmen, therefore, say that *Popery* is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their boasted Constitution is the work and bequest of Catholic ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III., "under whom (says Bolingbroke) the Constitution of our Parliaments, and the whole form of our Government, became reduced into better form;" but they should know that even the so-called errors of *Popery* have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that Catholics, however mistaken their motives may be imagined to have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution.

"the King's majestie's use," Jorevalle Abbey presented a tempting object to the pilferer and his minions.

The buildings were not completely destroyed before 1539, for in November, 1538, we find Richard Bellasys, who had the chief superintendence of the demolition, and was a man seemingly worthy his employers—informing Thomas Cromwell that he had taken down the lead, amounting to 365 foddors, besides 34 foddors he found in store; but could not remove it until the following summer, on account of the badness of the roads. He proposes to let the house stand during winter, because the shortness of the days would make the cost of pulling it down double. This worthy most likely took up his abode in the Abbey for the time being.

One of his coadjutors in sacrilege, Arthur D'Arcy, had previously, in a letter dated 8th of June, 1537—about the time of Abbot Adam Sedbury's death—suggested that, to save expense, the king's stud of brood mares should be sent to the lands and granges of Jorevalle, which were well adapted for breeding horses—the Jorevalle breed, he says, being "the best tried in the north." (1)

(1) Skill in field sports, was, with Henry, almost as good a recommendation to a benefice, as unhesitating subserviency. There exists a Letter from Fitzwilliam to Cromwell, dated at Hampton Court, Sept. 12th, 1537, on the subject:—"My Lord, one thing there is, that the king's said highness, at my late resort unto your lordship, willed me to speak unto your lordship in: and at my return to his grace, his highness asked whether I had remembered the same or not, which is, his grace hath a priest that yearle maketh his hawks, and this year hath made him two, which fly and kill their game very well, to his highness's singular pleasure and contentation; and for the pain which the said priest taketh about the same, his majesty would that he should have one of Mr. Bedell's benefices, if there be any ungiven besides that which his grace hath already given; and if there be none of the said benefices ungiven, that then your lordship should have him in remembrance, that he may have some other when it shall fall void. And thus the blessed Trinity have your good lordship in his most blessed preservation." *State Papers*. Following the royal example, the patrons of livings gave them to their menials as wages or rewards,—to their gardeners, to the keepers of their hawks and hounds; or otherwise they let in fee both glebe and parsonage; so that whoever was presented to the benefice would have neither roof to dwell under, nor land to live upon, being but too happy if his tithes afforded him a chamber at an alehouse, with the worshipful society of the diceers and drinkers who frequented it. The parish priest, under these circumstances

In the summer, therefore, of 1539, the Abbey and the beautiful Church of our Blessed Lady—the fairest and largest in Richmondshire—were swept away with a ruthless hand. At the time of the dissolution, the income of the Abbey was valued at £455 10s. 5d.; including the rectories of Aysgarth, Ainderby Steeple, East Witton, and West Witton, of all which the Abbot was, *ex-officio*, rector. The ravages of the heathen Danes in Wensleydale, seven centuries before, were thus repeated by men who, notwithstanding, mis-called themselves Christians; and the inhabitants of the valley—who yet for the most part remained faithful—bitterly bewailed horrors which they had no power to avert. The monks went forth from their ancient and lawful home uncomplainingly, with sad but resigned hearts, and the poor whom they fed, and the sick whom they relieved, had cause indeed to weep after they were gone.

“We cannot,” writes a Protestant clergyman(1) “but deplore the ruthless destruction of religious houses (which it is owned on all hands needed not a sweeping and sacrilegious spoliation, but only a thorough and judicious reform of those abuses which, by the lapse of ages, had crept into them), foundations which might have been rendered such a blessing to the country at large, in providing extended opportunities for liberal and useful education, and to the poor in particular, who felt that they were the Church’s peculiar care; instead of bringing a blight(2) on many a family who became partakers of the unhallowed spoil.”

frequently kept an alehouse himself. *Latimer’s Sermons*.—*Strype*.—*Spelman, Hist. and Fate of Sacrilege*.—*Blunt’s Sketch of the Reformation*. From Hentzner’s, ‘*Itinerary*,’ written in 1598, we find that hawking was still the general sport of the English nobility; and Strutt, in his ‘*Sports and Pastimes*,’ states “that in the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Monson gave £1000 for a cast (*i.e.* two) of hawks.” In a letter also from Lord Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1603, he writes, “and so I end with a release now to you for a field-hawk, if you can help me to a river hawk that will fly in a high place. Stick not to give gold, so that she fly high, but not else.”

(1) Rev. W. Athill “*Church of Middleham*,” p. 18.

(2) See Spelman’s “*History and Fate of Sacrilege*.”

Literature suffered an irremediable loss. The monasteries at that time had a prodigious number of valuable manuscripts. Indeed, it was said, England contained more than any country of equal size in the world. The purchasers of the Abbeys destroyed and wasted them all. Many an old MS. Bible was cut to pieces, to cover pamphlets. The following is the complaint of John Bale to Edward VI., A.D. 1549.

“A number of those persons, who bought the monasteries, reserved of the library books thereof, some to serve their jakes; some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. Even the universities of this realm were not all clear in this detestable fact. I know a merchant-man, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price. The stuff thereof he hath occupied, instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England’s most noble antiquities.”(1)

Innumerable works of art were destroyed, and magnificent specimens of architecture were defaced and left roofless; statues and pictures, many of them the production of Italian masters, were broken in pieces or burnt. The

(1) From Dr. Dee’s supplication to Queen Mary I., A.D. 1556, now in the Cotton library, we learn that Tully’s work *De Republica*, was once extant in this kingdom, and perished at Canterbury. Cardinal Pole told Ascham, that he had been informed, that this work of Cicero was in Poland, and that he had sent a man on purpose thither, at the expense of 1000 golden crowns (about 900*l.* sterling), in search of it, but to no purpose.—*Ascham Epist.* These six books *De Republica* were much esteemed at Rome. Cælius in a letter to Cicero says, “Tui politici libri omnibus vigent.” The following extract, from the second book, will make an Englishman regret the loss of this treatise, the most valuable of all Cicero’s works:—“Statuo esse optime constitutam rempublicam. quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari confusa modica, nec puniendo irritat animum immanem ac ferum, nec omnia prætermittendo, licentia, cives deteriores reddat.”

church bells were gambled for, and sold into Russia and other countries. Horses were tethered to the high altar ; cattle were kept in stall in the recesses of the shrines, and in the chapels ; and these, according to good authority, were, at times, the least bestial of the occupants.

A witness of the demolition survived till the close of the seventeenth century—one who had seen Fountains and Jorevalle in their prime—and, in his simple, truthful language, when “the order came into Yorkshire great lamentation was made, and the country all in a tumult when the monks were turned out.” This was the celebrated Henry Jenkins, who died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in December, 1670, aged 169 years ; whose wonderful old age would not have terminated in abject need, had the Catholic institutions, his happier youth knew, still subsisted in Richmondshire. The patriarch must have recollected them with melancholy feelings.

To return to Jorevalle or Jerveaux. This lordship, with the site of the Abbey, was granted by Henry VIII. to Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, lord of the manor of West Scafton ; a nobleman who had been banished from Scotland—where his property was forfeited, for basely attempting to betray Dumbarton Castle. Henry gave him a shelter in England, and, as the reward of his virtuous achievements, not only several manors in Yorkshire, but also the hand of his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of his sister, Margaret, Queen Dowager of Scotland, by her second husband, the Earl of Angus. This Earl of Lennox was father of the celebrated Henry, Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots. The Abbey lands have since passed through various families, none retaining them long. They at present (1853) belong to the Marquis of Ailesbury.

For well nigh three hundred years the Abbey slept beneath its own ruins. The accumulated rubbish buried all except a few ivy-mantled walls, whilst briars and brushwood grew wildly about the whole. No longer did



ARMY OF SOUTH IS
1875-1876



ARMY OF SOUTH IS
1875-1876



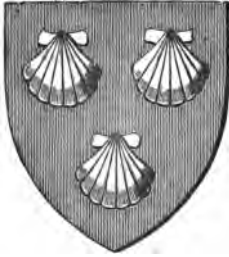
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1875-1876



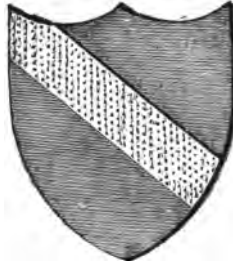
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ARMY OF SOUTH IS
1875-1876

ARMORIAL SHIELDS. 2.



ABBEY
OF JOREVALLE
A. D. 1156. 1537.



SCROPE,
(of Bolton) Baron.
A. D. 1379.



SEAL OF COVERHAM ABBEY.
A. D. 1214-1538.



CONYERS,
Constable of Middleham.
A. D. 1509.



OSBORNE,
Duke of Leeds, Constable of Middleham, and
Ranger, of Wensleydale Forest.
A. D. 1854.

the musical church bells send forth their sweetly solemn chimes on Sundays and Holidays—no longer did the Angelus salute man's ear. The altars, in which the relics of the Saints had rested, and on which for ages the Most Adorable Sacrifice had been offered, were thrown down. Abbot, and Prior, and Monk had departed; some to die meek martyrs for the Catholic Faith—others to wander as harassed, yet pitied beggars through the land; both, no less glorious in their holy constancy than their happy predecessors, who suffered for Christ under pagan Saxons or Danes, for again had arrived in sweet Wensleydale the hour of persecution, and the Day of Change.

Not quite ten years after Adam Sedbury died at Tyburn, King Henry, still athirst for blood, was summoned to account for his stewardship. His successor, the boy-king, Edward VI. possessed a large share of his father's natural talents, and, if we may judge from some parts of his conduct, a considerable portion of his father's passions also. Up to this time—notwithstanding the destruction of the monasteries—the parish churches in Wensleydale retained much of their original Catholic appearance, but now, Cranmer having more of his own way, commenced the consolidation of his religion.

During this reign, the north country was kept in a ferment. In the summer of 1547 the king, or rather Cranmer, began to imprison the Catholic bishops, and ordered all images to be removed from churches. This order, however, was only partially obeyed till the following spring, when all the beautiful roods were torn down and sacrilegiously defaced. That same year the ceremonies of Candlemas, Ash Wednesday, and Palm Sunday were prohibited. Finally, on the 6th of April, 1549, proclamation was made, forbidding the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to be offered in England!!!

Alas, for the Island of Saints! Alas, again for Wensleydale! Faithful ones were yet there, as well as holy priests piously concealed. They would not—durst not

apostatize, nor forsake God for fear of human power ; therefore, in secret places, in danger, in difficulty, and in need, the Catholic Church's holy mysteries were still celebrated. After six years of sorrow a gleam of light revisited the land. King Edward died, and was succeeded by the pious and amiable Mary ; a princess whose virtues and gentleness all *contemporary* Protestant writers eulogize in warm terms, though *succeeding* authors have maligned her character by every art apparent malice could suggest. (1)

(1) *Toleration* is not *eminently* a Protestant virtue, if we may credit uncontradicted evidence. Melancthon, whom Jortin calls "a divine of much mildness and good nature," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: "Legi" (he says to Bullinger) *quæ de Serveti blasphemiiis respondistis, et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judico etiam senatum Genevensem recte fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omisurum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbant.*" Contrast the *Papist*, Baluze, addressing his friend Conringius: "Interim amemus, mi Conringi, et tametsi diversas opiniones tuemur in causa religionis, moribus tamen diversi non sinus, qui eadem literarum studia sectamur."—HERMAN, *Conring. Epistol.* par. secund., p. 56. The Commons attacked Charles the First's chaplain, Montague, for having, in a moderate book, saved virtuous Catholics from eternal torments. A complaint was lodged before the Lords of the Council against Hooker, author of "*Ecclesiastical Polity*," for having in a Sermon against Popery, attempted to save many of his Popish ancestors for *ignorance*. Now, in opposition to this, mark how the Protestant Richmondshireman, Roger Ascham complains, writing in 1566, to the Earl of Leicester respecting his prebend at York, taken away by Archbishop Young; and how *he* speaks of that *cruel* and bloody *Papist*, Bishop Gardiner. "Master Bourne,* did never grieve me half so moche in offering me wrong, as Mr. Dudley and the Bishopp of York doe, in taking away my right. *No byshopp in Queen Mary's time would have so dealt with me.* For suche good estimation in those dayes even the learnedest and wysest men, as Gardiner and Cardinal Poole, made of my poore service, that although they knewe perfectly that in religion, both by open wrytinge and privie talke I was contrarye unto them; yea, when Sir Francis Englefield by name did note me especiallye at the council-board, Gardiner would not suffer me to be called thither, nor touched elsewhere, sainge such words of me in a lettre, as, though lettres cannot, I blush to write them to your lordshipp. Winchester's good-will stooode not in speaking faire and wishing well, but he did in deede that for me, + whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone." *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 98-9. Sutcliffe's "*Survey of Popery*" asserts that "Papists, that positively hold the heretical and false doctrines of the modern Church of Rome, *cannot possibly be saved.*" With this contrast Le Pere Courayer's 'Declaration.' "*La tolerance est la chose du monde la plus propre a ramener le siècle d'or, et à*

* Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.

+ By Gardiner's favour, Ascham long held his fellowship, though not resident.

Once more the persecuted Catholics found peace. Once more Christ's ever-blessed Faith might be openly professed without endangering life or limb. The clergy again came forth—the monasteries began to be re-edified—the churches were again adorned, and it seemed good days were returning. This happy time was of brief duration. After Mary had reigned five years she died, and in November, 1558, the illegitimate Tudor, Elizabeth, ascended the throne. The thunder-cloud now descended in earnest, beneath whose sulphurous shadow succeeding generations were to droop and pine. Fourteen Catholic Bishops, with three Bishops elect, refusing the oath of supremacy, were deprived of their sees; and in 1562, the establishment of the Anglican Church may be held completed by the publication of its Thirty-nine Articles, and their ratification by its *Female Head*, Elizabeth.(1)

faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de differents tons et notes, aussi agreable pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seul voix." Well might the Protestant Dissenter Belsham exclaim: "Blush, ye protestant bigots! and be confounded at the comparison of your own wretched and malignant prejudices with the generous and enlarged ideas, the noble and animated language of this *Popish priest*."—*Essays*: xxvii., p. 86."

(1) "It seemed monstrous that a woman should be the chief Bishop of a Church, in which an apostle had forbidden her even to let her voice be heard. The Queen, therefore, found it necessary, expressly to disclaim that sacerdotal character which her father had assumed, and which, according to Cranmer, had been inseparably joined, by divine ordinance, to the regal function. When the Anglican confession of faith was revised in her reign, the supremacy was explained in a manner somewhat different from that, which had been fashionable at the court of Henry. Cranmer had declared, in emphatic terms, that God had immediately committed to Christian Princes, the whole cure of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word, as concerning the ministration of things political.—See *Appendix to Burnet's Hist. Reform*, Pt. i., B. 3. The 37th Article of Religion, framed under Elizabeth, declares in terms as emphatic, that the ministering of God's word does *not* belong to Princes. The Queen, however, still had over the Church a visitatorial power of vast and undefined extent. She was intrusted by Parliament with the office of restraining and punishing heresy, and every sort of ecclesiastical abuse, and was permitted to delegate her authority to commissioners. The Bishops were little more than her ministers. Rather than grant to the civil magistrate the absolute power of nominating Spiritual Pastors, the Church of Rome, in the eleventh century, set all Europe on fire. Rather than grant to the civil magistrate the absolute power of nominating Spiritual Pastors, the Ministers of the Church of Scotland, in our own times, resigned their livings by hundreds. *The Church of England had no*

The year following this event, England was visited by a terrific plague, introduced by soldiers returned from the siege of Newhaven (Havre). In London, 20,136 persons died of it, and in the provinces it spread to an alarming extent. Tradition still speaks of it in Wensleydale, and is corroborated by the following note in the parish register of Wensley :—

“ A. D. 1563. The reason, as some think, that nothing is found written in this register for the year of our Lord God, 1563, is because that in that year the Visitation or Plague was most hot and fearful, so that many fled, and the town of Wensley, by reason of the sickness, was unfrequented for a long season,” as, it is added, appears by an old writing, dated 1569.

The dead, it is said, were not buried in the churchyard, but in a field called Chapel Hill,(1) where, in the memory of man, human bones have been dug up. I find no mention of this scourge in any other Wensleydale registers; but at East Witton, where the old books have been wilfully destroyed, it is said to have prevailed so much that the weekly market at that place was lost in consequence, having been held *pro tempore* in a field at Ulshaw.

And now see another religion established in Wensleydale. Not the primitive religion of the apostles, and saints, and martyrs,—not the religion St. Paulinus preached, and St. Edwin, St. Oswald, and St. Alkelda professed, those glorified Christian worthies who in old times dwelt beside the Yore—but a religion compounded in the sixteenth century by Thomas Cranmer and others.

such scruples. By the royal authority alone, her prelates were appointed. By the royal authority alone, her convocations were summoned, regulated, prorogued, and dissolved. Without the royal sanction, her canons had no force. One of the articles of her faith was—that without the royal consent, no Ecclesiastical Council could lawfully assemble. From all her judicatures an appeal lay, in the last resort, to the Sovereign; even when the question was, whether an opinion ought to be accounted heretical, or whether the administration of a Sacrament had been valid.”—*Macaulay's "History of England,"* vol. i., pp. 56-7.

(1) Possibly at the time an old burial ground, then unused.

A religion, which in its infancy, Latimer, one of the makers, appropriately called "a mingle-mangle!"

I regret that I am unable to give a list of the last Catholic incumbents of the Wensleydale churches: some might be named were it not unfair to make an apparent selection; let it suffice that the names of those pious men who despised their worldly goods for Christ's sake, are registered elsewhere. During the whole of Elizabeth's reign, and her successor's, the persecution continued unabated. (1) Amongst the innumerable penalties to which "Papists" were subjected, the following may be named as a few:—

If any priest was detected saying Mass, he was fined two hundred marks, and imprisoned for one year. If any layman heard Mass, he was fined half that sum, and imprisoned for the same term; but this, in reality, was not the worst, for the oath of supremacy might be tendered, to refuse which, as Catholics necessarily did, rendered the party guilty of premunire for the first offence, and of High Treason for the second, as well as amenable to the punish-

(1) It is quite impossible to give the names and number of all the Catholics, as well laity as clergy, who in Queen Elizabeth's reign, were either deprived of their livings, or suffered loss of their estates, imprisonments, tortures, and banishments for their religion. Dr. Bridgewater, in a table published at the end of *Concertatio Ecclesie Catholicae*, gives the names of about twelve hundred who had suffered in this manner before the year 1588; that is, before the greatest heat of the persecution; and yet declares that he is far from pretending to have named all, but only such whose sufferings had come to his knowledge. In this list there are three archbishops, (taking in two of Ireland); eighteen bishops, consecrated or elect; one abbot; four whole convents of religious; thirteen deans; fourteen archdeacons; sixty prebendaries; five hundred and thirty priests; forty-nine doctors of divinity; eighteen doctors of the law; and fifteen masters of colleges; one queen; eight earls; ten lords; twenty-six knights; three hundred and twenty-six gentlemen, and about sixty ladies and gentlewomen. In all, eleven hundred and fifty-two, exclusive of the four houses of religious. Many of these died in prison, the Champion of England, and the Abbot of Westminster included, and several under sentence of death. These things happened in the first 30 years only of "Glorious Bess." Now the Protestant historian, Speed, reckons those of his persuasion who suffered during the reign of Mary I., at 277, and Lord Burghley, in his tract entitled "The Execution of Justice in England," only ventures as far as 400, great numbers of whom however, were merely arrested for seditious practices.

ment we have already seen. Some historians assert that no Catholic suffered on account of *religion* during Elizabeth's reign, and *nominally* none did ; but those who would not by acknowledging her, Head of the Church, virtually abjure their faith ; as well as all priests or laymen, who sought to reconcile others to the Catholic religion, together with their converts, were accounted traitors and executed accordingly.

Whoever did not attend the English services on Sunday at his parish church, incurred a fine of twenty pounds per month, as a "Romish Recusant," and this fine was liable to be repeated. No Romish recusant convict could hold any public office of the humblest description : neither could he practise law or physic, or act as executor, administrator, or guardian. He could not maintain or defend a personal suit. He was not allowed to teach a school, or possess a horse worth more than five pounds. He was not allowed to go more than five miles from his own dwelling. His horses, armour, and arms,—if he possessed either—might be taken from him at any moment of the day or night.

"If he married a wife according to the rites of the Catholic Church, he forfeited one hundred pounds, and if she too was a recusant, a further fine of ten pounds a month followed. If she survived him she could not be his executrix, and she absolutely forfeited on his death two-thirds of her jointure or dower. If he had children, and christened them by Catholic rites, he forfeited one hundred pounds for each, and at the age of sixteen, each of his children might separately be indicted for recusancy. If he kept a tutor of his own religion to educate them, he forfeited forty shillings for each day he retained him ; and if he sent them abroad to be educated, he forfeited one hundred pounds for each, and they were all disabled from holding his lands. No priest of the faith could be brought up in England, and for a foreign priest to be found in England was death, both to him and his entertainer." Moreover, the next heir of a Romish recusant, if a

Protestant, might, on application, obtain immediate possession of his estates; the recusant being left to poverty, and very likely to prison and the scaffold.

To these laws the Catholics of Wensleydale remained amenable throughout the Day of Change. To judge in what state the country was during this period, let us examine the condition of the poor. During the Catholic Day we found noble monasteries, endowed with lands for the support of religion and charity. We saw their abundant alms—their christian generosity—and we found few vagrants. But now these monasteries were no more; their revenues had passed into the coffers of avaricious courtiers, and mendicancy increased alarmingly.

Parliament therefore interfered, and as a remedial measure, ordained that all able-bodied men and women, vagrants, should be tied naked to a cart, and whipped through the next hamlet, till their bodies were bloody from whipping. A few years after, it was enacted that, for a second offence, the culprits should be again whipped as before, and have the upper part of their right ears cut off, as a perpetual mark. Still, this severity neither put down begging nor relieved the poor, so in 1547, all previous acts were repealed, and a statute passed, ordaining that every person loitering about, or vagrants, might be seized and set to work by any one who would give them meat and drink for their services. What follows, is the severest law ever passed in England. If the vagrants left the work imposed, they were branded on the breast with a hot iron, with the letter V., and became *slaves* to their employers for *two years*, during which time they might be kept on “bread and water, and refuse meat,” and were liable to whipping, chains, and labour, at their master’s pleasure. If in these two years they ran away, they were branded on the forehead, or cheek, with the letter S., and became *Slaves for ever*. If they ran away a second time, *they were held as felons, and put to death as such*.

All beggars' children, between the ages of five and fourteen, might be taken, without their parents' consent, and bound apprentices or put to service; and if they ran away, they became slaves till the age of twenty-four, if males, and twenty, if females; and their masters had power to punish them by whipping, chaining, or otherwise. Twenty-four years afterwards, in 1571, all previous acts, including that of 1547, were repealed, and one passed authorising the justices in sessions to raise a fund for relieving the poor by taxing the inhabitants of the various parishes and localities; but this act likewise directed that all beggars, vagabonds, men or women—in which category the impotent poor who left their settlements were included—should, after being grievously whipt, be burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of about an inch, unless some person should agree to take them as servants for a year, without wages. Such servants twice running away were adjudged as felons; and if they ran away a *third* time, the penalty was death, without benefit of clergy or sanctuary. Finally, in 1601, the celebrated act, 43rd Eliz., c. 2, was passed, on which all succeeding systems of Poor-Laws were based, until the present was established.

These different cruel enactments were substituted for the charities of Jorevalle and Coverham, and the hospitalities of Middleham and Bolton. We may conceive how the populace suffered. Henry VIII., in the course of his thirty-eight years' reign, hanged *seventy-two thousand* robbers, thieves, and vagabonds, being at the rate of 1894 per annum; exclusive of those who were put to death for other offences. And in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, from three to four hundred criminals were sent to the gallows annually.

Notwithstanding the severe penalties to which Catholics were subjected, and the rigour with which they were inflicted, the men of Wensleydale and of North York generally, adhered staunchly to the truth. Queen Mary, of

Scots, writing from her prison at Bolton, to the Queen of Spain, Sept. 24th, 1568; says—"the whole of this part is devoted to the Catholic Faith;" and, in 1569, wearied with oppression, and hoping to re-establish the ancient and universal religion, about six thousand men appeared here in arms, under the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland.

"Now was the North in arms :—they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne
 At Percy's voice; and Neville sees
 His followers gathering in from Tees,
 From Were, and all the little rills
 Conceal'd among the forked hills.
 Seven hundred knights, retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call
 Had sate together in Raby Hall!
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore,
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry,
 ——— Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons; and furthermore
 Came foot and horse-men of each degree
 Unbound by pledge of fealty :
 Appear'd with free and open hate
 Of novelties in Church and State,
 Knight, Burgher, Yeoman, and Esquire,
 And th' holy Priest, in Priest's attire."

WORDSWORTH.

This rising was speedily suppressed, and martial law having been proclaimed, great severity was exercised. The Earl of Northumberland and many gentlemen were executed; sixty-six petty constables were hanged, and not less than eight hundred persons, are said, on the whole, to have suffered by the hands of the executioner. Between Newcastle and Wetherby, a district of sixty miles in length, by forty in breadth, there was not a town or village in which some of the inhabitants did not expire on the gibbet. The Wensleydale and Swaledale volunteers paid the forfeit of their daring. Numbers of them

were executed at Richmond and elsewhere. The Earl of Northumberland confessed that their motive was the reformation of religion, and the preservation of the second person of the realm, the Queen of Scots. Their force never exceeded 7000 men.

In this affair was implicated Sir Richard Norton and his sons, whose fate forms the theme of many a northern song and story,

"Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
Nor them their fair and blooming youthe."

"Rising of the North."

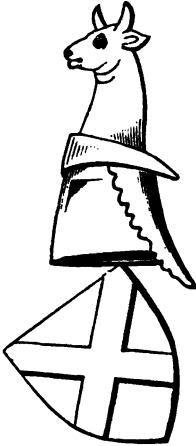
In reality, though 'doom'd to die,' the Patryarck "escaped to Flanders," where the allowance to "Richard Norton, *l'ancien*," was eighteen crowns monthly. His age was 71.

"The flower is shed, and the spring is fled,
And he wanders alone at the close of the day;
And the sleety hail, in the moonshine pale,
Glistens at eve, on his locks of gray.

The sun shone bright, and the birds sung sweet
The day we left the North Countrie;
But cold is the wind, and sharp is the sleet
That beat on the exile over the sea."(1)

(1) From existing records, only *one* of the sons of old Norton appears actually to have suffered. Edmund, the ancestor of Lord Grantley, is not named. Shortly after the ruin and dispersion of the family, a White Doe long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone, over the fells to Bolton churchyard, from which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation. This has afforded a subject for Wordsworth's muse, who, with poetic licence, represents the whole house of Norton cut off, save only Emily, Sir Richard's sole daughter, who lingered long in the solitude of her paternal abode, bearing this awful visitation with saint-like fortitude. The poet introduces the mysterious doe as having been poor Emily's favourite in childhood and early youth; as recognising her in the desolation of her grief among the wilds of Craven; as being her constant companion in her seclusion; and, finally, as the meek pilgrim of Nature, that returned on every Sunday to lie down, in simple homage by her grave. So in the last days of the orphan lady—

"Her own thoughts lov'd she; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly friend,—
There stopp'd; her thirst was satisfied



Richard III., as we have before seen, possessed Middleham Castle, and that fortress was held by him when he fell at Bosworth Field, August 22nd, 1485. Since that date the castle is scarcely ever mentioned in history, and we know little about its owners, though careful research may yet elicit much. It passed with Richard's other possessions to Henry VII., and of its state a few years afterwards, Leland gives an accurate detail.

"Middleham Castel joyneth harde to the town side, and is the fairest castel of Richmondshire, next Bolton, and the castel

With what this innocent spring supplied—
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,
 And stood apart from human cares:
 But to the world return'd no more,
 Although with no unwilling mind
 Help did she give at need, and join'd
 The Wharfedale peasants in their prayers,
 At length thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free, and died.
 Thy soul exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted Family,
 Rose to the God from whom it came;
 — In Bolton Church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her mother's side."

To *that* spot, surrounded by venerable ruins, the White Doe made her weekly pilgrimage, and after visiting all the places which Emily most loved to visit, lay down beside her grave.

"There doth the gentle creature lie
 With these adversities unmov'd,
 Calm spectacle by earth and sky
 In their benignity approv'd;
 And eye, methinks this hoary pile
 Subdued by outrage and decay,
 Looks down upon her with a smile,
 A gracious smile that seems to say,
 'Thou, thou art not a child of Time,
 But daughter of the Eternal Prime.'"

WORDSWORTH; *White Doe of Rylston.*

hath a parke by it, called Sonske, and another cauld West Parke, and Guanless (Wanlass) be well woddid. Middleham is a praty market toune, and standeth on a rocky hill, on the top whereof is the castel, meatly well diked.

"All the utter parte of the castelle was of the very new setting of the Lord Nevile, called Darabi;(1) the inner

(1) Ralph, Lord Nevile, the great Earl of Westmoreland, whose shield and crest (the Bulmer badge) are engraved on the preceding page, (71), had a passion for reconstructing his castles. Stowe calls him 'Dan Raby Nevell, Hollinshed, *Dauraby*, and Leland, *Da Raby* and *Darabi*, as above. *Dan* was the common rendering of *Dominus*, equivalent to the *Don* of Spanish, but seemingly confined pretty nearly altogether to ecclesiastics. Is *Daw* the diminutive of Ralph or Randolph? There is a name Dawson, which Camden thinks is a corruption of Davison, *sed qu.* The monks of Durham had a suit of velvet, figured, for priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, and two copes called *Daw Rabie*. The Earl was, in fact, known by the name of his estates, *par eminence*, and this is not forgotten in the more modern ballad of Chevy Chase—"Good Sir Ralp Raby there was alaine, whose prowess did surmount; or as Drunken Barnaby will have it—"Radulphus Raby Dominus, perii magnanimis."—LONGSTAFFE'S "*Richmondshire / its ancient Lords and Edifices*," p.p. 80, 81. It is worthy of note, that for many generations a noble family, by name Dawson, were seated at Melmerby and Carlton, in Coverdale. Their authenticated pedigree commences with Archibald Dawson, living 1066, and they have at various periods contracted intermarriages with the houses of Nevile, Scrope, Grey of Northumberland, Tailbois, De Dalton, D'Arcy, Conyers, Lawson, Dacre, &c. From this family are descended, through females, the Right Reverend George Errington, D.D., Lord Bishop of Plymouth; the Countess Spada Laving, of Macerata; and the Rev. M. D. Duffield, Canon of St. Barbara's, Middleham, &c., &c. Now, as we know that one of the Neviles, assuming the cognomen of *Forster*, from his office, founded the now old family of *Forster*; who use arms allusive to their name; reasoning by analogy, it seems by no means improbable that the first Sir Archibald Dawson, of Greystock, may, after Saxon or rather Danish custom, have taken the surname transmitted to his posterity from the Christian pre-nomen of his father Ralph, or Randolph—i. e. Lord of Middleham admitting Longstaffe's suggestion that *Daw* is the diminutive of this name. All who are acquainted with genealogies well know that the sons of one father commonly took different surnames derived from local residence or individual peculiarities; hence, many diversly named houses derive from a common progenitor. Indeed, at the present moment it would be difficult for the uninitiated to point out the descent of half our peers, if their present surnames were the only guide. Take a few examples—Curiosities of Heraldry:—

"The Duke of Wellington is not a Wellesley; his real name is Colley. His grandfather, Richard Colley, assumed the name of Wesley, (now modified into Wellesley), without having a particle of the blood of that family in him, but merely because he succeeded to the Wesley estates, under the will of a distant relation. The Earl of Clarendon is not a Hyde: his only connection with that noble family resides in the fact, that his grandmother

part of Middleham Castel was of the ancient building of the Fitz Randolph.

"There be four or five parks about Middleham, and longing to it, whereof some be reasonably woodyed."



In the first year of the reign of Henry VIII., (1509) Sir William Conyers, first Lord Conyers, was made Constable of Middleham Castle. His great granddaughter married Thos. D'Arcy, who died 1605—their son Charles, was, upon petition, created Lord D'Arcy, by Charles I., Aug. 10, 1641, and from his successors, Earls of Holderness, the present Constable, the Duke of Leeds, descends.

As the lands of Jorevalle Abbey were granted by Henry VIII., to Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who also held West Sraffton, it is very probable that that

was the granddaughter of Henry Hyde, last Earl of Clarendon of that line ; paternally, the noble lord is Villiers. The Duke of Northumberland is not a Percy ; his real name is Smithson, and his ancestor, paternally, was Sir Hugh Smithson, who took the name of Percy, and received the honours of that famous house under a new creation, solely because his wife's grandmother was a Percy. The Marquis of Normanby exhibits a still wider excursion in search of a title, which seems ancient, but is not really so. His lordship has not a particle of the Mulgrave or Normanby blood in him. His great grandmother, when she married Mr. William Phipps, was the widow of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was also Marquis of Normanby and Baron Mulgrave ; thus Constantine Phipps, her son, contrived to get a re-creation of a title belonging to his mother's first husband, whom he had never seen, and whose descendant he was not. Lord Stafford is not a Wentworth. Lord Wilton is not an Egerton, although he has assumed that name. Lord de Tabley is not a Warren, which designation he now assumes ; nor is he a Leicester, which name he bore a few years ago. He is, in truth, the descendant, paternally, of a certain Gregory Bryne, of the Queen's County, in Ireland, whose successors having married two or three Cheshire heiresses, seized upon the name of those ancient houses. The Duke of Marlborough is not a Churchill ; his real name is Spencer ; and he is only connected with the great military commander by the facts that his ancestor married the celebrated duke's daughter. Earl Nelson is paternally a Bolton : his father was Thomas Bolton, and his grandmother was the immortal Nelson's sister. The Marquis of Anglesey is not a Paget : his father's name was Bayly. The surname now used by Earl de Grey is the same as his title : a few years ago he called himself Weddell, but his real name is Robinson."—*The Topic*, 1846.

nobleman occupied, at least occasionally, the intermediate castle during his residence in England ; (1) but the next authentic notice we find, is in 1609, when, on the 8th November, "that worthie knight of Middleham Castle," Sir Henry Linley, was buried. An appraisement of his goods, taken after his decease, in January, 1610, was in possession of the then Dean of Middleham, in 1781. The Linleys are a Scotch family ; perhaps originally in the Earl of Lennox's service.

In 1639, Sir Edward Loftus, afterwards Lord Loftus, of the ancient family of that name, seated at Swineshead, in Coverdale, from the time of king Alfred, married Mr. Jane Linley ; and appears to have occupied the castle, in which his son Arthur was born, June 1644 ; (2) but long before Lord Loftus's death, Charles I. must have sold the manor to the citizens of London, from whom it was purchased in 1661, by — Wood, Esq., of Littleton, in Middlesex, whose family have ever since held it ; the present possessor being Col. Thomas Wood. It is, nevertheless, extremely doubtful whether that gentleman has, or can have, any right to the castle.

There is no record that Middleham was besieged during

(1) The Earl of Lennox ultimately met a tragic fate. Being appointed Regent of Scotland, in the minority of his grandson, James 6th of Scotland, and 1st of England, he was assassinated by the Hamiltons, A.D. 1571, in revenge of the death of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, natural brother to the Duke of Chatelherault, whom he hanged without a trial.

(2) "1609, November. Sir Henrie Linley, that worthie Knight of Middleham castle, was burried the 8th day."

"1618, August. Ladie Feronoma Linley was buried the first day."

"William George, servant to the Ladie Linley, was buried the 27th day."

"Christopher Dodsworth and Jane Cordwell, servantes, unto Mr. Arthur Linley, were married by me, Nathaniel Pagett, Deane of Middleham, upon the 15, of July, anno Domini 1626. Nathaniel Pagett, Deane."

"Feb. 28th. 1635. Sir Edward Loftus and Mrs. Jane Lindley were married the day and year above written."

"Sarah, the daughter of the right worshipful Sir Edward Loftus, was baptised the twenty eight of May, 1636."

"Arthur, the son of the right honorabel Lord Loftus was baptised the 18th day of June 1644."

"Aprill. Edward, the son of the right honorable Lord Loftus, was baptised the 14th day. 1648"—*Middleham Registers.*

the Great Civil War of the seventeenth century. Old tradition avers that such was the case, and that William's Hill was occupied as a battery by Cromwell. Certainly cannon balls have frequently been found, both there and in the vicinity, and it is indeed unlikely that so strong a fortress should have been neglected both by royalists and parliamentarians, particularly as the former held Bolton Castle gallantly, and the district was devoted to the King. Maude names

"High plac'd Middl'ham, marked with martial scars,
The fatal record of internal wars;
A Nevile's pile, where *Cromwell's* rage we trace
In wounded grandeur and expiring grace."

In 1646, the Committee sitting at York, ordered Middleham Castle to be rendered untenable, and no garrison kept or maintained in it. It was, however, occupied as a residence at a much later date, and portions of the furniture yet exist in the neighbourhood, amongst which may be named a carved oak chair, in the possession of the Duchess Dowager of Leeds, and an oak wardrobe, belonging to C. Topham, Esq., of the Hall, Middleham.

Leland says Bolton Castle "standethe on a roke side, and all the substance of the lodgyns in it be includyd in four principall towres. Yt was an 18 yeres in buildynge, and the expencis of every yere came to 1000 marks. It was finichied or Kynge Richard the 2 dyed.

"One thinge I much notyd in the haulte of Bolton, howe chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the syds of the wauls betwyxt the lights in the hawll; and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangely convayed.(1)

(1) Chimneys, as now constructed, were, at the period Leland wrote, rare, except in Abbies. Harrison, in his "Description of Britain," published about 1570, says—"Now have we manye chimineyes, and yet our tenderlings complayn of rheums, catarrhs, and poses; then had we nothing but reredosses, and yet our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a farre better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quacke or pose, where-

"Moste parts of the tymber that was occupied in buildyng of this castell was felt out of the forest of Engleby, in Cumberland; and Richard, Lord Scrope, for conveyance of it, had layde by the way, dyvers draughts of oxen to carry it from place to place, till it cam to Bolton.

"There is a very fayre cloke at Bolton, cum motu solis et lunæ, and other conclusyons.

"Ther is a parke wauillid with stone at Bolton."

May 16, 1568, Mary, Queen of Scots, landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and on the 18th, was conducted to Carlisle Castle, where she remained a short time in the custody of Henry, eleventh Lord Scrope of Bolton, K.G., Warden of the Marches. But the English Queen, fearing she might escape to Scotland, directed her removal to Bolton, where Mary arrived in July. In this castle she was imprisoned under the joint care of Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys, till the end of January, 1569. The captive's Catholic religion rendered her, if possible, doubly obnoxious; and she was rigorously treated in all religious points. Writing to the Queen of Spain, September 24th, she says of her religion, "I cannot exercise it here, because they will not permit me, and, merely for having spoken of it, they have threatened to shut me up more closely, and to treat me with less consideration." And a little further on, "I believe I have gained the hearts of a great many good people of this country, since my coming, so that they are ready to hazard all they possess, for me and my cause." An English minister was sent to tempt and torment the Catholic queen; and she was compelled to listen to his

with, as then, very few were acquainted." From King's "Vale Royal," published in 1656, we find that in the Cheshire farmhouses "till of late years, they used the old manner of the Saxons: for they had their fire in the midst of the house, against a hob of clay, and their oven under the same roof; but within these forty years they have builded chimneys." It is a fact that the last farmhouse of this ancient construction was standing in the township of Tong-with-Hough, near Bolton, in Lancashire, within the last sixty years.

prayers because, as she tells king Philip II., she had no power to prevent it, being "deprived of her liberty, and closely guarded." Mr. Lascelles, who is called "a lewd practiser and arrogant papist," was severely treated for attempting to see Mary. (1)

There is a tradition prevalent in Wensleydale, and believed in ever since the Queen's day, that she once attempted to escape, but was retaken at a pass on Leyburn Shawl, thence named "The Queen's Gap." In corroboration of this, a window in her chamber at Bolton is shown, which has apparently been walled up about that period. It is the only one in the room which looks on the country, and it is said to have been blocked in consequence of her descending from it by night. But of this escape all known history is silent; neither can any allusion to it be found in her own correspondence; the

(1) "If" writes Sir Walter Scott, "we can believe a copy of doggrel verses, which we are surprised that Elizabeth's taste could permit her to be guilty of, the Scottish queen was the foundation of all the dissatisfaction and danger which threatened her government.

'That doubt of future woes exiles my present joy;
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd, or wisdom weav'd the webb:
But clouds of toys untry'd do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain, of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope suppos'd the root of truth will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see:
Those dazzel'd eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed, by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood finds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain, where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port:
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force; let them elsewhere resort:
Our rusty sword with rest, shall first the edge employ,
To poll their toppes, that seek such change, and gape for joy.'

Chalmer's Life of Mary Queen of Scots. Vol. i., p. 344.

The editor of these verses has acquainted us that those *sweet* and *sententious* rhymes, those *sugared samples*, as he calls this trash, were written to express the queen's conviction of the extreme danger in which she was placed, through the influence of a party among the nobility and catholic gentry, devoted to the interests of the queen of Scots."

Sir Walter Scott. Hist. Scot. Vol. ii., ch. 34.

last fact has, however, little weight; we know she was removed hurriedly, and it is clear that, excepting her immediate guards, she was surrounded by friends in Wensleydale.

Sir Francis Knollys indeed praises the security of Bolton, "the highest walled house he has seen and hath but one entrance," yet his letters prove he soon grew nervous about his charge. He proposes paying half a dozen light-horsemen, armed with pistols, to ride out with the queen and her ladies; and once says, that "unless it was determined to keep the Scottish Queen a prisoner, and debar her from riding, *which would be death to her*, they could no longer remain at Bolton, for want of forage and provisions; though what the last had to do with Mary's exercise is not very apparent.

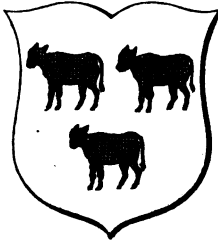
Some liberty in this, the commencement only of her worst captivity, the queen evidently had, for she passed two nights at Nappa Hall, where her bedstead is still preserved, and where she left a pair of gloves, and an autograph letter addressed to one of the Metcalfes, both which were in existence a few years ago, and probably are now; yet even at that period she must have painfully, though resignedly thought—

"I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care."

Notwithstanding every precaution, the Duke of Norfolk, who was Lady Scrope's brother, found access to Mary; and at Bolton probably the proposed marriage for which he was afterwards beheaded, was negotiated.

At last orders arrived for the prisoner's removal to Tutbury, in Staffordshire. On an inclement winter's

day, January 26th, 1569, Mary, wretchedly ill, bade an eternal adieu to Bolton and Wensleydale. Without money or proper conveyances, the Queen and her attendants, male and female, were obliged to mount some miserable hackneys lent by the Bishop of Durham to Sir Francis Knollys, and proceed on their melancholy journey. It is almost unnecessary to add that after a weary and cruel imprisonment, extending over nineteen years, Mary Queen of Scots, *for the security of the Protestant religion*, as the Earl of Kent told her the previous evening, was beheaded in the Hall of Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, on the 8th of February, 1587.



King James I. paid Wensleydale and Raydale a visit, for the purpose of deer-stalking in the latter. He was entertained at Nappa Hall by Sir Thomas Metcalfe, called the Black Knight of Nappa, and is reported to have crossed the Yore on the back of Metcalfe's hunts-man, fearing perhaps, with customary timidity, to pass the ford on horseback. (1) This Black Knight obtained his soubriquet by a most extraordinary armed attack in 1617, on Raydale House, then occupied by Mrs. Robinson and her infant son. Fire-arms were used on both sides.

(1) Welwood says of James, that he divided his time between his standish, his bottle, and *hunting*; the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy. His devotion to the sport was so extreme, that serious complaints were made of the interruption it occasioned to the business of the state. In 1604, while residing at Royston, Mr. Edmund Lascelles writes thus of him to the Earl of Shrewsbury:—"There was one of the king's special hounds, called Jowler, missing one day. The king was much displeased that he was wanted; notwithstanding, went a hunting. The next day, when they were on the field, Jowler came in amongst the rest of the hounds; the king was told of him, and was very glad, and, looking on him, spied a paper about his neck, and in the paper was written, 'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us), that it will please his majesty to go to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him longer.' It was taken for a jest, and so passed over, for his majesty intends to lie there yet a fortnight."—*Progresses of James I.*

Several persons were wounded, and two killed; one of the latter, named Hodgson, was of the garrison. No violence appears to have been intended or offered to the female part of the family. The affair was only terminated by the arrival from Lancashire of Mr. Assheton, Mrs. Robinson's nephew, at the head of a stout party. This is the last recorded instance of private warfare in England, and its cause is not very clearly stated.

During the Great Civil War in Charles the First's reign, Bolton Castle was gallantly defended for the King by a party of the Richmondshire Militia, commanded by Colonel Scrope, and afterwards by Colonel Henry Chaytor. The attack was vigorously conducted by the parliament's forces, marks of whose heavy artillery fire are very perceptible on the building; at last, Nov. 5th, 1645, the brave garrison surrendered on honourable terms, and marched to Pontefract. In 1647, the Committee, sitting at York, ordered the castle to be rendered untenable for military purposes. In that year an action was fought in the dales between the Parliamentarians and the inhabitants, in which the former were worsted. Major General Lambert and his officers, at a council of war held at Wakefield, ordered Colonel Thornton's regiment to be quartered in Richmondshire. On proceeding thither, the republican soldiers encountered great resistance; and Major Copperthwaite advancing into the Dales, was smartly met, and after a two hours hot combat, compelled to retreat and take refuge in a church. Captain Dineley's company was also defeated; the gallant dalesmen showing themselves loyal to the end.(1)

(1) No. 833, A. 1647. Collection of Pamphlets, gift of Geo. III. Cat. D., vol. iv. Bodleian Lib.

A great fight in the north, betwixt the forces of his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, under command of Major General Lambert, and the inhabitants of Richmondshire, in the Dales.

"Upon Munday we received intelligence from the north of a late fight, betwixt the forces under command of Major General Lambert, and the inhabitants of Richmondshire, the occasion and reason whereof, I shall here impart: viz.,

"Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
 And hand once more on rein;
 Up, up into the saddle, lads,
 A-field we ride again:
 One cheer, one cheer, for dame or dear,
 No leisure now to sigh,
 God bless them all—we have their prayers,
 And they our hearts—' Good bye !'
 Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
 As gallant troopers may,
 Who have old scores to settle, and
 Long slashing swords to pay.

Major General Lambert and the rest of the officers of the Northerne Association, having called a councill of war at Wakefield, after some consultation and debate, touching the safety and preservation of those parts, and to ease the country of their heavy oppressures, by reason of the long and tedious quartering of souldiery resolved (with one unanimous consent) to remove more northwards, with their army, and thereupon, quarters were designed for every respective regiment. Colonel Thornton, with his regiment, being appointed to quarter in Richmondshire, where they met with the greatest opposition, for the inhabitants thereof having notice of their design, immediately armed themselves, and in the Dales resolved to meet them, where Major Copperthwaite resolving to try their courage, advanced into the said dales with about 200 foot, but were resisted in a very resolute manner by many hundreds of the inhabitants, insomuch that there began a hot engagement, and many fierce and vehement blowes were exchanged for the space of two hours, but at the last, our men were first to retreat, and to betake themselves to a church for safeguard; after which, another party rose against Captain Dinelies company, and endeavoured to keep them out of South Dale, which accordingly they did; but before they lost ground, they cooled the fiery spirits of some of the Dalonians, and had they not been overpowered they had put them to the retreat, and caused them to have sung the sad dittie of the Dorsetshire Clubmen. But at the last the said Captains were also forced to change ground, and retreated also to a place of safety, who immediately despatched a messenger to the Major Generall for relief; the Major Generall hath used all means to persuade them to it, but if that prevale not, some other course will be taken.

"There was not much hurt done in either of these conflicts, only 2 or 3 of our men bruised with stones and other weapons; but it is supposed many of them are sore hurt. What the issue of this will bee, cannot as yet be understood, only this I can assure you, they are far more suitable to the disposition of the souldiery than formerly."

7 ber, 22.

Title. "A fight in the north, at the Dales in Richmondshire, betwixt the forces of his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax (under command of Major General Lambert) and the clubmen and inhabitants of the said county, with the manner of the fight, and how the said forces were put to retreat and forced to betake themselves to churches for safeguard; with the proceedings of the Major General thereupon. "7 ber, 22. London, Printed for R. Woodas—Anno. Dom. 147."

The trumpet calls—'trot out, trot out'—
 We cheer the stirring sound ;
 Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and dust
 We thunder o'er the ground.
 Tramp, tramp, we go through sulphury clouds,
 That blind us while we sing—
 Woe worth the knave who follows not
 The banner of the King ;
 But luck befall each trooper tall
 That cleaves to saddle-tree,
 Whose broadsword carves on rebel sconce
 The rights of Majesty.
 Spur on, my lads, the trumpet sounds
 Its last and stern command—
 'A charge! a charge!'—an ocean-burst
 Upon a stormy strand.
 Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
 Their popguns rattle shot ;
 Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
 As sharply as we've got.
 Now for it—now, bend to the work—
 Their lines begin to shake ;
 Now, through and through them—bloody lines
 Our flashing sabres make.
 'Cut one—cut two—first point,' and then
 We'll parry as we may ;
 On, on the knaves, and give them steel
 In bellyfuls to-day.
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
 For country and for crown,
 We slash away, and right and left
 Hew rogues and rebels down.
 Another cheer! the field is clear,
 The day is all our own ;
 Done like our sires—done like the swords
 God gives to guard the throne.—

MOTHERWELL.

A memento of these times, during which, the Anglican clergy received from the Puritans, treatment very similar in some respects to that shown by their predecessors to the Catholic priesthood, may be found in the Register Book of Wensley, as follows :—

"These are to certifie all whom it may concern, that John Skurray was sworne before me, at Hipswell, the 30th day of March, 1654, faithfully to execute the office of a Register, for the parish of Wensley.

(Signed),

WILLIAM THORNTON.

"And the said Register to receive for marriages, 2s., and not more.

"And for births, 4d., and not more.

"And for burials, 4d., and not more.

"And for such persons as go from door to door, he is to have nothing, according to the order and Acte of Parliament.

"And more, if there be any register books kept within your parish, at any Chapel of ease, the said register is to fall for them into his own hands, and he is to keep them as records. And that no Curate of any Chapel for to publish any matrimony within the said parish without the consent of the aforesaid Register, as they will answer to the contrary at their peril."

William Thornton was the Roundhead Colonel before mentioned. The restriction on matrimony is amusing. (1)

It is to the Puritans much of the havoc so perceptible in the Wensleydale churches must be attributed. They despatched rude, ignorant, and bigotted soldiers to remove all sepulchral brasses, bearing the old pious inscription, "Orate pro anima." These savage visitors de-

(1) The following is said to have been the Form of Marrying before a Magistrate, as enjoined by the Parliament during the Commonwealth of England, to take place from September 29, 1653.

"MAN."

I, A. B., do here, in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, take thee, C. D., for my wedded wife; and do also, in the presence of God and before these witnesses, promise to be unto thee, a loving and faithful husband.

"WOMAN."

I, C. D., do here, in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, take thee, A. B., for my wedded husband; and do also, in the presence of God, and before these witnesses, promise to be unto thee, a loving, faithful, and obedient wife.

faced tombs, and mutilated monumental effigies. They demolished the remaining glorious windows of stained glass, taking pleasure in wreaking indiscriminate vengeance on all the little that yet reminded men of the ancient day, being moreover *paid* by the respective parishes for their work. Even the stone crosses in churchyards and market-places, which had before pretty generally escaped in the north country, were now thrown down, because symbolical of the Christian faith, while the zealots, filled with blind rage, actually burned or cut to pieces both parochial and their own family records.(1)

(1) Puritanism was first introduced into England by certain foreign divines, Peter Martyr, Bucer, John à Lasco, and others, who came over from Germany on the accession of Edward VI., and by one or two Englishmen, who had studied or travelled in that country. It had attained nearly to perfection in the Great Rebellion, when, if in "political ideas, from the school of Divine Right, through the educated democracy of Milton, down to the wild republicanism of the Fifth-Monarchy Men, all was confusion, the religion of the numberless sectaries was still less reducible to order." The mere names of the leading sects into which the church had dissolved itself in a few years are suggestive. Only to name a few of them, there were—Anabaptists, Antinomians, Antiscripturists, Antitrinitarians, Arians, Arminians, Baptists, Brownists, Calvinists, Enthusiasts, Familists, Fifth-Monarchy Men, Independents, Libertines, Muggletonians, Perfectists, Presbyterians, Puritans, Ranters, Sceptics, Seekers, and Socinians. Feakes and Powell, worthies of the Anabaptist faith, openly preached at Blackfriars a war of conquest and extermination against the Continent of Europe. Their eyes lay more especially on the inheritance of the Dutchman; God, they proclaimed, had given up Holland as a dwelling-place for his saints, and a stronghold from which they might wage war against the great harlot. The Fifth-Monarchy Men protested against every kind of law and government; Christ alone, in their opinion, ought to reign on earth; and in his behalf they were anxious to put down all lawgivers and magistrates. The Levellers, were at least as mad as any sect of Communists or Red Republicans of modern date. The national mind was in a paroxysm of morbid activity; and the bolder sort of spirits had cast away every restraint which creeds and councils, laws and experience, impose on men in ordinary times. Institutions which are commonly treated with a grave respect, even by the unbelieving, were made the subject of coarse jokes and indecent mummeries. In the cant of the time, a church was a tabernacle of the devil, and the Lord's Supper a twopenny ordinary. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey were both used as stables for horses, and as shambles for butchers. Hogs and horses were taken to fonts filled with foul water, and baptised according to the established ritual, for the amusement of common soldiers and the painted women who attended the camp as their paramours. Mares were allowed to foal in cathedrals, and the lowest troopers to convert the most sacred edifices into beer-shops. Even our venerable abbey, the resting-place of kings and heroes, was for a time used as a common brothel. The

To such a pitch was this species of fanaticism carried, that we are informed in the Rev. J. Hunter's "Life of Oliver Heywood" (Longman, 1842) "Mr. Bruen, who came from Stapleford, in Cheshire, to attend the lecture at Manchester, a gentleman of ancient family, actually destroyed the painted glass in the windows of his own chapel, in the church of Tarvin. His biographer, a Lancashire minister, thus speaks of the act:—"Finding in the church of Tarvin, in his own chapel, which of ancient right did appertain unto him and his family, many super-

sarcasm of the soldiers was, that as the horses had now begun to attend church, the Reformation was at length complete. A sect arose which professed to believe that a woman had no soul, no more than a goose. Another body of grave men believed there was no difference between good and evil. Atheists became numerous; and, as usual, atheism was attended with the lowest and most debasing superstitions. In more than one part of the country, prostitution was practised as a religious ordinance. One fellow was found with no less than seven wives; another had married his father's wife; a third, after having seduced a wretched woman, gave out that she was about to be delivered of the Messiah. Hundreds of persons set up as prophets; and several men, a little madder than the rest, were sent to Coventry gaol for declaring themselves to be God Almighty come down from heaven; but once locked up, their godships did not enable them to open the prison gates. From Newgate downwards, the prisons were full of these fanatics—fools or knaves, whom nevertheless thousands of their countrymen regarded as holy martyrs suffering from the children of this world the injustice which has ever been the portion of prophets and apostles. A fact that is extremely curious is, that the fanaticism usually commenced in the higher classes—among magistrates, colonels in the army, ministers of the Gospel, and gentlemen of estate. It was only by degrees that the madness descended to the lower orders of society. A person of wealth and standing in Warwickshire shut himself and his family up in his house to starve, from a fanciful sense of religious duty; and when the neighbours broke into the house, they found one of the children already dead. One Sunday, a respectable tailor named Evan Price, got up in one of the city churches in the middle of the sermon, and declared himself to be Jesus Christ in person. The incident of course made some stir, and the tailor was taken before the Lord Mayor—a judge, it is to be supposed, in such matters—where he maintained the correctness of his assertion, and offered to prove it by showing the marks of the nails in his hands, by which he had been fastened to the cross sixteen hundred years before! When acting under any strong excitement, the folly of mankind is illimitable. To verify the text, "Man shall not live by bread alone," one of the prophets tried to do without eating. The text proved to him a dead letter: for he expired just as he was on the point of establishing the prediction. Yet these were not the most revolting incidents of the revolutionary period. A fiend in the guise of a woman offered up her child as a sacrifice, in imitation of the Hebrew rites; another crucified her mother."—*Dixon's Life of Penn.*

stitious images and idolatrous pictures in the painted windows, and they so thick and dark, that there was, as he himself saith, scarce the breadth of a groat of white glass amongst them; he, knowing by the truth of God, that though the Papists will have images to be laymen's books, yet they teach no other lessons but of lies, nor any doctrine but that of vanities to them that profess to learn by them; and considering that these dumb and dark images by their painted coats and colours, did both darken the light of the church, and obscure the brightness of the gospel, he presently took order to pull down all these painted puppets and popish idols, in a warrantable and peaceable manner, and of his own cost and charge, repaired the breaches, and *BEAUTIFIED the windows with white and bright glass again!!(1)''*

(1) Milton, all Puritan as he was in name, but still true Poet, was too warmly touched with celestial fire not to believe and sing

"———let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies.
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

IL PENSEROSO."

How, in the name of wonder, if *Papists*, regarded images as "laymen's books," could the sour infidel believe them to be *idolatrous*, since *Papists* never yet were accused of worshipping books. But Mr. Bruen was not a Milton, neither was Oliver Heywood, of whom his biographer says he was "a nonconformist from his cradle," and relates that "Mrs. Andrews, of Little Lever Hall, the principal person of the village, was his godmother. She held him at the font; and as soon as Mr. Gregg, the vicar, had pronounced the words 'I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' she stepped back with the express purpose of preventing the minister from making the sign over him, which Mr. Gregg himself was not over-forward to do," a characteristic mark of those deluded times. The jargon of these sectaries sometimes becomes amusing. Heywood's tutor, was one Akehurst, "a *savoury Christian*." Afterwards he "grievously apostatised, becoming a *common Quaker*; but he retraced his steps, and became at last a *sober physician*." As the Editor of the *Athenæum*

Emanuel, Earl of Sunderland, thirteenth Lord Scrope, of Bolton, was the last of that family who inhabited the castle. On his death without lawful issue in 1630, the earldom became extinct, and the barony fell into abeyance, as it at present remains. He had a son, who died young, and three daughters, by Martha Jones or Sandford, his cook; the eldest of whom, Mary, married secondly, Charles Powlett, Marquis of Winchester, to whom she conveyed the Wensleydale property. He was created Duke of Bolton. Charles, fifth Duke, left a natural daughter, Jane Mary Powlett; she married Thomas Orde, Esq., of the ancient Northumberland family of that name, who on the death of Harry, sixth and last Duke of Bolton, inherited the Bolton estates by bequest, through his wife, and having assumed the name and arms of Powlett, was created Baron Bolton, Oct. 20, 1797. His grandson is the present and third peer.

After the downfall of the illustrious and potent Neviles, the House of Scrope was universally acknowledged the chief in the dale.

“—— with the lusty knight, Lord Scroop,
The power of Richmondshire will rise.”

says the author of the old ballad on Flodden Field; who also in another place enumerates the Wensleydale followers to that battle of

Lord Scroop of Bolton stern and stout,
On horseback, who had not his peer,
No English man, Scots more did doubt.

With him did wend all Wensleydale
From Morton unto Morsdale-moor:
All they that dwelt by the banks of Swale
With him were bent in harness-store.

(No. 774., Aug. 1842) observes—“why the repentance of ‘a *common* Quaker;’ should metamorphose him into ‘a sober physician,’ we do not well understand. It reminds us of the story of the two Jacobins who were wrangling in a coffee-house about a point of doctrine advanced by Payne: at last they both started up to refer the question to a third party, who was quietly sitting at another table. ‘Are you an Atheist, or a Deist, sir?’ cried one of the disputants to the intended umpire. ‘Neither one nor the other,’ was the reply, ‘I am a *dentist*!’”

From Wensdale warlike wights did wend,
 From Bishopdale went bowmen bold;
 From Coverdale to Cotter End,
 And all to Kidson Causeway cold.

From Mollerstang and Middleham,
 And all from Mask and Middletonby,
 And all that climb the mountain Cam (1)
 Whose crown from frost is seldom free.

With lusty lads and large of length,
 Which dwelt on Semer-water side;
 All Richmondshire its total strength
 The valiant Scroope did lead and guide."

SS cccxix——cccxliii. (2)

(1) The elevation of Cam Fell is 2245 feet.

(2) This poem was written by one Richard Jackson, a schoolmaster, of Ingleton, about fifty years after the battle. The Scots lost from eight to ten thousand men, including the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcely a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. In England it is well-nigh forgotten. It occasioned that "plaintive lay" over the "Flowers of the Forest," which is one of the most touching in Scottish song.

"I have heard of a liling, at our ewes milking,
 Lasses a liling, before the break of day;
 But now there's a moaning, on ilka green loaning
 That our braw forresters are a' wede away.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning;
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing, and sabbing;
 Ilka ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
 Mong stacks, with the lasses, at bogle to play;
 But ilka ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The Flowers of the Forest that are a' wede away.

At harvest, at the shearing, nae youngsters are jeering,
 The bansters are rankled, lyart, and grey,
 At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecing,
 Since our braw forresters are a' wede away.

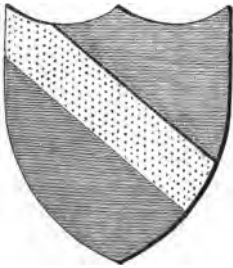
O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border:
 The English for anes by guile gat the day.
 The Flowers of the Forrest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

And the author of "The Bataile of Branxton, or Floddon Field," printed 1587, says in the "mydle warde"

"The Cornish Choughe did pick them in the face,
And the Crab them blinded that they might not see."

alluding to the respective cognizances of the Lord Scrope of Bolton, and the Lord Scrope of Masham and Upsal.

In the space of three hundred years, viz., from the reign of Edward II. to that of Charles I., this race produced one archbishop, two bishops, two earls, twenty barons, one Lord High Chancellor, two Chief Justices, four Treasurers, and five Knights of the Garter, besides



numerous bannerets. The title of Scrope of Bolton is at present vested in Charles Jones, Esq., but the chief of the senior male line is Simon Thomas Scrope, of Danby-super-Yore, Esquire, descended from Ralph, fourth son of John Scrope, of Spennithorne, second son of Henry, sixth baron, by

Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry, Earl of Northumberland.

From the period of the Commonwealth, Wensleydale appears to have gradually fallen away from the ancient Faith, till at last the Catholics became few and scattered; yet at no period was the church annihilated, nor the fair district which once the blood of the martyrs consecrated, left without witnesses. Years sped on, and few events of historic note occurred in the valley of the Yore, except in 1746, when a detachment of the Highland army marched through on their celebrated advance to Derby. Scarcely

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at our ewes milking,
The women and bairns are dowie, and wae,
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw forresters are a' wede away."

The tune to this song, called *The Flowers of the Forest* (i. e. Ettrick) is a pretty, melancholy one.

any traditions of them are retained, perhaps because the district was generally favourable to their royal leader's cause; and with the exception of impressing a few wag-gons and horses for their baggage—which were carefully returned, and in all likelihood willingly furnished—they do not seem to have interfered in the least with the inhabitants. The enterprise was unsuccessful, and fraught with ruin to those who so gallantly engaged in it.

“Peace to the slumberers!
 They lie on the battle plain
 With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
 Are all that weep over them.
 Vain was their bravery!
 The fallen oak lies where it lay,
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! for ever!—MOORE.

In 1749 a great murrain prevailed among the cattle in Richmondshire, and so extensive was the mortality, that many farmers lost all their stock, and were consequently ruined.

“Sheep, oxen, horses fall; and heap'd on high,
 The differing species in confusion lie,
 Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
 To lodge their loathsome carrion underground:
For useless to the curriers were their hides.”

Virgil, Georg. III.

A literal fact. On April 5th, 1749, the complaint then raging, the Durham general quarter sessions ordered that no live cattle, or their slaughtered carcasses, wool, skins, or tallow, &c., should be suffered to pass or to be brought over the Tees, northward. This order, which after all proved ineffectual, was not reversed till June, 1750. The favourite remedy of the country people, not only in the way of cure, but of prevention, was an odd one; it was to

smoke the cattle almost to suffocation, by kindling straw, litter, and other combustible matter about them.(1)

In December, 1757, great disturbances were caused by the Wensleydale miners, headed by one Johnson, whom they called "The General." The mob even advanced as far as Richmond, and threatened to burn the town, but were put down. A few days after, the rioting not being wholly suppressed, a party of fifty-seven armed horsemen were dispatched from Richmond into the Dales. A little below Scarthe-Nick they were joined by sixty horsemen of the Duke of Bolton's tenantry, and others, and the united force marched to Askrigg, where they succeeded in restoring order, and capturing the ringleaders.

During the Revolutionary War with France, whilst invasion was expected, and volunteer corps were raised all over England, the lads of Wensleydale were no more deficient in military zeal than their ancestors. They—"Yorkshiremen, stern of mood"—thought and uttered

(1) The effects of this mode of cure are not stated, but the most singular part of it was that by which it was reported to have been discovered. An angel (says the legend) descended into Yorkshire, and there set a large tree on fire; the strange appearance of which, or else the savour of the smoke, incited the cattle around (some of which were infected) to draw near the miracle, when they all either received an immediate cure or an absolute prevention of the disorder. It is not affirmed that the angel staid to speak to anybody, but only that he left a *written* direction for the neighbouring people to catch this supernatural fire, and to communicate it from one to another with all possible speed throughout the country; and in case that it should be extinguished and utterly lost, that then new fire, of equal virtue, might be obtained, not by any common method, but by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they ignited. Upon what foundation this story stood, is not exactly known, but it put the farmers actually into a hurry of communicating flame and smoke from one house to another with wonderful speed, making it run like wildfire over the country. Vide *Newcastle Gen. Mag.* Without dissecting this marvellous tale, I venture to suggest it may have originated in a tree set on fire by *lightning*, and that some genius suggested the wonderful power of such unusual flames. Wood-smoke is known to be a disinfectant, and the scheme adopted was not unlikely to be attended with some success. In one of the many dreadful thunderstorms in the summer of 1852, the stump of a tree near Leyburn was ignited in a similar manner, and continued burning during many days, notwithstanding repeated heavy showers fell. The labourers resorted to it to kindle their pipes, and I lighted my cigar more than once. Such an accident might easily befall the wondrous tree of 1749—50, and if the season was dry it would no doubt smoulder for a considerable time.

" Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
 In Freedom's temple born,
 Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
 To hail a master in our isle,
 Or brook a victor's scorn.

* * * * *

If ever breath of British gale
 Shall fan the tri-color,
 Or footstep of invader rude,
 With rapine foul, and red with blood,
 Pollute our happy shore.

Then, farewell home ! and farewell friends !
 Adieu each tender tie !
 Resolved, we mingle in the tide
 Where charging squadrons furious ride.
 To conquer or to die."

SIR W. SCOTT.

The Loyal Dales Volunteers were ultimately embodied as Local Militia. Their patriotic services were not required; except once, when the warder of the beacon on Penhill, mistaking an accidental fire on the eastern hills for the beacon on Roseberry Topping, fired his own instantly.

" And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff were seen ;
 Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
 Each from each the signal caught ;
 Each after each they glanced to sight
 As stars arise upon the night."

Great alarm ensued. The bells were rung, the drums beat to arms, and the volunteers mustered immediately. After remaining under arms some hours, the error was discovered, and the troops were dismissed ; the panic had, however, spread over the north of England. The Mashamshire volunteers marched to Thirsk before they were undeceived. Both Houses of Parliament passed a vote of thanks to the Mashamshire and Wensleydale re-

giments. This affair, closely resembling the concluding scene in Scott's novel "The Antiquary," closes our military reminiscences of the Dale.

The Catholic Hierarchy in England became extinct in 1584, by the death, in prison, of Dr. Thomas Watson, Bishop of Lincoln; when the country reverted to the state in which it was previous to the landing of St. Augustine. For the next forty years the clergy were placed under the direction of an ecclesiastic styled Archpriest, till in 1623, the Holy See determined to appoint a Bishop, and on the 4th of June of that year, Dr. William Bishop was consecrated at Paris, by the title of Bishop of Chalcedon, with *ordinary* power over the Catholics of England and Scotland. On the death of his successor, Dr. Smith, an interval of thirty years followed, when Dr. Leyburn was appointed Bishop of Adrumetum, 9th Sept., 1685, with ordinary jurisdiction over England. Two years after, Dr. Giffard, Bishop of Madura, was added, and the jurisdiction divided between the two prelates; and by a subsequent arrangement other districts were formed. As it will be interesting to many, I subjoin a list of the Right Reverend the Vicars Apostolic of the Northern District in which Wensleydale was situated.

1. JAMES SMITH, born at Winchester, in 1646, was consecrated at Somerset House, May 23rd, 1688, by the title of Bishop of *Callipolis*. He died at Wycliffe Hall, May 20th, 1711.

2. GEORGE WITHAM, of the ancient family of Witham, of Cliffe, in Yorkshire, born 1655, was consecrated at Rome, April 15th, 1703, by the title of Bishop of *Marcopolis*, and succeeded Dr. Giffard in the Midland District, over which he presided for thirteen years, when he was transferred to the Northern District. He died at Cliffe Hall, April 16th, 1725, O.S., and was buried in Romalldkirk Church, in the county of York.

3. THOMAS WILLIAMS, a regular, was consecrated in 1726, by the title of Bishop of *Tiberiopolis*. He died

at Huddleston Hall, Yorkshire, April 14th, 1740, having attained his eightieth year.

4. EDWARD DICCONSON, fourth son of Hugh Dicconson, of Wrightington, Lancashire, Esq., was consecrated at Ghent, March 19th, 1741, by the title of Bishop of *Malla*. He died April 24th, 1752, at Finchmill, Lancashire, and was buried in Standish church.

5. THE HON. FRANCIS PETRE, son of John, first Lord Petre, was consecrated Jan. 27th, 1750. by the title of Bishop of *Amoria*. He died at Showley, in Lancashire, Dec. 24th, 1775, aged 85 years. WILLIAM MAIRE, son of Thomas Maire, of Lartington, Yorkshire, Esq., was consecrated Bishop of *Cinna*, as coadjutor to Bishop Petre in 1768. Bishop Maire predeceased Bishop Petre, dying at Lartington, July 25th, 1769, aged 66. He was buried in the church of Romalldkirk.

6. WILLIAM WALTON, born at Manchester, Dec. 1716, was consecrated in 1770, by the title of Bishop of *Trachis*. He died at York, Feb. 26th, 1780, and was buried in the church of St. Michael-le-Belfry.

7. MATTHEW GIBSON, born at Stonecroft, in Northumberland, was consecrated in 1780, by the title of Bishop of *Comona*. He died at Stella Hall, in the palatinate of Durham, May 17th, 1790, and was buried at Newburgh, near Hexham.

8. WILLIAM GIBSON, younger brother of the preceding, born at Stonecroft, Feb. 2nd, 1738, was consecrated at Lulworth, Dorsetshire, Dec. 6th, 1790, by the title of Bishop of *Acanthos*. He died June 2nd, 1821, and was buried at Ushaw.

9. THOMAS SMITH, born at the Brooms, in the palatinate of Durham, March 21st, 1763, was consecrated by the title of Bishop of *Bolina*, at St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, March 11th, 1810. He died at Ushaw College, July 30th, 1831, and was buried near his predecessor.

10. THOMAS PENSWICK was consecrated by the title

of Bishop of *Europum*, June 29th, 1824. He died January 28th, 1836.

11. The Right Reverend JOHN BRIGGS, by the grace of God, and favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Beverley, the last Vicar Apostolic before the division of England into eight districts, by Pope Gregory XVI., in 1840, and first and last Vicar Apostolic of the York District, was consecrated by the title of Bishop of *Trachis*, June 29th, 1833. After the Hierarchy had been extinct two hundred and sixty-six years, it was fully re-established by the present Pope Pius IX., by his Bull, "*Universalis Ecclesiæ*," of the 29th of September, 1850, by which there is founded in England the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster, with twelve Suffragan Bishops. Dr. Briggs was translated to the newly-constituted See of Beverley, which diocese comprises all Yorkshire. His Lordship was solemnly enthroned in his Cathedral Church of St. George, at York, Feb. 13th, 1851.(1)

(1) "There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of *human policy* so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin, in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains; not in decay—not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the

Of the priests who served Wensleydale during the long dark Day of Persecution, I can only give a very meagre account. The Rev. F. Huddlestone, who administered the last rites of the church to King Charles II. on his deathbed, is said to have resided at the Grove House, Leyburn ;(1) but this circumstance rests mainly on tradition. The earliest register at Leyburn is by the Rev. Francis Oakley, commencing in 1742. Previous to that date, however, a chaplain was almost always resident at Danby Hall, with the Scrope family, and fre-

term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightening must be favourable to Protestantism, and unfavourable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation. We see that, during the last 250 years, the human mind has been in the highest degree active—that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy—that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life—that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been improved, though not quite to the same extent. Yet we see that, during these 250 years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that, as far as there has been a change, that change has been in favour of the Church of Rome. We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system which has, to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress which knowledge has made since the days of Queen Elizabeth."

Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay. Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1, 1840.

(1) After the fatal battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), King Charles II. was sheltered at Moseley, in Staffordshire, the seat of Mr. Whitgreave. His Majesty was concealed in the Priest's hiding hole, and Mr. Huddlestone was his constant companion; the king on his departure took solemn leave of him, with assurances of his friendship. Mr. Huddlestone afterwards retired beyond sea, and became a Benedictine monk; but returning upon the Restoration, he was appointed one of Queen Catherine's chaplains, and was always excepted by name in proclamations against the Catholics. Hence he had, at different periods of his life, the high gratification of saving the body and the soul of his Sovereign. It is somewhat remarkable that three generations of the Whitgreave family lasted from 1651 to 1816, or 165 years, which is 47 years to a generation, and may be reckoned three lives to a century.

quently in danger from the indefatigable pursuivants. Under one of the rooms in the old hall there is a hiding-place in which the reverend missionaries were often and successfully concealed. There is a similar hiding-place at the Grove, Leyburn, the seat of Frederick Riddell, Esq., formerly belonging to the Thornbrughs.

These retreats speak forcibly of the Past, with all its terrors, when the fact of their existence rendered the proprietors who sheltered the servants of God in them liable to a cruel death—when Mass was necessarily celebrated secretly in obscure chambers, and dark recesses, and when Catholics of both sexes and every rank were liable to be dragged from assisting at the Holy Mysteries, to prison, torture, and martyrdom itself. In 1745, Mr. Oakley remarks, “I baptised at Ulshaw Bridge, James Topham, of Middleham, for which I hardly escaped banishment.”(1)

From 1759 to 1785 the Wensleydale Mission was supplied by the Revs. Edward Boone and William Postlethwaite. The last named gentleman died at Hill-Top House, Leyburn, where he placed the sundial which is still there. During the following nine years, distant priests supplied the Mission; until in 1794 the Rev. — Delalonde arrived, who remained till 1801. He was followed by the Rev. — Dupont, who, in 1803, was succeeded by the Revs. J. Maini, of Jolly Pot; (who left in 1806) and Richard Billington, who died at the Grove House, Leyburn, then occupied by the late John Clifton, Esq., October 6th, 1830, aged seventy-three years.

(1) So recently as the reign of George III., (*Queen Victoria's Grandfather*), the then Earl of Shrewsbury, who was a priest, was tried for saying Mass, and only acquitted for want of sufficient evidence. Still later, in 1852, the funeral rites of John, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, (*England's Premier Earl*), were partially mutilated, in obedience to a proclamation promulgated by the Queen's then minister, Stanley, Earl of Derby; which denies to Roman Catholics the free public use of their church's ceremonies; a privilege which is most readily granted to all other societies, including Ranters, Jumpers, Latter Day Saints, and the many other mongrel tribes.

Many who read these pages will, like their writer, well recollect that venerable man; and it will be a treasured and pleasant memory of their youth. His piety, his simplicity, and his urbanity endeared him to all, Catholics and Protestants alike.

“He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.

A pattern to every one who knew him, through life he was universally beloved, and in death sincerely lamented. The faithful pastor of his little scattered flock for seven and thirty years had acquired general love and esteem; and when his labours being finished, his mortal remains were deposited in the churchyard of West Witton, it was amidst the unfeigned regrets of the inhabitants of Wensleydale. No stone yet marks his humble grave, but a tablet in Leyburn chapel commemorates him. Requiescat in pace.

The missionary priests whom I have enumerated were not rich in worldly goods: their treasures were elsewhere. Often in peril, and at all times proscribed, they dressed as laymen ‘to escape observation’ till a very recent period. Their food and lodgings, like their raiment, were humble. A pair of saddlebags are yet preserved, in which they used to carry home the poultry and other similarly useful gifts presented by the members of their flock on their welcome visits. And thus these good men—gentlemen and accomplished scholars be it remembered—joyfully underwent hardships few modern labourers would endure.(1)

(1) It is a very mistaken idea to suppose that pecuniary wealth, or lands and palaces are requisite to secure for the clergy a becoming respect. “The Orientals possess, in addition to their patriarchs, the three orders to be found in the English church. But the eastern bishop differs as widely from the Anglican prelate in his temporal circumstances as in external appearance. A venerable beard flows over a long vest of purple, covered by a gown of dark cloth. His shaven head is concealed by a black turban, twisted in a peculiar fashion, and a dark-coloured shawl encircles his waist. An attendant deacon precedes his steps, bearing a silver-tipped staff. The income of an official dignitary would be considered munificent if it exceeded £100 per annum. Few receive more than an

Yet, despite this untiring zeal, often were the scattered Catholics deprived of the consolations of religion; and sometimes even the dying were unable to procure the distant or hidden priest to administer the last sacred rites

annual-stipend of £80, and some can scarcely be said to have any revenue at all, their necessary expenses being furnished from the rents of the monastery where they reside. The priest's income is, of course, much less than that of his superior, and would be thought fairly represented by the average rate of £29 per annum. The deacons rarely receive anything, as they are generally men of business, from whom the canons of the east do not require the surrender of their worldly calling, unless they wish to advance to the higher grade of priesthood. The monks are supported as in Europe, by the revenues attached to each monastery, which afford an ample supply for their slender wants. By the rules of the eastern churches, most of the laity would be restricted from the use of animal food during a third portion of the year; but the abstinence of the monks is, of course, more rigorous and severe. Their garb is not so varied or distinctive as that of monastic habits of Europe. They are a pale, mild, and gentle race, often ignorant, and not very liberal in their views; but during the frequent intercourse I have had with them, *I never knew one who was a hypocrite or a secret debauchee, two characters which have been supposed by some inseparable from the system of monachism.* I have seen these men eat, thankfully, food which the lowest English labourers would not touch. I have heard them engaged in praising God at an hour when English rectors and curates have been quietly sleeping or returning from some social party; and I have watched them delving and digging in their little plantations till the perspiration poured from them in streams. The poverty of the clergy may, at first sight, seem to infer their abasement and degradation; but the respect in which their persons are held fully compensates for any inconvenience which they might suffer, were they the inhabitants of more civilized countries. The stout and prosperous merchant, the rich shopkeeper, or the stalwart squire, who condescend to pity and to patronise the threadbare curate or the ill-paid vicar, will be astonished to hear that at the approach of some ragged priest or bishop, a wealthy and well-dressed assembly rise with respect and reverence to press his hand to their lips, and to seat him in the most comfortable corner of the divan. Money and a home are little wanted where hospitality is a national virtue, and in these parts it is a priest that seeks for it, in the name of the God whom he serves. Nor are the clergy less beloved on account of their general familiarity and condescension to even the meanest members of their flock. I have often witnessed the small room of a bishop crowded from morning till night with the poor, the distressed, and the unfortunate, each seeking from his spiritual pastor advice, assistance, and consolation. The slender purse of a self-denying prelate often furnishes many with the means of life, and those who lack the direction of a man elevated above the passions and prejudices of the world may find it freely dispensed by one who is, in every respect, the father of his people. The patriarch of each community is responsible for the kharadj or poll-tax paid by each individual Christian. He even possesses the power of inflicting imprisonment or stripes in certain cases, and it is extremely difficult for an Oriental Christian to quit his own community, and transfer his obedience to another church."—*Fletcher's Notes from Nineveh.*

of the church. Laymen as well as clergy suffered grievously, but faith forsook them not, through all that long dark day; and Mr. Billington lived to see its deepest gloom departing, for on the 13th of April, 1829, the year before he died, the Catholic Emancipation Act passed. *Perfect* liberty indeed was not obtained, but still it might almost have been said in the poet's words—

“Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our freedom is come!
Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree
That is worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.”

To Mr. Billington succeeded the Rev. Thomas Middlehurst, on whose removal, the Rev. William Parker followed. In 1838, this gentleman left, and being subsequently appointed to St. Patrick's, Liverpool, died there, universally respected and regretted, of malignant fever, during the great prevalence of that disease, March 30th, 1847, aged forty-three years. He was succeeded by the Rev. Richard John Bolton, the present much respected priest. Reader! we have now seen Wensleydale in the Day of Persecution and of CHANGE.



Fragment of Saxon Cross, Wensley Church.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

"Look forth again, oh, watcher on the tower—
The people wake, and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know *must* shine."

"I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill,
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow,
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow."

"And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour,
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

"A mist envelopes them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace,
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply."

"I see the hill-tops now; and Chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again—again—oh, watcher on the tower—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say—oh, watcher on the tower?"
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime
With the full glories of the Coming Time?"

"He prophesies; his heart is full;—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day—
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear, and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?"

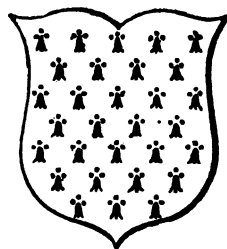
"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower;
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it:—tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the *plain*!"

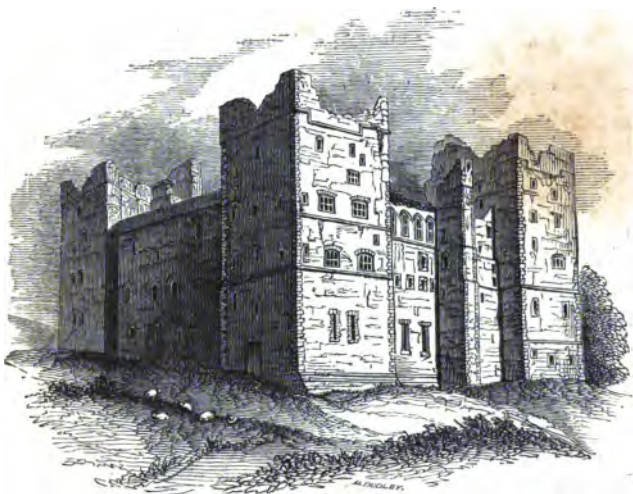
"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly:—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade—but day is near."

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.





Alan, Earl of Richmond.



Bolton Castle.

THE PRESENT DAY.

"And thus with gentle voice he spoke—
Come lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook ;
For well I know the sound it made,
When, dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fled,
They've cut the brook a straighter bed :
No shades the present lords allow,
The miller only murmurs now ;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fasten'd to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;
The plough has levell'd all around,
And here is now no holy ground."

CRABBE.

We have now seen Wensleydale in two distinct eras: the first full of light and glory, illuminated by pure truth, and holy devotion, serene as the summer sky before storms arise,—the second gloomy and tempestuous, overshadowed by terrifying clouds, rendered appalling by their scorching lightnings, and continuous thunders.

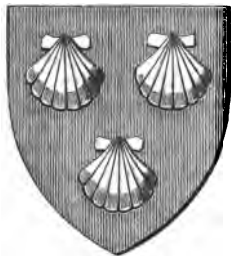
We have watched Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman succeed each other on the fair banks of Yore—we have seen how with each a new religion came—changeeful and various, till St. Paulinus at last planted the banner of the Cross, and our northern fathers became Christian men, devout members of the Holy Church. Their piety and their good deeds edified us—their devotion reprov'd our sloth. We saw them erecting on every side those beautiful temples of God which yet stand before our eyes, even in desolation reminding us of the happy Past, monuments of truth unchanging, of that Church which we know cannot err, because Her Divine Spouse has promised to be with her till the consummation of all things.

Another and a mournful scene it has also been ours to witness, when we saw the hand of tyranny stretched forth to pollute these holy places—overthrow the sacred altars—pillage the monasteries—and slay or drive into the wilderness their pious inmates. We heard the voice of lamentation which resounded in Wensleydale when the

monks were chased away, and the poor were deprived of shelter and relief; and as the years went on, and the new order of things waxed stronger and stronger, we likewise saw how those poor were punished for their poverty.

All this we watched, until at last a glimmering of light appeared, the clouds began to disperse, and the day of persecution reached its close. Not even yet are we in full sunshine, neither do we enjoy the beauty of the First Day—its happiness—its grandeur; but resting now relieved from utter darkness, let us, kind reader, turn our attention to the many interesting objects the vale presents, in their existing state, and so view Wensleydale in **THE PRESENT DAY**. Much has been lost during the last three centuries, and yet much remains.

Adjacent to Mashamshire lie the lands of **JERVEAUX**,



forming the eastern extremity of the valley, south of Yore. We have already seen that this Cistercian Abbey was founded at Fors, by Acharius Fitz-Bardolph, about the year 1144, removed to the lands of East Witton in 1156, and finally demolished by Henry VIII., in 1538. (1)

(1) At the time of the Dissolution the revenues of the Abbey were estimated as follows. Value in temporals in the courts of York. The Abbey, with the gardens, fields, closes, and mills in home occupation 65s. Value of farms, &c., held by the monks themselves. Lasingby-super-Wyske, 20*l*. Aykkarthe, 13*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. Rokquicke, 20*l*. Kylgramhow, 10*l*. Newhouse, 6*l*. Total 69*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. The following manors, farms, tenements, &c., were valued as under: Newstede Grange, 14*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. Helfahall, 4*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. Tunstall, 100*s*. Ryswyk, 4*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. Manor of Wensladall, 68*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. Horton, 32*l*. 5*s*. Village of Est Witton, 32*l*. 10*s*. Hutton Hange, 9*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. Fyngall, 9*l*. Thornton Steward, 63*s*. 4*d*. Various hamlets in Newton-in-villos, 13*s*. 4*d*. Yarme, 3*s*. 4*d*. Hunton, 3*s*. 2*d*. For the rent of Burton, 12*d*. Middleton-in-Mires, 46*s*. 8*d*. Feryby, 3*s*. 4*d*. Brompton, 8*s*. 8*d*. Thirnetowft, 23*s*. 4*d*. Walborne, 7*s*. 8*d*. Marske, 10*s*. Somercotts et Boston, 60*s*. 8*d*. Coleborne, 5*s*. Gillyng, 6*s*. Wynseley, 2*s*. 6*d*. Moreton et Scruton, 20*s*. Sedbargh et Whassell, 17*s*. 9*d*. Langton Whitwall, et Milesimby, 73*s*. 4*d*. Esilby, Leeming, et Upledon, Marske, 26*s*. 8*d*. Feldom, 4*l*. 16*s*. 8*d*. Richemund, Derlyngton, and Alverton, 24*s*. 8*d*. Clifton, Milnby, and Kneeton, 11*s*. 4*d*. Appleton, Thirn, and Crofte, 5*s*. Colde, Conyston, and Hawswell, 14*s*. The villa of Daltontravers, 4*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*.

The destroyers did their work well. Apparently they razed the church almost to the foundations, leaving little but

Ellingstring, 73s. 4d. Elyngton, 66s. 8d. Estapleton, 40s. Murecotte, 33s. 4d. Widdall, 42s. East Witton Mill, 20s. Ramshaw Mill, 13s. East Witton fulling Mill, 10s. Total 227*l.* 14s. 11d. Other rents, &c., 7*l.* 20s. From Kenerdley, in Lancashire, 32*l.* 8s. 4d. Total in temporals, 340*l.* 14s. 11d. Spirituals in the County of York. Tithes, oblations, and Easter offerings in the Rectory of Aykescarth, 71*l.* 0s. 0d. Ditto in the Rectory of Aynderby, 21*l.* 6s. 8d. Ditto in the Rectory of East Witton, 11*l.* 15s. 6d. Ditto in the Rectory of West Witton, 10*l.* 13s. 4d. Total in spirituals, 114*l.* 15s. 6d. Total annual value, 455*l.* 10s. 5d.

Out of this the House had to pay the following stipends and rents or feudal fees. To the three chaplains of the altar of St. Stephen, in the metropolitan church of York, on the foundation of Lord Scrope of Masham and Upsall, 20*l.* To the vicars of the same church, on the obit of the same Lord, at the feast of St. Martin, by composition, 4*l.* To John Todd, master of the grammar school, and William Coke, master of the singing school at Durham, on the foundation of Thomas Langley, 16*l.* 13s. 4d. To the chaplain of Middleton, co. Lanc. on the foundation of the same Thomas Langley, 106s. 8d. To the two chaplains at Laisinby, on the foundation of John Lyghgraves, 10*l.* 13s. 4d. To the Lord of Bedall for the rents due from East Witton for maintaining three chaplains and two clerks in the chapel at Bedale, founded by Lord Brian Fitzalan, by composition, 33s. 4d. To the chaplain of Gylling, by composition, 40s. To the chaplain of Leemyng, by composition, 66s. 8d. To the chaplain of— by composition, 6s. 8d. To the Vicar of Yerderby, by composition 13*l.* 6s. 8d. To the Vicar of East Witton, 100s. To the Archdeacon of Richmond, the winter payment of Arkscarth, 26s. 8d. To the same the annual payment of Aynderby with steeple, 26s. 8d. To the Rector of Bedall, for his tithes in Hutton Hanger, 40s. To the Rector of Patrickbrompton for his tithes in Aykesburge, 33s. 4d. To the Vicar of North Alverton, for his tithes in Laisinby, by composition, 40s. To the Rector of Watlouse, for his tithes in Rokewyke, by composition, 13s. 4d. To the Rector of Fyngall, for his tithes in Fyngall, by composition, 6s. Payment to the church of Thornton, by composition, 2s. To the rector of Masham, for his tithes in Kylgrama, 4s. To the Monastery of the Blessed Mary at York, for Riswyk and Tunstall, 31s. 8d. To the Monastery of Fountaine, for Horton in Ribbisdall, 20s. To the heirs of the Lord of Upsall, for Aykesburge, 26s. 8d. To the Priory of St. Martin's near Richmond, for Estwitton and Thornton, 72s. To the Castle of Middleham for Wenslaudall and Wyddall, 17*l.* To the said Castle of Middleham for Thouffe in Wenslaudall, 7s. 8d. To the Lord of Burton in Lonsdall, for the wapentake of Horton in Ribbisdall, 20s. To the Lord of Masham for Elyngstrings, 7s. To the same Lord for Over Elyngton, 10s. To the Lord of Bedall for Rockcywk, 8s. 8d. To George Metcalf, pro libero et corrodio in Wenslaudalle, 33s. 4d. To the heirs of William Jacson, for Aykburge, 13s. 4d. To Thomas Luillints, pro libero redditu, 6s. 8d. Galfred Redman, for Horton, 6s. 8d. Luke Metcalf, pro libero redditu in Estwitton, 40s. To Laurence Askewith, for Elyngstring, 13d. To the Monastery of the Blessed Mary at York, pro libero redditu, 4d. To the Lord of Upsall, for Fyngall, 6s. 8d. To William Sutton, for Aykeburge, 13s. 4d. To Lord Connyers, for Appleton, 5s. To the Castle of Richmond, pro libero firma de Estwitton, Thornton, Fyngall, and other lands, 3s. 10d. ob. To Lord Connyers, pro libero

the bases of the columns. The roof of the Chapter-house was broken down; the Abbot's house, dormitory, cloisters, offices, &c., were unroofed, and the walls, in many parts, destroyed. In process of time earth and weeds accumulated over the neglected rubbish, underwood and briars grew in abundance, and at last nothing remained to mark the site except a few broken walls covered with ivy, and the tops of some arches nearly level with the surface.

So things continued till the late Thomas Bruce Bruudenell Bruce, first Earl of Ailesbury, visited the place in 1805, "and amongst a great variety of improvements projected upon his estate, was much pleased with an experiment that had been made by his steward—the late John Claridge, Esq., in digging down to the bottom of one of the arches, which proved to be the door of the Abbey Church, and led to a beautiful floor of tessellated pavement. His Lordship directed the whole of the ruin to be

firma de Horneby, 12*d*. To the church of Masham for the same, 5*d*. Total, 163*l*. 0*s*. 8*d*.

Feodis, &c. Lord Conyers, chief Seneschal of Richemundschire, 73*s*. 4*d*. James Metcalfe, Seneschal in Wenslaudall, 53*s*. 4*d*. Richard Norton, Seneschal of Horton, 30*s*. Richard Bolde, Seneschal of Keverdley, 40*s*. William Gathred, Seneschal of Estwiton, by common seal, 106*s*. 8*d*. Matthew Thwaite, bailiff of the monastery, 46*s*. 8*d*. John Metcalfe, bailiff of Wenslaudalle, 40*s*. Simon Jackson, bailiff of Keverdley, 40*s*. Leonard Tailor, bailiff of Horton, 20*s*. William Hawe, bailiff of Fyngall 20*s*. Henry Askewithe, receiver and bailiff of Newsted, 20*s*. Peter Messi, bailiff of Dalton, Ellington and Ellingstring, 13*s*. 4*d*. James Nelson, bailiff of Somercotts and Boston, 20*s*. James Dent, bailiff of Tunstall and Riswick, 13*s*. 4*d*. William Barker, bailiff of the barony of Estwiton, 20*s*. James Twayth, receiver of the farms of Ayskcarth. Roger Mangy, ditto of Aynderby, 40*s*. John Dixon, ditto of Westwiton, 10*s*. James Dent, ditto of the farm of the church of Estwiton, 20*s*. Total, 33*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*.

Obit. vir. in. Obit of John Lighgraves, 13*s*. 4*d*. Obit of Thomas Langley, 13*s*. 4*d*. Obit of Alan Standeley. In the whole, 2*l*. 0*s*. 0*d*.

Elemosin. vir. Alms distributed to the poor on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 26 quarters of corn, per annum, 10*l*. 8*s*. 24 quarters 'brasii ordeaci' per annum, 8*l*. Total, 18*l*. 8*s*. 0*d*. Similar alms distributed "*pauperibus heremitis et pueris, in pane, allecibus, albis et rubiis, per annum, 4*l*. 13*s*. 4*d**. Alms given in the parish of Ayscarth, 6*s*. 8*d*. In the parish of Estwiton, 6*s*. 8*d*. In the parish of Aynderby, 6*s*. 8*d*. Total, 23*l*. 18*s*. 0*d*. Grand Total of disbursements by the Abbey of Yorevalle, 222*l*. 12*s*. 0*d*., leaving a clear yearly value of 234*l*. 18*s*. 5*d*.

explored, and cleared out, which was done in 1806 and 1807, at a very considerable expense."(1) The site was then inclosed, partly by a sunk fence, and partly by a wall; and the grounds, with the exception of the interior of the buildings, tastefully planted with evergreens and flowers.

The ruins have ever since been kept in a careful manner, which reflects high credit on the Marquis of Ailesbury and his resident agents. The public are freely admitted at all reasonable hours. Over the entrance gateway is an inscription recording the foundation, demolition, and excavation.

The Abbey Church, including the choir, is 270 feet long. It has transepts, a door out of the south one leading into the sacristy, beyond which is the chapter-house. The steps only of the high altar remain, but in the north transept an altar stands perfectly entire; a rare example. There were seven altars. Before the high

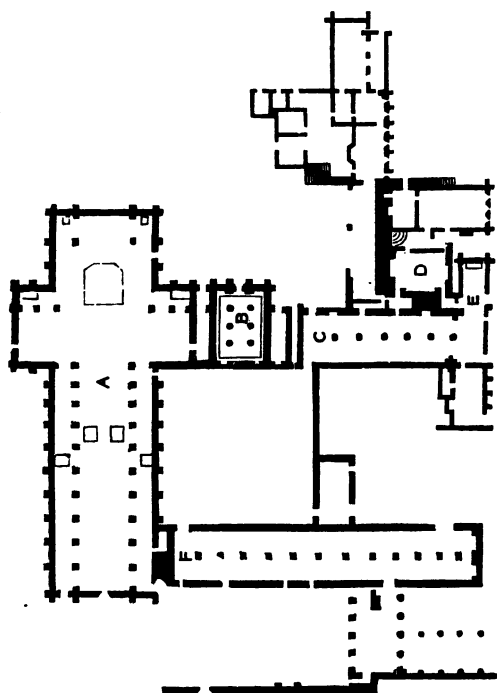


altar lies a statue of Lord Fitz-Hugh, the crusader, in link mail—the armorial bearings on his shield are distinctly visible. The bases of the columns remain in a perfect condition. When the ruins were first excavated, the centre aisle was found laid with a tessellated pave-

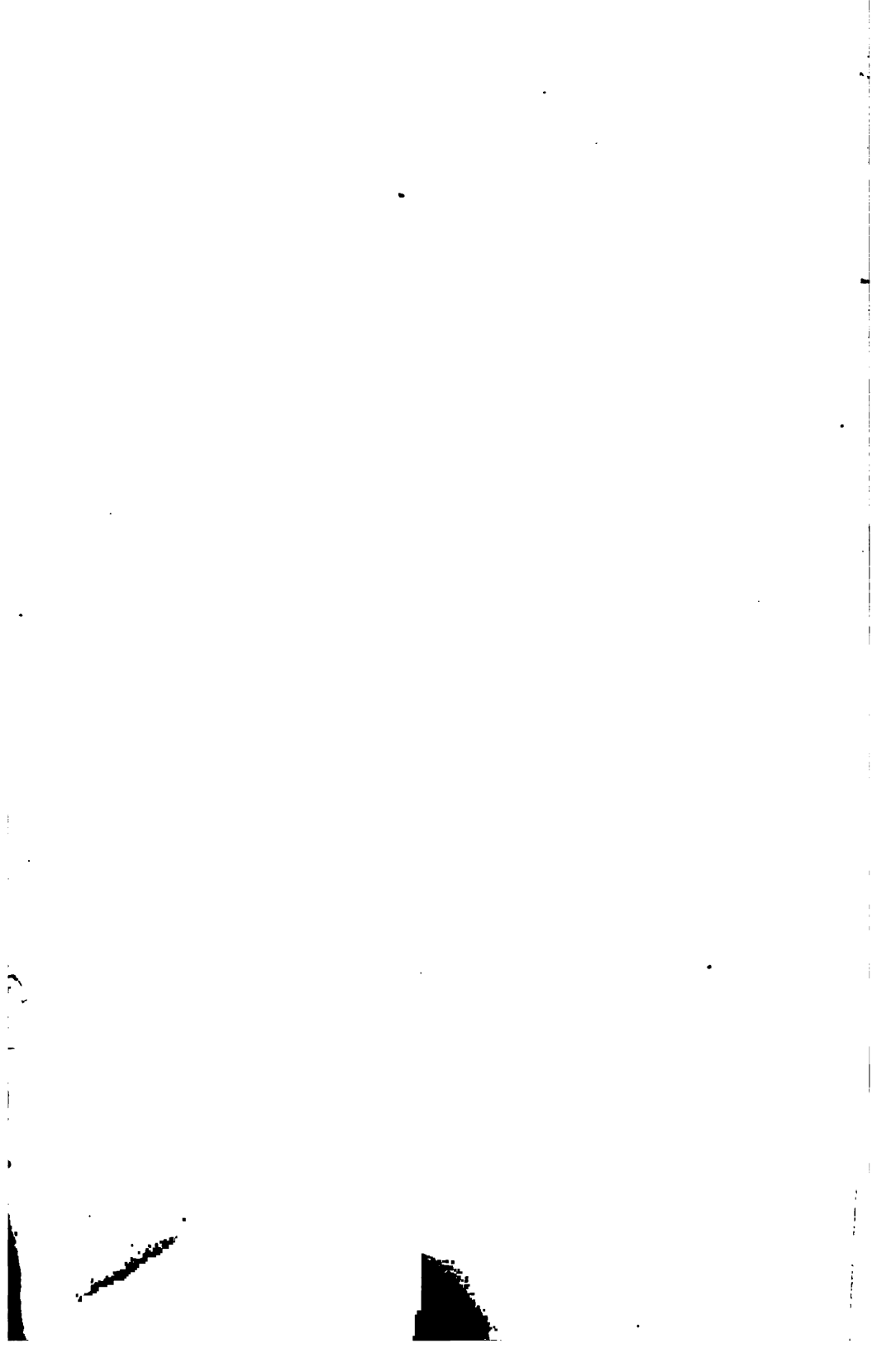
ment in geometrical figures; this was soon so affected by the air and frost, that it was obliged to be taken up, not, however, before drawings had been taken by P. A. Reinagle, Esq. Jerveaux is peculiarly rich in monumental inscriptions. There are ten of these on slabs in the church, exclusive of one on the lowest step of the altar in the north transept.

The monuments in the church may be arranged as follows, proceeding from the great west door towards the high altar. 1st a mutilated slab, the two parts being put

(1) Maude, p. 83.



GROUND PLAN OF JOREVALLE ABBEY.



together. 2nd, a slab, with cross. 3rd, a slab, bearing a cross and chalice, with the inscription

T. DVNWEEL CANO^s. SCI LEONARDI EBOR.

4th, a slab, with cross. 5th, a mutilated slab, with portion of a cross. 6th, a perfect slab, with a beautiful floriated cross, chalice, and host, and this inscription,

✠ ASKARTH ✠ CONTEGITVR SAXI HAC SVB
MOLE ✠ BRIANVS ✠ CUI DEVS ETERNA
DET BENE LVCE FRVI.(1)

7th, slab with a cross. 8th, the same. 9th, before the altar in the south transept, a large slab charged with a cross, and a sword on the *right* side. 10th, the already-named mutilated effigy of Lord Fitzhugh, on which Dr. Whitaker remarks that he saw another fragment, bearing the same arms, impaling Marmion. 11th, mutilated stone. 12th, on a broken slab, lying on the eastern wall, a cross and chalice, with the inscription

**Ric-jacet-in-tumba-Wilt-noie-Sallay
construxit-tabula-in-turma-duodena.**

This stone commemorates no mean artist. The tabulæ which he is celebrated for constructing, were pieces of highly adorned workmanship, sometimes of wood, but frequently of gold and silver, adorned with jewels, which on high festivals were placed before the altar. The church of Holy Island had three of copper, with images of our Blessed Saviour, and two others of alabaster upon

(1) According to Whitaker, this stone, in his time, was in the north cloister, and he observes "the appearance of this single memorial in the common cemetery of the monks and gentry of the country, whence it is known that multitudes of inscribed stones have been removed and broken even for the repair of the highways, fills the mind at once with regret for such tasteless havoc, and with thankfulness that it has ceased."—*Richmondshire*. Vol. i. p. 425. In the garden walls of the modern Vicarage House, at East Witton, many fragments of monumental slabs, easily distinguishable by the crosses, may be seen either built in, or used as coping-stones, and the same elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

the altar.(1) The inscription on the step of the altar, in the north transept, is

ALFRIDI DE HVNTON R

In this superb church lie many of the Lords Fitzhugh, founders of the Abbey. The founder, Akar, who died in 1161, and his son Herveius Fitz-Akary, were the first interred there, the latter in 1182. Afterwards followed Henry Fitz-Randolph, who died in 1262; and his daughter-in-law, Albreda, wife of Hugh Fitz-Henry, Lord of Ravenswath, whose neglected tomb may yet be seen in Remaldkirk church. She was buried February 22nd, 1302. Henry Fitz-Henry, grandson of Hugh and Albreda, died in his father's lifetime, 1352, and was buried at the foot of the high altar. His second son, and heir, Henry, who married Joan, daughter of Henry, Lord Scrope of Masham, was likewise buried before the high altar, October 25th, 1386. Henry, Lord Fitzhugh, K.G., his son and successor, aged twenty-three years at his father's death, attended Henry V. in his wars in France, with 66 men at arms, and 209 archers. He is described as "tres noble and tres vaillant chivaler," and the very *beau ideal* of a gallant knight. He visited Jerusalem on pilgrimage, and also Cairo, and fought against the Saracens and Turks. He married Elizabeth Gray, heiress of Marmion of Tanfield, and dying at Ravenswath, January 11th, 1424, was interred with his ancestors at Yorevalle. His lady died in 1427, and was buried there also. It is the mutilated effigy of this illustrious warrior which is

(1) "Tabula, non quæ altari superponitur, sed ea quæ solida et figuris exornata ipsi Altari præstenditur. . . . Tabulam quoque unam ex auro et argento, et gemmis electis artificiose constructam. Vitæ Abbs. Sci. Albani." Again, "facta est magna tabula, ejus pars est de metallo, pars de ligno artificiosissime perfecta, quæ est ante majus altare in ecclesia nostra." Ibid. It appears too that these were frequently wrought by the more ingenious monks, or even by ecclesiastics of higher rank; for it is said of a Bishop of Verdun, "Tabulam ex auro purissimo quæ in diebus festis arcta altare ponitur, fabrili opere compegit." See Du Cange in voce *Tabula*.

now seen by the visitor at the eastern extremity of the centre aisle. The interlaced chevrons and chief upon his heater shield—the cross-legged attitude, betokening one who had been in act or vow, a soldier of the cross—the hand *sheathing* the sword, always indicating a victorious knight, who died in peace—lastly, the fragments, now indeed no longer visible, of the shield of Marmion, the bearings of his heiress-wife,—establish the identity. Others of the House of Ravenswath found here their last resting-place. I have only enumerated some of the principal. “All these memorials” says Whitaker “lead to a painful recollection of what that beautiful church once was, when the successive monuments of this great family (now reduced to a mutilated statue and a mere fragment) appeared in their original splendour. But Jervall suggests many other topics of regret.”(1)

When eve's soft dews bathe the roses,
 And the owlet wanders by,
 When each lovely day-flower closes,
 And stars twinkle in the sky,—
 Musing where pale moon-beams glisten
 On yon grey and mould'ring cell,
 Pensive Fancy bids me listen
 To the Abbey's vesper bell.

Long its inmates have departed,
 Shelterless is now that bound,
 Where of yore the broken-hearted
 Holiest consolation found;
 Though unnam'd in written story
 All who there were wont to dwell,
 Lingering near those ruins hoary
 I can hear their vesper bell.

Up the long aisle spectral gliding,
 Vested priests and monks appear—
 Hark! all earthly sounds subsiding
 Anthems greet the list'ning ear!—

(1) Whitaker. *Richmondshire*. Vol. i. p. 125.

Sudden night is round me dark'ning,
 Dies away the organ's swell,
 Yet, entranc'd, I still seem hear'ning
 To the Abbey's vesper bell!

The Chapter-house is a fine apartment, 48 feet by 35, originally supported by six marble pillars, three of which remain entire—s one benches run round the sides. Here are seven monumental slabs, including that to the pious John de Kingston, the first Abbot, and builder of Jerveaux, who died in 1150; the letters are as legible as on the day when they were graven, albeit seven centuries have since passed away. Others commemorate William the third; Eustache the fifth; John the eighth; and Peter de Snape, the seventeenth Abbot.

The inscriptions are as follows:

✠ TVMBA: JOH'ES: P'MI: ABB'IS: IORVALLIS.

✠ TVMBA: WIL'I: TERCVI: ABB'IS: IOREVAL.

✠ TVMBA EU CHII: : : Q'NTI: ABBATIS:
 DE: IOREVALL.

✠ TVMBA IOH'IS: OCTABIS: IOREVALL: DE-
 FVNCTL

✠ TVMBA \ p'ris de s'pape \ ab-
 BATIS \ p'ris s' s'pape.

This last, which is the only one in old English black letter, has a cross and chalice between a crosier and mitre. Abbot John de Brompton, if buried here, has no memorial but the chronicle he left behind him. "To one who seeks for the plain tomb of the first abbot in the Chapter-house, it may truly be said, as of another great architect in much later times, 'si tumulum quæras, despice; si monumentum, circumspice;' for all this vast pile is a monument of the skill, the perseverance, and the piety of John de Kingston." (1)

(1) Whit. *Richmondshire*. Vol. i. p. 429.

There were in all, twenty-three Abbots of Jorevalla; one, whose name is unknown, lies buried at Ainderby Steeple, whilst the handsome monument of Robert Thornton, the twenty-second, may be seen in the Collegiate Church of Middleham, of which he was Dean.

I subjoin Whitaker's corrected list of Abbots, which is, however, still imperfect, as it will be seen four are wanting :

1. JOHANNES DE KINGSTON.
2. JOHANNES BROMPTON.
3. WIL'MUS TERCIUS ABB'AS JOREVALL.
4. (WANTING.)
5. EUSTACIUS QUINTUS ABB'AS JOREVALL.
6. RADULPHUS.
7. SIMON DE MIDGLEY.
8. JOHANNES OCTÆVUS ABB'AS JOREVALL.
9. THOMAS DE GRISELHURST.
10. HUGO.
11. JOHANNES.
12. JOHANNES DE NEWBY.
13. RICARDUS GOWER.
14. THOMAS.
- 15 and 16. (WANTING.)
17. PETRUS DE SNAPE, ABB'AS DECIMUS SEPTIMUS.
18. (WANTING.)
19. JOHAN BROMPTON, 2DUS.
20. WIL'MUS.
21. WIL'MUS DE HESLINGTON.
22. ROBERTUS THORNTON, ABB'AS VICESSIMUS 2DUS.
23. ADAM SEDBAR, executed in 1537,

East of the Chapter-house stand the Abbot's lodgings, and further to the east the great kitchen. In this last are three immense fire-places, the stones of which are yet marked by the action of the flames. How many a poor widow and hungry orphan has blessed the food always prepared for them in that now deserted kitchen in Catholic days. West, is the refectory, a noble room; at its south end we find a small chapel, with a nearly perfect altar. In this chapel an early Mass was probably said daily, for the benefit of those Abbey servants whose occupations obliged them to be abroad before the usual hour of offering the Holy Sacrifice in the church. Various

absurd uses have been assigned to this chapel and altar by speculative antiquaries, such for example as that it was for the monks to "*hear prayers in, before dinner!!!*" and one writer gravely ruminates on the probable haste with which the good fathers would discharge this duty in order to perform a more palatable one. In a house of the magnitude of Yorevalle, there must necessarily have been a considerable number of farm servants and others, although the monks and even the clergy engaged personally in the labours of husbandry. Even St. Thomas, as we find recorded in Gervase's Chronicles, while he filled the See of Canterbury, was accustomed to go into the fields with the monks of the monasteries where he happened to reside, and to join them in reaping their corn, or in making their hay. The monks were, in fact, the great improvers of agriculture in the middle ages. They possessed a large portion of the finest land in the country, and they were careful to have it cultivated to the utmost extent which the knowledge of the times permitted. Peculiar protection was extended also, by canonical law, to those engaged in agriculture.(1) Our modern horticulturists owe a generally unacknowledged debt of gratitude to the monastic orders. "The monks," says a pleasing writer,(2) "after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, appear to have been the only gardeners. As early as 674, we have a record, describing a pleasant and fruit-bearing close at Ely, then cultivated by Brithnoth, the first Abbot of that place. The ecclesiastics subsequently carried their cultivation of fruits as far as was compatible with the nature of the climate, and the horticultural knowledge of the middle

(1) By the 26th canon of the 3rd Council of Lateran (1179) it was decreed "That all presbyters, clerks, monks, converts, pilgrims, and peasants, when they were engaged in the labours of husbandry, together with the cattle in their ploughs, and the seed which they carried into the field, should enjoy perfect security; and that all who molested or interrupted them, if they did not desist when they were admonished, should be excommunicated."

(2) *Vegetable Substances*. Vol. i. p. 215, 216.

ages. Whoever has seen an old Abbey, where for generations destruction only has been at work, must have almost invariably found it situated in one of the choicest spots, both as to soil and aspect; and if the hand of injudicious improvement has not swept it away, there is still the "Abbey-garden." Even though it has been wholly neglected—though its walls be in ruins, covered with stone-crop and wall-flower, and its area produce but the rankest weeds—there are still the remains of the aged fruit trees—the venerable pears, the delicate little apples, and the luscious black cherries. The chesnuts and the walnuts may have yielded to the axe, and the fig-trees and vines died away; but sometimes the mulberry is left, and the strawberry and the raspberry struggle among the ruins. There is a moral lesson in these memorials of the monastic ages. The monks were men of peace and study; and these monuments show that they were improving the world, while the warriors were spending their lives to spoil it. In many parts of Italy and France, which had lain in desolation and ruins from the time of the Goths, the monks restored the whole surface to fertility; and in Scotland and Ireland there probably would not have been a fruit-tree till the sixteenth century, if it had not been for their peaceful labours. It is generally supposed that the monastic orchards were in their greatest perfection from the twelfth to the fifteenth century."(1)

(1) Information relative to our early horticulture is so very scanty that the following extracts from the Hampton Court books, relative to the earliest state of the gardens there, circa 1529, can hardly be unwelcome :—

"Swete williams" were purchased at *iiid.* the bushell. Gillavers slipps, gillavers mynts, and other swete flowers, at the same price. Croseais at *iiid.* the C. Payd to John Hutton, of London, gardener, for bourder of rosemary of *iii* yeres olde to sett about the mount in the kynges new garden, *ii.* *vid.* Payments to women weeding in the kinges new garden, every of them *iid.* the day. Similar price is paid for "watteryng." Paid to Ales Brewer and Margaret Rogers for gethering of 34 bushells of strawbery roots, primerose, and violets, at *iiid.* the bushell, *viii.* *vid.* Item, to Matthew Garrett, of Kyngston, for setting of the said rots and floures by the space of *xx* days, at *iiid.* the day, *vs.* Appul-trees and payrtrees for the new garden, at *vid.* the piece. *vi.* C cherytrees at

There are various other buildings, but I have described the principal. A little below are the remains of the convent mill.(1) In the stable walls of the adjoining farmhouse are some shields of Grey, &c.; above the barn door is a lion rampant, and a portion of the slab of THOMAS DE HO above a door near the thrashing machine.

Adjacent is a modern house, the seat of the Marquis of Ailesbury; but the noble owner rarely visits it. About a mile east of the Abbey the Yore is crossed by Kilgram Bridge, respecting the building of which a tale is told very similar to the legend of Aix-la-Chappelle.

EAST WITTON.

In Witton ad g'ld xii car' & viii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Glumer i man. N'c h't a Com' in d'nio ii car. & xi uill' & ii bord' cu' v car' Prtu' i leug' l'g & i qr lat' silua minuta. Tot' i leug' & dim' l'g & t'ud' lat'. T. R. E. ual' iiii lib m°. xx sol'.

Ad hoc man' adjacent berwic' Toresbi, ii. c. Witun, v. c. Wendreslaga iiii. c. & alia Wendreslaga iii. c. simul ad g'ld xiiii car' & x caruc, poss' e'e' wast' s't. Tot, ii leug' l'g & ii lat'.

In Toresbi ad g'ld i car' & i caruca potest e'e' h'c h't Gospatric & n'c h't iterum de Comite & wasta est.(2)

EAST WITTON is a neat little village, consisting of

vid. the C. ii C young trees of oke and elme, five score to every hundred, at xiiis. vid. the hundred, to sett in the kynge's great orcharde xxvs. Gatheryng of v quarters of acornes to sow in the parks at Hampton Courtt, at iiis. the quarter. Also of iii quarters and i. boshell of hawes, slowes, and acornes at lyke pryse. Empcion of quyksetts for the tryangell at the mownte. 40 great setts of you, genaper, and holly, at iid. the pece. Woodebyne and thorne, at vd. the C. Quyksett of white thorne, to sett abowght the new parke, nexte unto Hampton Tonne, at iis. iiid. the thowsand. Amongst miscellaneous items we find—A garden spade for the French priest to occupy at the mount, and for 2 showlls as iron shod, to fill the wheelbarrows in the mason's lodge, price the pece, vid.

(1) For further particulars the reader is referred to a forthcoming "Visit to Jerveaux," by the author of this work.

(2) Domesday Survey.

a single street, the houses comprising which are entirely new, having been rebuilt about forty years ago, under the superintendence of the late Earl of Ailesbury's active and enterprising agent, Mr. Claridge. This gentleman effected very great improvements on the estate, rebuilding farm-houses, reclaiming moorlands, &c. He made most extensive plantations on Witton Fell and elsewhere, covering many hundred previously useless acres with firs and oaks; and these—long ornamental—are daily becoming valuable woods. Almost on the summit of the Fell is a transparent spring called "Cast-a-way Well," and a grotto, frequented by pic-nic parties during the summer months. The view from this place is truly magnificent, looking north over the valley of Yore towards the palatinate of Durham, and eastward to the Cleveland hills and Roseberry Topping, with, in very clear weather, a glimpse of the sea. With a little care, two abbies and five castles may be distinctly discerned, besides numerous parish churches and gentlemen's seats. From one point of the Fell York Minster is visible to the naked eye.

Cast-a-way Well grotto is certainly a delightful spot to retire to on a sultry July day, and while away the breezeless hours of glowing noontide sunshine. The fatiguing ascent of the Fell is amply repaid by the lovely landscape extended far below, in all the charms of rural beauty—shadowed from the meridian rays by thick fir boughs—inhaling the aromatic fragrance breathed by the wild mountain flowers and blossoms of the young heather—and listening to the soft loving note of the wood-doves as it mingles with the half inaudible tinkle of the thread-like silver fountain, dewily besprinkling the green mosses and long graceful ferns, here it seems as if worldly sorrow might be awhile forgot, and even the sick heart indulge in sweet poetic reverie. And if, from the village or fields far below, there should arise a merry human laugh or cheerful shout, or the churchbell told the flight of the never-resting hours, it would not interrupt the serenity of that dream.

Nay, should a gale spring up, to agitate the tree-tops, and arouse the mysterious voices of the moorlands, that, too, were soothing likewise.

Oh 'tis a joyous thing
Beside some moss-clad rock,
That for uncounted centuries
Hath defied each tempest shock,
Upon the scented heath
All carelessly reclin'd,
To lie and listen joyously
To the murmuring mountain wind—
That sometimes, faint and low,
Moaneth like one in pain,—
Anon, comes laughing merrily
In a glad rejoicing strain.

Then as the fleecy clouds
Float o'er the azure sky,
To watch their ever-changing shapes
With meditative eye,
Far from the busy world—
From heartless tumult far—
Where nought deep silence can disturb
Save th' elemental war.
There, should a storm arise,
To watch the battle strife
Of the gigantic thunder clouds
That strive like things of life.

Formerly East Witton was a market town, having in the 35th Edward I. (1306) received a charter for a market every Monday, and a fair on Martinmas Day.(1)

(1) Fairs among the old Romans were holidays, on which there was an intermission of labour and pleadings. Among the Christians, upon any extraordinary solemnity, particularly the anniversary dedication of a church, tradesmen were wont to bring and sell their ware even in the churchyards, which continued especially upon the festivals of the dedication. The custom was kept up till the reign of Henry VI. Thus we find a great many fairs kept at these festivals of dedications; as at Westminster on St. Peter's Day, at London on St. Bartholomew's; Durham on St. Cuthbert's Day. But the great numbers of people being often the occasion of riots and disturbances, the privilege of holding a fair was granted by royal charter. At first they were only allowed in towns and places of strength, or where there was some bishop or governor of

There were also hirings for servants. All have long fallen into desuetude, but two fairs annually are still maintained. The existing church is quite modern, having been built by the late Earl of Ailesbury, in 1809, in honour of George III. entering on the fiftieth year of his reign. The original design was to erect a column or obelisk in some conspicuous situation ; but the plan was abandoned, and the venerable and commodious old church, of earlier date than Jerveaux Abbey itself, was ruthlessly levelled, and a new one, designed in two styles of architecture, built about a quarter of a mile off.

The churchyard of St. Martin's, is, however, still used by the old families as a burial place, as it has been for at least seven hundred years. It is sadly neglected, and the remaining tombs are frequently broken and defaced. Trees cover the spot where the church stood. Several of the ancient lines of Croft, Errington, Purchas, Ayscough, and Barker lie here—stone coffins have often been found. It is a sweet retired spot, and its associations involuntarily carry us back to long departed days. There now

condition to keep them in order. In process of time there were several circumstances of favour added, people having the protection of a holiday, and being allowed freedom from arrests, upon the score of any difference not arising upon the spot. They had likewise a jurisdiction allowed them to do justice to those that came thither ; and therefore the most inconsiderable fair with us has, or had a court belonging to it, which takes cognizance of all manner of causes and disorders growing and committed upon the place, called *pye powder* or *pedes pulverizati*. Some fairs are free, and others charged with tolls and impositions. At free fairs, traders, whether natives or foreigners, are allowed to enter the kingdom, and are under the royal protection in coming and returning. They and their agents, with their goods, also their persons and goods, are exempt from all duties and impositions, tolls and servitudes ; and such merchants going or coming from the fair cannot be arrested, or their goods stopped. The prince only has the power to establish fairs of any kind. These fairs make a considerable article in the commerce of Europe, especially those of the Mediterranean, or inland parts, as Germany. The most famous are those of Frankfort and Leipsic ; the fairs of Novi, in the Milanese ; that of Riga, Archangel ; of St. Germain, at Paris ; of Lyons ; of Guibray, in Normandy ; and of Beaucaire, in Languedoc ; those of Porto-Bello, Vera Cruz, and the Havannah, are the most considerable in America.

"At eve the beetle boometh
 Athwart the thicket lone,
 At noon the wild bee hummeth
 About the mossed head-stone:
 At midnight the moon cometh
 And looketh down alone."

TENNYSON.

A hamlet called Lowthorpe leads from East Witton to St. Martin's. Close by the new church stands a neat Vicarage-House. In the parish is Braithwaite Hall, built by the Purchas family in the 17th century.

About a mile beneath East Witton is the junction of the Cover with the Yore. A bridge of one arch crosses the former river, and the latter is spanned by a narrow but handsome bridge of four arches, erected in 1679. This is Ulshaw, the spot where, in 651, St. Oswin dismissed his army prior to his martyrdom. The Earl Marshal, Ralph Nevile, Earl of Westmorland and Lord of Middleham, in his will dated Oct. 18th, 1424, gave to the bridge of Ulshawe £20, if it was not finished in his lifetime. On the north bank, connected with a dwelling-house, is a Catholic Chapel, never completed internally; a vault beneath which forms the burial place of the Scropes, of Danby.

THORNTON STEWARD.

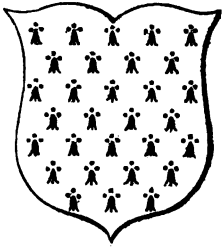
In Tonentone ad g'ld vi car. & iii caruc' poss' e'e'. In Ascame Berwic hui' man' ad g'ld iiii car' & v caruc' poss' e'e'. Ex his i car. jacet in Soca de Witune.

In Tornentone h'b Gospatric man'. N'e idem ipse h't de Comite in d'nio i car' & v uill's & ii bords' cu' ii car' Eccl'a ibi e'. Tot. i leug' l'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' xxx sol' m'o xx sol'.(1)

THORNETON STEWARD.—Sunt ibidem 5 carucatae & 5 bovatae terræ, unde 14 faciunt feodum, &c. quarum una

(1) Domesday Survey.

carucata & una bovata tenentur de Sibilla de Thorneton, & Johannes de Saperton tenet 4 bovatas terræ de Johanne de Haseby, & idem Johannes de heredibus Ricardi de Layburne, & iidem hæredes de prædicta Sibilla, & eadem Sibilla de Comite Richemundiæ, & Comes de Rege.(1)



Immediately opposite Jerveaux is THORNTON STEWARD, so named from belonging to the Stewards of the Earls of Richmond.(2) The church, one of the oldest in Wensleydale, stands half a mile west of the village. Although this church is not—as Dr. Whitaker supposed—Saxon, there is every reason to believe that one has occupied its site ever since the days of St. Paulinus, and that there, during the subsequent period, the Christian dead have been laid. Nevertheless, in 1844, the Rev. Henry Sheppard, then vicar, projected its demolition, and the erection of a modern edifice at the other end of the village. Great controversy arose, for the parishioners were vehemently opposed to the removal, dreading a desecration of the burial ground, as at East Witton. A variety of letters were published on the subject. Ultimately the plan was abandoned, and the venerable fabric stands where it so long has done, and I hope long will do, a proof of early Catholic piety.

It stands in lonely meekness, where of old
 Confessors rear'd it, when in Wensleydale
 The Holy Cross, first taught, bade quickly pale
 Woden's false planet; and the message, told
 To heathens, was believed. Ages have roll'd
 Since then, yet duly to the lowly fane
 Resort the Christians,—in its burial fold
 Successive generations have been lain,—

(1) Kirkby's Inquest.

(2) It is still locally called Thornton le Steward, though never written so.

The village fathers—with a humble trust

There from such awful rest to wake again :

There would their children sleep, dust blent with dust.

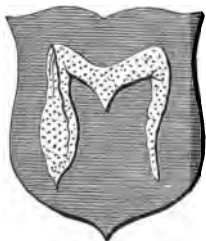
And shall that church be raz'd ?—O thought profane !

Forbid it, all who own your creed with pride ;—

Forbid it, ye who kneel where martyred saints once died !

At a farm-house in Thornton may be seen the tombstone of "Jernegan, Parsonne of Tanfelde," originally from Jerveaux, but once used with many similar ones during the reign of sacrilege, in an embankment of the Yore.

At this village the celebrated contractor, Sir Edward Banks, who was born at Hutton Hang, a mile off, lived when young as a farmer's boy, but committing some youthful delinquency he fled his service to avoid the consequences, and making his way to London, by dint of natural talent and perseverance rose from the lowest station to eminence and affluence, and received knighthood from George IV. Amongst other public works he contracted for the building of the present London and Waterloo Bridges. Close to the village are some vestiges of a Roman encampment.



West of Thornton stands Danby Hall, the ancient and pleasantly situated mansion of Simon Thomas Scrope, Esq. This residence has not been occupied by the family for a considerable period, but is at present undergoing a complete renovation, and it is to be hoped will, in the course of a few months, become once more the chief abode of its universally respected owner.

A little further on is the confluence of the Yore and Cover, "the yellow sanded river" here receiving into her bosom the silver waters of the mountain stream that has so long wound its sinuous course over sheets of limestone marble, between sweet banks overshadowed by the green hazels and graceful willows. The Cover is full of fine

trout, and affords abundant spots for the exercise of the fisherman's skill. And well, returning from a summer day's successful sport, "when the sun is shining low," after having at once enjoyed its beauties and its finny spoil, might a party of brethren of the angle sing that song of an unremembered poet, in which old Izaak Walton would have joined so complacently.

"When the sun is shining low,
From our easy sport we go,
Our kettle full of fish ;
And, having thought the golden day,
Through the meads we take our way,
In haste to dress our dish :

Whether it barbel be, or pike,
Or trout, or silver eel belike,
Or perch, or grayling free ;
Or bream, or carp, or tench, or bleak,
Or gudgeons that in fords we seek,
Or roach, or dace it be.

A cup, well stirr'd with rosemary,
A health to Madge too pledged free,
A song of harmless love,
Sheets, neatly kept in lavender,
May each day of the calendar
These simple blessings prove.

Before the fire we sit, and sing,
Content and happy as a king,
When winds of Autumn blow,
Employ'd upon our gentle themes,
Till Spring unbind the frozen streams,
And then to fish we go ;

With morn unto the dewy meads,
Where the herd contented feeds,
Tracing our steps again ;
What fortune can be like to this ?
Then let the wise partake our bliss,
Th' unwise at courts remain !"

LOD THURLOW.

MIDDLEHAM.

In Medelai ad g'ld v car. & iii caruce' poss. e'e'. Ibi h'b Ghilepatric man'. Ne' h't Ribald & wast e'. Tot' i leug' lg' & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' xx sol'.(1)

MIDDLEHAM, at one period undoubtedly the capital of Wensleydale, is pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Yore. It is a neat little town, unpolluted by any manufacture, and chiefly occupied by professional and independent families. It has a charter for a weekly market on Mondays, granted by Richard II., in 1388, but all vestiges of it have long disappeared—a modern market cross alone attesting the fact. In the swine market stands a double flight of steps, with two pediments for figures;



one of the effigies is gone, and the other is much mutilated. It appears to have represented a bear, one of the Nevile badges, but the Rev. W. Athill, in his "Collegiate Church of Middleham" p. xxv. considers it a boar, the well-known cognizance of

Richard III. A precisely similar animal may be noticed at Jerveaux Abbey.(2)

Inserted in the wall of a dwelling-house opposite the castle is a stone bearing in rude bas-relief, a sculptured peacock, probably intended for the badge of Robert Nevile, grandson of "Mary of Middleham," a nobleman

(1) Domesday Survey.

(2) Mr. Longstaffe thinks, with much probability, that this is a punning device for *Bardolph*. The arms of the abbey are in all likelihood those of his son, Akar, the founder, viz., gules, three escallop shells, argents. "And this is peculiar, because Akar seems to have had no lineage in common with D'Acre, who wears the same coat, and his own descendants, the Fitzhughs, had nothing like it. An old family of Akers in the West Indies, gives the same, with the shells gold."

who was known as "the Peacock of the North," and fell in a border fight against the Earl of Douglas. (1)

(1) The bear was not the only cognizance of the Neviles.

"Lord Westmoreland his auncient raisede,
The dun but he rays'd on hye,
And three dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye."

The Rising of the North.

A bull's head, sable, armed, or, out of a ducal or earl's coronet, or on a chapeau, was the usual Nevile crest. Their supporters were two pied bull, armed, unguled, collared, and chained, or, with some trifling variations, being occasionally ducally gorged. On a cradle which belonged to the last Earl, the supporters are a bull and lion rampant, and two roundels contain the crest and a lion rampant. They also had a very celebrated badge, consisting of a bull passant, bearing a banner (in the manner of an Agnus Dei) charged with the Nevile saltier; while from the beast's neck proceeds a sort of streamer also adorned with that most famous cross. The whole of these bull insignia were with the device of *h. h.* derived from Bertram Bulmer, Lord of Brancepeth, whose daughter and heiress married Geoffrey de Nevile, temp. Rich. I. The daughter and heiress of this couple married Robert Fitz-Maldred, a direct descendant from Waltheof (the Saxon Earl of Northumbria, A.D. 989.) And the Norman star being then in the ascendant, his son assumed his mother's name of Nevile; but retained his own paternal coat, the saltire, which became the most cherished bearing of the north, and occurs everywhere. The Neviles descended from Gilbert de Nevile, a noble Norman admiral in the Conqueror's fleet, and their arms were, or, fretty gules, on a canton sable, an ancient ship. In the quartered shield this bearing takes the next rank to the saltire of Fitz-Maldred. The "three dogs with golden collars" does not generally occur among the Nevile badges, yet some of the many junior branches of the family (as Nevile of Chytle, Yorks., &c.) bore a greyhound's head erased. The great Earl of Salisbury occasionally gave the Montacute and Mount-hermer badges, as well as the bear and ragged staff, which derived from Beauchamp. There are three mottos of Nevile. *Mops dropt.* which occurs on a garter round the Nevile cross at Brancepeth; it also occurred on a beautiful groined roof discovered there in 1818, and was there written *mais droyte*; *Esperant me comfort.* used generally by the Raby family; and *Ne vile fano* worn by the Abergavenny branch. Some junior lines gave Nevile only. The Fanes, Earls of Westmoreland, descended from the family, got a capital punning motto on both names. "*Ne vile fano.*" See W. Hylton Longstaffe's "*Gatherings for a Garland of Bishopric Blossoms.*" In his "*Richmondshire*" Mr. Longstaffe, when speaking of the Fitzrandolph effigy at Coverham, where the knight is surrounded by greyhounds, seems inclined to think this a Fitzrandolph badge, acquired by the match with Mary of Middleham, and adds that greyhounds act as supporters on the seal of the great Earl. After all, the change of supporters and badges is strictly speaking chiefly dependant upon the will of the bearer, and so likewise of crests and mottoes; though modern heralds have imposed restrictions perfectly illegal by the ancient law of Arms. But no man may change his paternal shield, though entitled slightly to difference it without a confirmation; and he must on no account usurp the arms of another.

By far the most prominent object in Middleham is the once magnificent castle, which, even in its utter ruin, frowns in grim state over the town. The remains, with the exception of the keep, are much shattered, apparently from the effects of gunpowder. The keep is the original building of Fitzrandolph; the outer building or envelope, being that added by the Nevile. The whole forms a parallelogram of 210 feet by 175, with a tower at each angle, that at the south-west being circular. The gateway, on the north side, is quite perfect, and the chapel may be distinctly traced; but broken fragments of the walls and other rubbish have accumulated from the height of from six to ten feet above the original floors. In the south-east turret of the keep a winding staircase remains, a good deal broken, up which, many years ago, an adventurous cow made her way, to her owner's great consternation. A council speedily assembled, and various expedients were proposed for deposing the animal from her singular elevation; none appearing feasible, it was wisely resolved to leave her to herself; when, to the amusement and wonder of the by-standers, she effected her descent in safety. A few years ago a portion of the moat remained on the south side of the castle, and "the leaden pipes, for the conveyance of water, were taken up within the memory of the mother of a person now (1847) living.⁽¹⁾ Not long ago, Colonel Wood, of Littleton, Middlesex, lord of the manor, built a low wall, and subsequently a loftier one with great gates, constantly locked, round the ruins, which he claims as private property, though it is difficult to reconcile this with her Majesty's rights.

Altogether the castle, by historic recollections, is rendered one of the most interesting in the north of England. As we pace its deserted courts, or stand within its roofless walls, imagination may well recall the by-gone. The

(1) Athill's "Collegiate Church of Middleham." p. xxii.

trumpets sound—the armour clashes ;—the gorgeous Edward—the munificent Richard—fair Anne of Warwick—her Duchess sister, Isabella of Clarence—and their stately sire—people these desolate rooms. Lady, Knight, demoiselle, and damoiseau, flit past us in brilliant pageantry. We see

“ ——— throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.”

Anon, the scene changes. Night hovers over the castle—the young moon vainly struggles with the dim clouds—torches supply her place. There are guards, and a prisoner—we hear the death-axe fall on the unhappy Falconbridge:—we start from our daydream—all are gone ;—feasters and sufferers—nobles and soldiers. We are standing in “a banquet-hall deserted,” and the jackdaw’s cry awakes the echoes instead of the trumpet’s sound.

“ These walls, where now with softening grace
The ivy wreath is flung,
With trophies once of war and chase
Were thick and proudly hung ;
But helmet, spear, and horn are gone
T’ augment the dust we tread upon.

* * * * *

Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid
On battlement and tower,
And where rich banners were displayed,
Now only waves a flower.

Mute is the warden’s challenge—mute
The warrior’s hasty tread ;
And tuneless is the lady’s lute,
For she is with the dead ;
And but a flower now mourns the doom
Of prostrate strength and faded bloom.”

MRS. HEY.

"There is no subject more curious and more striking to the imagination than the history of chivalry. Many attempts have been made to write it: it has never yet been perfectly done, because no author has sufficiently united fancy and eloquence with research and knowledge. Nor can it be adequately done without numerous engravings and embellishments. It requires a union of so many opportunities, with so much genius, that it probably never will be done. It was an institution that, though it might occasionally lead to excesses and absurdities, yet was noble in its origin, in its purposes, and in its spirit. It so far purified the heart, that it was unselfish and generous. It was that spur to fame which led to encounter dangers, and seek immortality by magnanimous deeds. It delighted the senses without sensuality, it cheered the mind by variety of splendour, and it fortified



and soothed those gradations of society which, in some shape or other, must exist. There is nothing now to keep alive the energies of the people; it is all hopeless and unbroken poverty. The splendour of the rich is only for themselves: there

are no halls of hospitality, no feasts for the poor, no common dancing and music, no songs and minstrels, no Christmas carols, no pomp of arms, and banners, and tilts, and tournaments; much luxury, but no plenty; much pomp, but no solidity."(1)

There is something peculiarly interesting in the manner in which the aspirants to chivalrous distinction were led as it were from the threshold to the dais. The first seven years of a noble boy's life, who was destined to profess arms, were spent amongst the women. He then

(1) *From an Article in Frazer's Magazine*; June, 1833. Vol. vii. p. 635.

became a Page or Valet, and the remainder of his education was commonly received in the castle of some distinguished baron or knight. Lessons of religion, morality, courage, and courtesy, especially to damsels, were most studiously inculcated till the neophyte attained his fourteenth year, when he was solemnly invested with the rank of squire. His military studies now commenced in earnest, and during the remainder of his probation for the dignity of knighthood, he was constantly exercised in the use of arms, horsemanship, and those feats of agility and strength required by the warlike practices of the period. Neither was the pursuit remitted of those elegant studies which, even in our unchivalric day, are yet held essential to constitute a thoroughly accomplished gentleman. Chaucer has left us a well-drawn portrait of a *perfect* Squire of his time:

“ ——— a young Squier,
 A lover and a lusty bachelor,
 With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press;
 Of twenty year of age he was, I guess.
 Of his stature he was of euen length,
 And wonderly deliver, and great of strength.
 And he had been some time in chevachie
 In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy;
 And borne him well, as of so little space,
 In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
 Embroider'd was he, as it were a mead,
 All full of freshé flowrés, white and red.
 Singing he was, or floyting all the day:
 He was as fresh as the month of May.
 Short was his gown, with sleevés long and wide.
 Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride.
 He couldé songés make, and well indite,
 Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray, and write.
 So hot he lovéd, that by nighterdale,
 He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
 Courteous he was, lowly, and serviceable,
 And carv'd before his father at the table.”

These seven probationary years having passed, and the

young squire being fully versed in all exercises, graces, and accomplishments, required in aspirants to knighthood, at the age of twenty-one he received that honourable dignity, which was conferred with many solemn and imposing ceremonies. And now the wished-for goal being attained, and the whilom Page and after Squire duly constituted Knight, and sworn defender of Holy Church, champion of damsels and the distressed, and liegeman of his sovereign; should we encounter him after some years, we shall probably meet a character similar to that described by Chaucer in the poem already quoted—"The Knight's Tale."

"——— a worthy man

That from the time that he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lord's war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man farther,
As well in Christendom as in Heathenesse:
And ever honour'd for his worthiness.

* * * * *

At mortal battles had he been fifteen,
And foughten for our faith at Tramisene,
In list's thries, and aye slain his foe.

This ilk worthy knight had been also
Sometime with the lord of Palathie,
Against another heathen in Turkey.
And ever more he had a sovereign prise,
And though that he was worthy, he was wise;
And of his port as meek as is a maid,
He never yet no villainy ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect, gentle knight."

South of the castle is "William Hill," Ghilpatric the Dane's fort; round which tradition fables whoever shall run nine times without stopping, will find a door open in the mound, which will admit him to marvellous treasures. But this feat has never been attempted, simply because it

is physically impossible, to say nothing of the absurdity. The mound undoubtedly contains a mine of treasure to the antiquary and archæologist, if it were allowed to be opened.

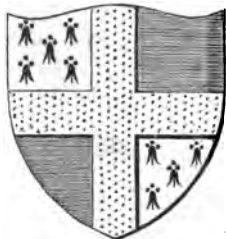
Traditions of concealed wealth, guarded by supernatural might, until the destined champion shall arrive, are by no means rare in Wensleydale, nor are parties lacking who not only give them full credence, but have actually, of course without success, made the attempt to obtain the treasure. This kind of superstition seems to pervade all lands. East, west, north, and south,—in the new hemisphere as well as the old, similar tales are believed.

“ Didst e’er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle’s nest in air,
Hang o’er the stream and hamlet fair?—
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass’d through rapine and through wrong
By the last lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung.
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:
An ’twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e’er in brake did sound,
Or ever hollow’d to a hound.
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic Priest;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since ’twixt them first the strife began,
And neither yet has lost or won.
And oft the Conjuror’s words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,

Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
 That magic strife within the tomb
 May last until the day of doom,
 Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
 The very word that clench'd the spell,
 When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.
 An hundred years are past and gone,
 And scarce three letters has he won.

"Marmion. Int. Ct. VI.

These marvellous legends, setting aside their necromantic additions, are probably often founded on distorted facts; for it is undoubted that during the prevalence of civil war, or on the invasion of a foreign enemy, large quantities of coin and jewellery were concealed in remote places by the owners, whom the chances of battle permitted neither to reclaim their deposit, nor reveal the secret. Many such have been accidentally found in Wensleydale—some as old as the Roman era. When vague reports of these have been handed down, untutored fancy readily supplies the rest. There is a remarkable



echo here. As Chief Bailiff of Richmondshire, the Duke of Leeds(1) holds a court baron and view of frank pledge, for suits under 40s. at Middleham.

The collegiate church of the Blessed Virgin and St. Alkelda stands north of the town. It is not a very

(1) "Hornby Castle, the rich seat of the Duke of Leeds, was originally the inheritance of St. Quintin; the heiress was given by Lord Scrope, in marriage to Conyers, a servant, as Leland has it. He waited upon lords who once had done the same to others, and was in fact an embryo chief justice! The representation of the eldest Darcys flowed back into the name by the marriage of the heiress of Conyers with a younger Darcy. There is an affecting circumstance connected with Hornby Castle. William, Lord Conyers, who built the Castle, which Leland says was before "a mean thing," and whose mother was a co-heiress of the Falconbridge Nevilles, married Anne, daughter of Ralph Nevile, third Earl of Westmoreland. Her brother was an only son, and died before the coronet decked his brow, "whereupon the Earl took much thought, and died (1523) at Hornby Castle, in Richmondshire, and there is buried in the parish church," (*Leland*) far away from the lost heir he had loved so well, far from all



Seal of the Collegiate Church, Middleham.

large edifice, nor of the usual cruciform collegiate shape, for King Richard's purpose of rebuilding it was frustrated by his death. It is early English, with several features in the decorated style, subsequently introduced. The pulpit occupies the spot which has been thought St. Alkelda's burial place. In the choir are modern oak stalls for the Dean and six canons; the original ones were demolished by Dean Cotes, in the last century. Innovation has been busy in this church, but a few of the greatest absurdities have been judiciously removed by the late Sub-dean, Athill. Many fragments of tombstones bearing crosses—one with a wheel-cross, and chalice—are built in the walls. In the east window of the south aisle alone are fragments of stained glass; portions of the representation of St. Alkelda's martyrdom. This was the chantry of Our Blessed Lady, founded by John Cartmele. At the west end of this aisle is placed, in an upright position, the beautiful monumental slab of Robert Thorne-ton, twenty-second Abbot of Jorevalle, and Dean of Middleham. The centre is finely diapered with thorn leaves, at the foot is a tun (forming the rebus *Thorn ton*) surmounted by the mitre and crosier; and at the sides the initials **R. T.** Two shields at the top bear the sacred monograms. Round the stone runs this legend, the words divided by thorn leaves. **Orate. Pro. a't'a. Dompni. Roberti. Thorne-ton. Abbat. Ruf. Domi. Jorebaultis. Vicesimi. Scdi.** On a nearly obliterated brass in the choir is this inscription. **Ric. Jacet. Magist'. Thomas. Byrnyham. Frat' Ordinis.....Mcccc.....Amen.** On a slab in the tower, a cross and sword, with the words **Robert Messam.** These are the only Catholic memorials of the faithful departed, left in this once eminently Catholic Church, for sacrilege and neglect have united in the labour of obliteration. What a horror its illustrious patron, King

his ancestors. His heart's affections had centred with the Conyers in his day of sorrow. And the little church of his burial, nestling amongst deep foliage, is a comfortable sepulchre, in a comfortable spot." *Longstaffe's Richmondshire, its ancient Lords and Edifices*, p. 57.



Richard III., had of the former, is shewn by a letter now extant in the Harleian collection, "whereby the king (calling to remembrance the dreadfull sentence of the Church of God, yeven agenst alle those personnes which wilfully attempt to usurp unto themselfes, agenst good conscience, possessions or other things of right belonging to God and

his said church, and the great perille of soule whiche may ensue by the same), commands that twenty acres and more of pasture within the parke of Pountfret, which was taken from the priour and convent of Pountfret, about the 10th yere of K. Edw. the IVth, be restored unto them. Yeven the 2nd day of October, an. primo." (1)

Middleham Church contains several neat, modern mural monuments, and within its walls lies interred the well-known authoress, Caroline Amelia Halsted, King Richard's talented apologist and defender, who having married the Rev. W. Athill, Sub-dean, died here in 1848.

The tower of Middleham church has served as a refuge in time of civil war or Scottish inroads; but the fireplace it contains is modern, and built of tombstones. (2)

(1) MSS. Harl. 438., fol. 121. Miss Halsted's Rich. III., vol. ii., pp. 174—5.

(2) "It ought not to be passed over without notice, that, much to the credit of the successive deans and registrars of Middleham—in whose custody they are deposited—the many important documents, comprising royal and ecclesiastical licences, grants, and charters (duplicates of which are to be found in the various state-paper offices in London), together with the other muniments belonging to this deanery, have been kept with the most scrupulous care, and are at the present day in most excellent preservation, although extending over a period of nearly 450 years!" Note to Athill's "*Church of Middleham*," p. xxvii. It would be well if this pains-taking respecting historical and national documents were more common amongst their official guardians.

Middleham Moor is one of the most celebrated training grounds for race-horses in England. It is exceedingly well adapted for that purpose, and has sent forth many famous winners. Here, on the 23rd of April, 1847, as Mr. Dawson's string of horses was returning from exercise, a sudden flash of lightning killed two on the spot, together with the boy who rode the first animal, the other boy being unhurt. Here, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November, is held the far-famed Middleham Moor fair, one of the largest markets in the north of England, and attended by breeders and dealers from both sides of the border.



About a mile and a half from Middleham, and associated with that place, because founded by its lords, several of whom are buried there, stand the few remaining fragments of COVERHAM ABBEY. The outline of the church may be traced, and four arches of the nave remain; but the greater part of the site is occupied by farm buildings or rubbish. The outline of the cloister quadrangle is likewise perceptible.

Behold those abbey walls so gray,
 Oh! where's yon turrets' chime?
 Songs of the blessed where are they?
 That swell'd in olden time.
 Where are those hallowed choirs at "even?"
 That matin music where?
 Those hymns, that once were sung to heaven,
 Now angels sing them there.

The sunlight of departing eve,
 The moon-beam glancing through
 The broken arches, teach to grieve,
 For hearts long broken too.

As o'er yon mouldering structure hangs,
That wreath the ivy makes,
Thus round the heart shall memory's pangs
Cling dearer while it breaks.

The green tree o'er the altar bends,
The long grass sweeps the wall ;
Deeply her sigh the midnight sends
Along the chancel hall.

Of sainted memories calm and bright,
No legend needs to tell,

For story's pen must fail to write

What ruin paints so well.

REV. J. FITZGERALD.

The handsome modern building is the seat of — Lister, Esq., who descends from a collateral branch of the Ribblesdale family. In one of the walls is inserted a large flat stone, on which is the sacred monogram, surmounted by a coronet, with a falcon on the right, and A ; on the left, beneath, is this inscription: **Mercy Mercy. Abbas. Anno. D'ni. M^o quingentesimo. viii^o istam Domum. faeliciter. Anibit.** Some buildings remain, which appear to have been portions of the Abbot's lodgings ; they are partly occupied as cottages. Over one door is this inscription.....**Pudsa.....Bygo.....Abbs. Tms. Bonfelde.** Over another is the falcon and A, with **R. H. S. Mercy**, also three shields with T.M., and a cross patonce. On a broken stone this imperfect inscription.....**DEI. REGINA. CÆLI....D'NA.....OR.....ADVOCATÆ FIDELIUM.**

Whitaker gives the following list of the Abbots of Coverham, which, though avowedly defective, I transcribe in lack of a better :—

A.D. 1257. FRATER JOHANNES, ABBAS DE COVERHAM.

1311. — AKESCOGH.

1414. CUTHBERT DE RIDMERE.

1479. JOHN BROWNEFLETE.

1480. JOHN ASCOGH.

— HONFIELD.

1511. THOMAS SIDDS.

1519. CHRISTOPHER SALLEY.

1521. CHRISTOPHER HILTON.

1528. CHRISTOPHER ROKESBY.

In a list of the brethren, also given by Whitaker, John Bromfield is placed as Abbot, 1482, but in 1494, twelve years later, he is designated "late lord abbot," and John Askew holds the rank of Abbot. Four years after that, viz., Aug. 14th, 1498, John Bromfield is again Abbot, and John Askew, *cellarer*.

There are likewise three monumental effigies, doubtless representing three of Middleham's early lords. Two are nearly perfect; the figures are in armour and surcoats, the hands of one are folded in attitude of prayer, the other seems to have had his hand upon his sword hilt, but it is broken; at his side are represented two dogs chasing a stag, whilst a third playfully bites the knight's scabbard. Both are cross-legged: they are placed on each side a gateway. The third effigy is merely a torso. A little from the house is a beautiful arched gateway, quite perfect, through which the high road passes. These scanty memorials are all that is left of Coverham, and as we gaze on them, an almost sadder feeling pervades us than at Jerveaux. The temple of God lies truly prostrate at our feet—strangers have polluted the holy places, and they who revered not the sanctuary, readily defiled their father's tombs.

The piscina of the high altar, after having been for many years used as the exit of an ordinary cowhouse drain, was not long since rescued from its disgraceful and profane position, by the Rev. G. C. Tomlinson, of Carlton House, in whose possession it now is.

The contempt shown for tombs, and the sacrilegious treatment of cemeteries, by the Reformers of the sixteenth, and the Puritans of the eighteenth centuries, is a striking proof of moral depravity. A decent reverence for the funeral rites and places of sepulture of departed mortals is universally diffused through the human race. The ancient pagan Greeks and Romans were particularly scrupulous in this respect, believing that if the body remained uninterred, the soul wandered disconsolate on the

hither side of Styx, unable to gain admission to its final resting-place, whether amongst the happy or miserable.

"The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres and funeral due :
The boatman, Charon : those, *the buried host*
He ferries over to the farther coast ;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such *whose bones are not compos'd in graves.*
A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."

VIRGIL, *Æneid.*, 6. vii.

The Romans indifferently buried or burnt their dead before the funeral of Sylla, B. C. 78,(1) when the latter mode became universal, and continued till the establishment of Christianity. They had family tombs, in which no stranger could be buried. "*Tanta religio est sepulcrorum, ut extra sacræ et gentem inferri fas negent esse.*"(2) No tombs could be removed without sacrilege, unless by the State, under the sanction of the religious authorities. "*Statuit collegium locum publicum non potuisse privata religione obligari.*"(3) The Egyptians embalmed their dead, imagining that the spirit hovered about the body as long as it remained incorrupt. All nations, whether barbarous or civilized, have considered sepulchres sacred ; and the wish to "sleep with our fathers" is nearly, if not quite universal. Amongst the Celtic races due funeral rites were assiduously cared for. "The great object pursued by heroic spirits was 'to receive their fame ;' that is, to become worthy of being celebrated in the songs of the bards ; and 'to have their names on the four gray stones.' To die unlamented by a bard, was deemed so great a misfortune as even to disturb their ghosts in another state. 'They wander in thick mists beside the reedy lake ; but never shall they rise, without the song, to the dwelling of winds.'"(4)

(1) See *Cic. Legg.* II. 23.

(2) *Ibid* 22.

(3) *Ibid* 23.

(4) See *Blair's Crit. Diss. on Ossian.*

Hence the graves of Celtic warriors were honoured and protected. “‘Whose fame is in that dark green tomb?’ began the king of generous shells: ‘four stones with their heads of moss stand there. They mark the narrow house of death. Near it let Ryno rest. A neighbour to the brave let him lie. Some chief of fame is here, to fly with my son on clouds. O Ullin! raise the songs of old. Awake their memory in their tomb. If in the field they never fled, my son shall rest by their side. He shall rest, far distant from Morven, on Lena’s resounding plains.’ ‘Here,’ said the bard of song, ‘*here rest the first of heroes.*’”

The Red Indian considers it the severest hardship if compelled to leave the graves of his ancestors, whose pleasant hunting grounds he hopes to share hereafter, and usually removes their bones, that they may be secure from insult. With minute care had they been deposited.

“A dark cloak of the roebuck’s skin
Covered each warrior, and within
Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid;
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.”

And by the grave of her soldier lover, slain in battle, the Indian maid might sing—

“I’ve pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadow o’er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

’Twas I the broider’d mocsin made
That shod thee for the distant land;

’Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy stiff cold hand;—

* * * *

And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.”

W. C. BRYANT.

"May your father's tomb be defiled!" is no uncommon malediction on Moslem lips. The Jews were always particularly anxious to be buried in the paternal sepulchre. In this manner the patriarchs Jacob and Joseph were brought from Egypt to rest in the cave of Machpelah, and exclusion from the sepulchres of the Kings of Judah is particularly recorded in the instances of the Sovereigns Jehoram, Joash, Uzziah and Ahaz; whilst the burial in them of Jehoida the priest, is mentioned as an especial honour. The pious Christian commits the body of a beloved one to the tomb in the certainty of its resurrection, and with a humble hope that it will arise in glory. The earthly struggle is over. "Tell me," says St. Chrysostom, "what mean these brilliant lamps? Do we not go forth with the dead on their way rejoicing, as with men who have fought their fight?"(1) Yet, although departed, they are not forgotten, seeing "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead,"(2) as did the valiant Machabee of old; whilst, along with innumerable fathers, St. Chrysostom tells us that a prayer for the faithful departed, in the tremendous mysteries, was decreed by the apostles.(3) In the great provincial council held at Cealcythe, by Archbishop Wulfred, in presence of Kenulf of Mercia, King of England, A. D. 816, there is a strict enactment respecting the services and prayers during the thirty days after a bishop's decease.(4) "The Anglo-Saxons were anxious to obtain a place of sepulture in the most frequented and celebrated churches. The monuments raised over their ashes would, they fondly expected, recall them to the memory, and solicit in their behalf the charity of the faithful." "Postulavit eum possessionem terræ aliquam a se ad construendum monasterium accipere, in quo ipse rex defunctus sepeliri deberet:

(1) *Hom. iv. in Heb.*

(2) *2 Mac. xii. 43—46.*

(3) *S. Chrys. Hom. 8 in Philip.*

(4) *C. 10 ap. Spelman, Conc. Brit. vol. i. p. 827. Johnson's English Eccl. Laws and Canons, vol. i. ad. an 816. Conc. L'Abbe, t. 7. p. 1489.*

nam et seipsum fideliter credidit multum juvari eorum orationibus, quo illo in loco Domino servirent.'(1)

Alas for the contrast between Coverham Abbey in the Catholic Day and in the Present!

COVERHAM.

In Covreham ad g'ld iiii car' & iiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Egbrand man'. N'c h't A Comes & wast' e'. Tot. i leug' l'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' xxx sol'.

In Acolestorp ad g'ld iii car' & ii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Torchil man'. N'c idem h't de Comite & wast' e'. Tot. i leug' l'g & dim' lat'. T. R. E. ual' viii sol'.

In Caldeber ad g'ld v car. & iiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b orm man'. N'c idem h't de Comite & wast' e'. Tot. i leug' l'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' vii sol.

In Carleton ad g'ld vi car' & iiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Bernulf man'. N'c idem h't de Comite & wast' e'. Silua minuta cu' plana t'ra iiii leug' l'g & dim' lat'. T. R. E. ual' xvi sol'.

In Melmerbi ad g'ld vi car' & iiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Eldred man'. N'c idem h't de Comite & wast' e'. Tot' i leug' l'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' viii sol'.

In Scrafton ad g'ld iii car' & ii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Ghilepatric man'. N'c h't Ribald & wast. e'. Silua minuta & planu' iiii leug' l'g & dim' lat'. T. R. E. ual' x sol'.(2)

Close adjacent to the Abbey stands the parish church of Coverham; a building not very remarkable, but, like all other Catholic churches, strangely mutilated to adapt it to Anglican services. The choir, of *course* whitewashed, is traditionally said to be painted and gilt beneath. (3) In the east window of the

(1) *Bed. hist.* I. iii, c. 23., iv. c. 5.

(2) Domesday Survey.

(3) Church decoration may be said to have terminated in the reign of Henry VIII., the isolated examples subsequently recorded, by no means constituting a general rule. The accounts of the works at Hampton Court, beginning in that

south aisle are three beautiful heads in stained glass; the Redeemer in the centre, on the right Our Blessed Lady, and on the left St. John. There is a fine antique cross on the choir gable. A remarkable peculiarity

king's 22nd year (1531) and extending over ten years, furnish us with some interesting information respecting the materials used, and expenses of the artist's or decorator's work at that time, which, of course, applies equally to ecclesiastical as to civil works. "For gyldyng and payntyng of colxxii. badges of the Kynges and the Queenys, standyng abowght the voughte and the centers within the Kynges New Haulle, at xliid. the pece. For guylidyng and payntyng of xxviii heddes, in the rouff of the said Haulle, prync the pece, iis.; also for layyng of towngues of the Kynges bestes and the Queenys of antykworke, standyng in the spanderell and the beamys, with yellow concerning to the same in oyle, prync iis." The "Kynges bestes," were his badges; namely, greyhounds, dragons, harts, lions, and hinds; and his colours, white and green, the Tudor livery. The pigment most employed in decoration was "Byse," a sort of blue, approximating to cobalt. This, together with gold and white, seems to have been universal. The other pigments named as in frequent use are—"maskayt," canaper lake, verdoyter, whight leade, vermylion, red lead, aspalton, grownde okyr, coperas, redd oker, verdygreece, Spanshe white, Spanshe browne, Orpiment Sangwyn Dracones (Dragon's blood,) xviid. per oz.; blew bysse 3s. 8d. per lb.; spruce redde, id.; blake chawke, 2d. per lb. Grynders of colors received 5d. the daye." The following have reference to decorations of a higher character than that of house-painting merely. "Payntyng of divers tabulles, as ensuyth. To Anthonye Tote, paynter, for the paynteyng of fyve tables, standyng in the Kynges Lybrarye. Ferste, one table of Joachym and Sent Anne. Item, another table, how Adam dylfied in the grownde. Item, the thirde table, how Adam was droven owght of Paradyce. Item, the fourth table, of the buryenge of our Lord. Item, the fyfth table, beyng the last table of the blessyd Ladye, the said Antonye taking for the sayd fyve tables, by a bargayn in gret, vii. xliis. iiiiid." (about £130, modern). "Tabull," is not used in the modern sense of *table*, but as *tablet* or *panel*. Here is an account of the whole cost of labour and materials for painting. "Paynters drawing the towne of Bullon (Bologne), and ground about the same, John Crust and his servant xlii. days, at xlii. by the day. Divers colours and stuff bought for the same. First, paid for iii. elles of linnen clothe, iis. Items.—1. For half a pound of vermeleon, vd.; do., whitelede, id.; do., red lead, id.; do., verdegreece, viiid.; do., Spanshe brown, id. Items.—1, for one quarter of orpiment, iiiiid.; 2, 1lb. of yellow ochre, iid.; 3, one quarter of gumme armonyak, iiiiid.; 4, i unc of flory, iid.; 5, i unc of sangwyn dracones, xviid.; 6, i quart of oyle, id.; 7, for pauper and brystyll, viid.; 8, i lb. of glewe, ivd.; 9, for threde, id.; 10, i lb. of roset, xviid.; 11, i lb. of generall, viid.; 12, i dozen potts for colers, viid.; 13, a great pot of earth, id.; 14, a botell of ert, id. The following particulars of artistic expenses in the chapel are also furnished by the same documents. "Translatyng and remowfyng (removing) off ymages off Saint Anna, and other off Saynt Tomas, in the hye alter wyndow off the Chappell, xliis. iiiiid. In the Chapel window before the High Altar, is 16 foot of imagery, price, the foot, 2s. Seven side windows in the Chapel, over the High Altar window. Mendyng and payntyng of v peces of images in the wyndow in the Chappell, prync, the pece, viiid., iiii., ivd."

appears here; a person may be near the church whilst the bells are ringing, yet neither see the one, nor hear the other. This is owing to a steep and abrupt declivity in the churchyard, and a considerable brook which turns a corn mill close beside.(1)

On the banks of the Cover(2) we find St. Simon's Well; a spring formerly used as a bath, but now choked up. The country people assert that St. Simon the Apostle is buried there; an evident mistake. It is, however, possible that some holy martyr of that name, forgotten, like St. Alkelda of Middleham, may have suffered during the Danish persecution. The place is thus noticed in some verses descriptive of Coverdale, written fifty years ago by a clever but eccentric character, the Rev. James Law, curate of Coverham, a collateral descendant of the Ellenborough family.

"The ruins of St. Simon's are forgot,
That deep sequester'd, wood-o-ershadow'd spot.
(Suppose it truth, what records old declare
The holy Canaanite was buried there?)
Near Coverside, where from a rocky dell
The streams gush out and fill the ancient well.

* * * * *

And still one day in honour of the saint
In feasting yearly, through the dale is spent."

The latter characteristic is still quite correct.

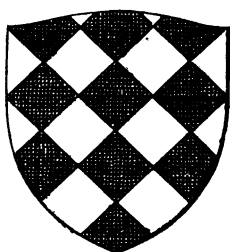
On the south bank of the Cover, is East Scrafton, where Sir Wm. Chaytor, Bart., has a mansion; and further on,

(1) Baptisms at Coverham, A.D. 1784. "William, son of William and Margaret Spence, baptised April the 4th; and memorandum, before the said son was born, the said Margaret was delivered of two female children, who were grown together in their bodies from the shoulders to the thighs. They were still-born, and were interred April the fifth." In the old churchyard of St. Martin, at East Witton, there is a curiously shaped stone, said by tradition to cover the body of a child with two heads, and in the same township, within the last thirty years, a child was born, having the perfect head of a hare. Numerous similar instances of mal-formation and monstrous births might be collected in the district.

(2) This name is pronounced as if spelt Cov-ver. It is derived from *av*, water, with *o* prefixed, and signifies the *shallow stream*, in contradistinction to the deep and rapid Yore.

Swineshead, where the ancient line of Loftus, now represented by the Marquis of Ely, were seated in the Saxon days.

Agglethorpe Hall, a fine old manor-house, after being occupied for many years, divided into farmhouses, was pulled down in 1850.



Cotescue Park was the residence, at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, of the Crofts, a junior branch of the ancient Saxon house of Croft, of Croft Castle, in the county of Hereford. From this branch descend the present Sir John Croft, Bart., K.T.S., &c., and Colonel

Croft, of Stillington. (1)

(1) It is a singular circumstance, strongly showing the present dispersion and decadence of ancient houses of gentle blood, that about the time of Charles I., the Croft family appears to have possessed no fewer than seven manor houses in this immediate district, at least within a very few miles. These were, Cotescue Park, the King's Audit House, at Middleham, Agglethorpe Hall, East Appleton, Arrathorne, the mansion at Coverham (mentioned in the marriage settlement of Marjory Topham, daughter of Edward Topham, Esq., of Agglethorpe, with Christopher Croft, Esq.,) and lastly, Croft Wood Hall, besides mansions at the two Wittons, East and West. Of all these not one is now in possession of any of the family. This ancient family, many impoverished descendants of which still live in the neighbourhood, is of Saxon origin, being of the same stock with Croft, of Croft Castle, in the county of Hereford, seated there in and prior to the reign of Edward the Confessor. Roger Croft, of Dalton, county of Lancaster, died in 1254, 39 Henry III. From him descended John Croft, of Dalton, who died in 1346, and Henry. The great grandson of Henry, William Croft, married Isolda, daughter and co-heiress of Robert de Conyers, by Alice, sole heir of Adam de Yealand, which Robert's mother was heiress of Adam de Redmayne, by his wife Ellen, daughter and sole heir of Adam de Avranches, Lord of Leighton in Lonsdale, in Lancashire, by which means the united estates of these families passed to Croft. William Croft was succeeded by his younger son, John, whose eldest son Adam predeceased him, the estates devolved on the latter's son, John, at that time an infant. His great-grandson, James Croft, of Dalton, Esq., married the co-heiress of — Butler, of Freckleton, Esq., and by her had issue two daughters, Mabel and Alison—the first married to Piers Legh, of Lyne, in Cheshire—the second to John Middleton, of Middleton, in Westmoreland, Esqrs.; and thus terminated the senior line of Croft, of Dalton and Yealands, towards the close of the fifteenth century. Of the junior branches, one had become seated in the adjacent North Riding of York. William Croft, of

The principal village in Coverdale is CARLTON, two miles west of Coverham; and beyond again is HORSE-HOUSE, so called from being the customary baiting place when all goods were conveyed on packhorses.

At Coverhead was born, in 1785, James Metcalfe, who following the occupation of a carpenter, sailed in Lord Amherst's celebrated Embassy to China, in 1814. He subsequently settled at St. Helena, and being employed frequently at Longwood, had, on the death of Napoleon the Great, the honour of making the coffin which received

East Witton, died, 1563, leaving William, who died in 1590. His son, Henry Croft, Esq., of East Witton, died in 1613, leaving several sons. From him derive, in lineal succession, the Crofts of East Witton, who still reside there, like their more immediate ancestors, as substantial yeomen. Christopher Croft, of Cotesue Park, was father of Sir Christopher, who being Lord Mayor of York, had the high honour of loyally and dutifully receiving King Charles I., during the rebellion, and was by him knighted for his services. He was progenitor of the Crofts of Stillington, now represented by Lieut. Col. Harry Croft, and of the present Sir John Croft, Bart., K.T.S., &c., &c., of Cowling Hall. Of the East Appleton branch, was Captain Edward Croft, another cavalier, who defended Knaresborough Castle for the King, and lies buried at Catterick, together with his wife, a Stanley, of Cumberland. Into this line also married Capt. Richard Braithwaite, better known as "*Drunken Barnabee*," a gallant royalist, and witty poet. From the Croft Wood Hall family descend the present Christopher Croft, Esq., who has thrice filled the honourable municipal post of Mayor of the ancient city of Richmond, and the Rev. John Croft, Vicar of Catterick. Sir James Croft was Governor of Berwick, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and, in conjunction with the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, took a very active part in border affairs. In the same reign Roger Croft of Appleton, was bow-bearer of the Royal Forest of Wensleydale, a singular office, as the holder cannot hunt himself, but has power either to authorise or prohibit, according to his pleasure, all others. In 1593, in an indenture between the Earl of Essex, Master of the Horse, and others, respecting a grant of Cotesue (or rather Cotterboro') Park, there is a reservation of summer and winter pasturage, and pasture gates of the said Park for "*all Deer and wild Beasts*," kept by Christopher, Thomas, and Ralph Croft, at the yearly rent of 66s. 8d. according to their letters patent, dated 26th May, 1585. This is, of course, a very hasty and imperfect outline of the family—to enter into detail would occupy far too much space. The ancient arms are, Lozengy (sometimes fusilly) argent and sable; as they once appeared in the Croft Chapel of Claughton Church, and in Walton Church, both in Lancashire; and likewise in Catterick Church. The Stillington family have, however, since the time of Charles II. adopted, quarterly, indented, ermine and gules, in the first quarter, a lion rampant, sable. The crest is usually borne alike by all—a wyvern, vulned in the side, proper—being a memorial of Isolda de Conyers, and the *worme or fiery serpent which the champion Conyers slew*.

the remains of the exiled Emperor, and in which they still repose, beneath the dome of the Invalides, at Paris, "on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, whom he had loved so well," and had made so doubly glorious. Metcalfe is still living at St. Helena.

SPENNITHORNE.

In Speningtorp ad g'ld viii car' & dim. & vi caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Ghilepatric man' N'c h't Ribald ibi xii uill' & v bord'i cu' vi car'. Eccl'a est. Pr'ti acr' vi. Tot' i leug' l'g & dim. lat. T. R. E. ual' xx sol' m° xvi sol'.

In Belgebi ad g'ld vi car. & vi caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Tor man'. N'c h't Emsan. Ibi i car. & xiii uill'i & ii bord'i cu' iiii car'. Pr'ti acr' viii. Tot' i leug' l'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' xxxii sol' m° similiter.

In Hernuebi ad g'ld viii car' & vi caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Tor man. N'c h't Wihomare iu d'nio i car' & xii uill' & viii bord' cu' v car'. Tot' i leug' l'g & dim' lat. T. R. E. ual' xxx sol' m° similiter.(1)

SPENNITHORN.—Sunt ibidem 6 carucatæ terræ, quæ faciunt dim. feod. mil. de quibus ecclesia dotata est de dim. car. terræ. Et 2 bovata tenentur de Thoma filio Johannis de Spennythorne & idem Thomas de Ranulpho filio Ranulphi. Et 1 carucata & 14 bovata tenentur de prædicto Ranulpho filio Ranulphi, & idem Ranulphus tenet 2 carucas & dim. una cum tenementis prædictis de Maria de Nevile, & eadem Maria de Comite Richemondia, & Comes de Rege.(2)

A little east of Middleham, on the north bank of the Yore, the small and sheltered village of Spennithorne forms a pleasing object. This villa, during several centuries, was the dwelling-place of the Fitz-Randolphs, who descended from Ralph, third son of Robert, Lord of Middleham, by Helewisia de Glanville. Ralph, eighth in descent from Robert, married Elizabeth, daughter and

(1) Domesday Survey.

(2) Kirkby's Inquest.

co-heiress of Thomas, sixth Lord Scrope of Masham and Upsal, and by her had a son, who died unmarried; and four daughters, who all married, but one dying without issue, the inheritance devolved on Dorothea, wife of Francis Ash, of Hunton; Alice, wife of Charles Dronfield; and Agnes, wife of Francis Wyvill, of Little Burton. By this last marriage the manor and the Constable Burton estate passed into the Wyvill family. Portions of the old residence of the Fitz-Randolphs remain at the east end of the village, being occupied as cottages. There was formerly another ancient mansion here, long since destroyed. Two good modern houses attract the eye. Spennithorne Hall, the seat of C. W. C. Chaytor, Esq., and the seat of H. Van Straubenzie, Esq., (1) the prospect over the valley from both these is extremely beautiful. Eastfield House, in this parish, also belongs to Mr. Straubenzie.

Though a church occupied the site of the present venerable building in the Saxon era, there seems little reason to suppose that any vestiges of it remain—indeed it is easy to trace a succession of repairs and enlargements in very different styles. A memorandum in the

(1) "On Monday night, between Eleven and Twelve o'clock, a fire broke out in the above mansion, then in the occupation of Mr. Webber. The village was immediately alarmed, and a plentiful supply of water obtained. An express was sent off to the owner, residing at Eastfield House, and also to Bedale, distant ten miles, for the fire engines, but before they arrived the body of the mansion was consumed. Had there been an engine in the neighbourhood, there is no doubt much might have been saved.

On Mr. Straubenzie arriving, thinking it impossible to save the house, he gave orders to unroof the offices attached to the house, and by that means the kitchens were saved. Part of the furniture was also saved, but much damaged; and the loss is estimated at £4,000.

The fire broke out in the library, and was discovered by Miss Webber, who occupied the room above, and who had fortunately sat up writing. Had she gone to bed, it is more than probable that the whole of the inmates would have perished. The library had not been occupied for some time. The rapidity with which the flames spread was quite extraordinary, and when they reached the roof, in which there was an enormous quantity of timber, the blaze might have been seen for miles. Nothing could have exceeded the exertions made, and the good feeling shown by all present. Fortunately no accident occurred."

—*York Herald*, March 28th, 1853.

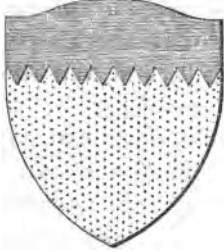
register, 1648, states that about a hundred years previously, William Appleton, of Harmby, at his own cost, built the north aisle, and likewise gave the second bell, which bears his name.(1) The interior is much mutilated and disfigured by pews of all shapes and sizes. The sedilia are curious, and apparently very ancient—they resemble a stone bench with elbows, but no divisions. At the west end is a small lower stone, which some think a seat also, but from the cross it bears it has more probably been a credence, as similar instances may be found in continental churches. In the sacristy is a stone altar; this, though unusual in England, is not uncommon abroad. The Adorable Sacrifice was not offered on such altars, they were used to deposit the sacred vessels upon, and occasionally, perhaps, the Blessed Sacrament reposed there.

A few imperfect panes of stained glass remain in the windows. Until within a few years the south aisle, or chantry rather, continued to be the burial place of the Scropes of Danby. It contains a memorial of Mary, wife of Simon Scrope, Esq., who died 28th January, 1674; and of the two wives of his son, Simon Scrope, Esq., viz., Anne, daughter of Robert Constable, Viscount Dunbar, who died Feb. 21st, 1694, and Frances, daughter of Ralph Sheldon, Esq., who died, aged 56, Sept. 10th, 1733. R.I.P.

The north aisle was the chantry and burial place of the Fitz-Randolphs, whose only memorial, however, is a plain freestone tomb, having a series of shields, the bearings on which, originally emblazoned in colours, are completely obliterated, not so much by time and damp, as by whitewash. Dr. Whitaker, more than thirty years ago, deciphered them thus:—"1st, Fitz-Randolph. 2nd,

(1) "John Wells of Harmby, (who was servant to the Lord Scrope of Bolton) in his lifetime caused the causey of the lane from Harmby towards the Church of Spennithorne to be made for the benefit of the inhabitants of that towne and others, which John (as appears by the Register) died, anno 1663."—*Spennithorne Reg.*

Serope of Masham. 3rd, Nevile. 4th, Hylton. 5th, Fitz-Randolph. 6th, obliterated. 7th, Serope of Bolton. 8th, Fitz-Randolph. 9th, Fitz-Hugh. 10th, Fitz-Randolph. At the foot are two shields. 1st, Fitz-Randolph. 2nd, argent, three chaplets, gules, a chief indented, azure. As there is no impalement, little doubt exists that this is the tomb of John Fitz-Randolph, the last



male of his race; who died unmarried. The church likewise contains memorials of the Wyvills, Chaytors, and Van Straubenbies. It is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel.

At Spennithorne was born, Oct. 24th, 1675, the once celebrated but now almost forgotten Hebraist and Philosopher, John Hutchinson. He was the son of a yeoman, and following the business of a land agent, became steward to Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, who, when Master of the Horse to George I., gave him a sinecure appointment of £200 a-year, with a good house in the Meuse. His works evince a strange combination of talent and eccentricity. In 1724 he published the first part of "Moses's Principia," being an attack on the system of gravitation established by Sir Isaac Newton; and in 1727 the Second Part appeared, containing the principles of the Scripture Philosophy. He continued to publish till his death in 1737. A numerous sect embraced his doctrines, and in 1748 his collected works, including posthumous MSS. were published in twelve volumes, octavo.

Some of his theories are singular. One is that the earth is cubical, because the four *corners* of the world are named in Scripture. It is recorded of him, that when he had acquired some fame, passing with a friend by his native cottage, he bade him mark well the place, as it might become the subject of much enquiry and venera-

tion. I believe no one now knows the place, if it yet remains. It deserves notice that Hutchinson was an assiduous collector of fossils, and that it is said the splendid collection bequeathed by Dr. Woodward to the University of Cambridge "was actually made by him, and even unfairly obtained from him." (1)

Another character, of a different stamp, was a native of Spennithorne, Richard Hatfield, who fired a pistol at George III., in Drury-Lane Theatre, and narrowly missed the king. He was an illegitimate scion of the Crosfield stock, received a good education, exhibited in youth good talents, combined with eccentricity; entered

(1) Wensleydale presents an admirable and productive field for the geologist's labours; and it has been comparatively unworked. Yet the knowledge of geology affords much pleasure to the assiduous student, disclosing more marvels than poetic fiction ever invented, and revealing histories which man has never recorded. Why is this pursuit not more generally followed? why is ignorance of the science so almost universally prevalent? "We know (says an eloquent author) absolutely nothing of geology; but we have seen a collection of stones. Certainly there were differences; differences in colour, weight, and look; but on the whole it was mightily uninteresting. They were all stones; brown was the predominating hue; many were not to be found in or about the neighbourhood, yet we should not have noticed these rare specimens if we had kicked them or tumbled over them, as we walked along the road. It was a dull sight; but the secret of the dullness was our own ignorance and want of sympathy. To the geologist each stone made its confession; it told of strange chronologies, of elemental strifes, of volcanic action, of uncomfortable times before the surface of the earth was cooled; it made restitution of queer animals that it had kept there thousands of years, and which were no longer denizens of earth; it spoke of changes of climate and of arctic palms; nay, it even mentioned to its confessor in the lowest of all possible whispers that it was an inveterate impostor, for that after all it was not a genuine honest stone, as it looked, but a collection of compressed and liquified animals, and it went so far as to reveal how life might be brought out of it again. We will make no boast of our ignorance. It would be a famous recreation to have stones talking to us in this way; and wise men make more than recreation of it. The lawgiver of the Hebrews, and the truth of his history, have been tried at the bar of these stones. Some stones have been naughty in the matter. Nay, other stones, bold and wicked stones they were, have said there was no God, that they made themselves, and matter was eternal. O brown stones! what a science there is in you! You give us new thoughts of God, new notions of His magnificence, new joy and complacency that He is our own Father, and that we shall one day see Him as He is. And when you seem to blaspheme, it is only bunglers who bring discord out of you, because they know no better."—VERY REV. F. W. FABER. *Essay on the Characteristics of the Lives of the Saints.*

the army, and having served in Holland, under the Duke of York, whose life he saved on one occasion, quitted the service; shortly after which he made his regicidal attempt. His insanity being established, he was confined for life in St. Luke's, where he died a few years ago at an advanced age. Spennithorne parish contains two inter-parochial hamlets. Bellerby and Harmby.

BELLERBY can hardly be called a portion of Wensleydale. It is a straggling village, chiefly remarkable for two streams which run down the street, and are crossed by an infinite number of bridges. There is a chapel, to which a burial ground has recently been attached; and the remains of the old Hall and Manor House. With this old Hall, interesting associations are connected. In the time of the Great Rebellion it was the patrimony of the Scott family, and its owner paid dearly for his fidelity to his king. His two sons, both cavalier officers, one of them a cornet in the Duke of Gloucester's Regiment, died honourably on the fatal field of Naseby, in 1645. Soon after, the estates were sequestrated by the usurping Parliament, the mansion occupied by the rebel soldiery, and, Mr. Scott being dead, his widow, and their sole daughter, Agnes Scott, after encountering many romantic vicissitudes, escaped to a property at Kirkdale, near Helmsley: the latter subsequently married a cavalier officer, John Barker, Esq.,⁽¹⁾ John Barker, Esq. descended from a noble family of Norman extraction, long distinguished for loyalty, and military services in France and England, and greatly impoverished in the Wars of the Roses;—"but houses and families and men have all stood long

(1) Here is another satisfactory proof that Wensleydale has always been loyal; it was not in Kent alone that men might cheerfully sing:—

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing,
And pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

enough when they have stood till they fall with honour.(1)

A short distance from Bellerby, on the road to Richmond, stands an ancient wayside hostelry, called Half-penny House. The traveller has now gained the wild heathery hills, and is surrounded by picturesque scenery, and continual glimpses of moorland beauty. About a mile and a half farther on, close by the road across Hauxwell Moor, is HART-LEAP WELL, celebrated by tradition and Wordsworth. The legend runs, that very long ago, after a chase of extraordinary duration and speed, in which both horses and hounds dropped one after another, the hart—an animal of unusual strength and beauty—and a single horseman alone remained. Worn out at last, the exhausted creature gave three almost supernatural leaps down the declivity, and dropped dead beside this well.

“ Upon his side the Hart was lying stretch'd !
His nose half-touch'd a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetch'd
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

* * * * *

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
Cavaliers up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're

(Chorus)—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Rudyard, and Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here.

(Cho.)—*Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?*

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarles,
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles ;
Hold by the right, you double your might ;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.

(Cho.)—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ! ”*

R. BROWNING.

(1) Sir Walter Scott.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Nine roods of sheer ascent)—Sir Walter found
 Three several hoof marks which the hunted beast
 Had left imprinted in the verdant ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried 'Till now
 Such sight was never seen by living eyes :
Three leaps have borne him from the lofty brow,
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

* * * * *

A cunning artist will I have to frame
 A basin for that fountain in the dell ;
 And they, who do make mention of the same
 From this day forth, shall call it *HART-LEAP WELL*.

And gallant brute ! to make thy praises known,
 Another monument shall here be raised ;
 Three several pillars, each a rough hewn stone.
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed."

WORDSWORTH.

These stones, records of the three astonishing leaps, remained conspicuous till very lately, but are either removed, or concealed by a recent wall. An old withered tree overhangs the spring, which is nearly choked up ; its presence is, however, conspicuous, the emerald hue of its grass contrasting strongly with the deep brown colour of the heather around.

HARMBY, which directly faces *Middleham*, is a village built on the steep hill side, on the west verge of a deep wooded gill, formerly extremely pretty, as it contained a beautiful waterfall ; but this has been utterly spoiled by the parsimonious practice of cutting the rock to burn into lime, adopted by the agents of the two last Lords Bolton. From the heronry anciently existing in this gill the place probably derived its Saxon name—*Hernebie*.(1)

In the fourteenth century, *Harmby* belonged to a re-

(1) Herons are still found along the banks of the Yore, and a solitary nest is occasionally to be met with, but heronries are very rare in England. Those recorded to be existing at present, are at *Penshurst Place*, Kent ; *Hutton*, the seat of Mr. Bethell, near *Beverley*, Yorkshire ; *Picton*, the seat of Lord *Caernarvon* ; *Gobay Park*, on the road to *Penrith*, near a rocky pass called *Yew Crag*, on

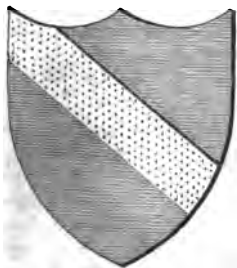
markable character, who is scarcely sufficiently noticed by historians—Andrew de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. This nobleman, the son of a private gentleman, having distinguished himself in the Scottish wars, was created Baron Harcla, by Edward II., May 15th, 1321; in the following year he completely routed the insurgents under Prince Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, at Boroughbridge; and took the earl himself prisoner. In consideration of this service his lordship was elevated to the Earldom of Carlisle, and had assigned to him, for support of his dignity, lands and rents in Cumberland and Westmoreland of 1000 marks value per annum, and 500

the north side of the romantic lake of Ullswater; Cressi Hall, near Spalding, Lincolnshire; Donnington, Holland, in the same county; Brockley Woods, near Bristol; Brownsea Island, near Poole, Dorsetshire; and Windsor. "Belon mentions it as one of the extraordinary feats performed by Francis I, that he formed two artificial heronries at Fontainebleau,—'the very elements themselves,' he adds, 'obeying the commands of this divine king; for to force nature is a work partaking of divinity.'"—(Belon, *Oyseaux*, p. 189. In order to enhance the merit of these French heronries, he undertakes to assert that they were unknown to the ancients, because they are not mentioned in any of their writings; and for the same reason he concludes that there are none in Britain. Before Belon's time, on the contrary, and before the "divine" constructor of heronries in France was born, there were express laws enacted in England for the protection of herons, it being a fine of ten shillings to take the young out of the nest, and six shillings and eightpence for a person without his own grounds, killing a heron, except by hawking, or by the long-bow;—(19 Henry VII., chap. 71.) while in subsequent enactments, the latter penalty was increased to twenty shilling, or three months imprisonment. (1. Jas. I., chap. 27, s. 2.) At present, in consequence of the discontinuance of hawking, little attention is paid to the protection of heronries, though none of the old statutes respecting them have been repealed. Not to know a hawk from a heronshaw, was an old adage, vulgarly corrupted into "not to know a hawk from a handsaw."—See Montagu's *Ornith. Dict.*, p. 251—2. The flesh of the heron is now rarely used; formerly the bird was estimated at thrice the value of a goose, and six times that of a partridge. In lower Brittany, heronries are often found in forests, and as they feed their young with fish, many of these fall to the ground, and are greedily devoured by swine, which has given rise to the story that the swine of that country are fattened by fish which drop from the trees like beach-mast!—Belon, *Oyseaux*, p. 189. The beautiful plumage of the heron, and more especially of the egrets, is used as a military, and even royal ornament in many countries. In Cabul, "those on whom the king has conferred the privilege, must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the king, who bestows them on his nobles."—Elphinstone's *Account of Cabul*.

marks in the marches of Wales, until provision could be made for his receiving 1000 marks per annum out of the Exchequer. The charter granting this, is the first extant which in its preamble sets forth the merits of the dignified person; it was dated at Pontefract, March 15th, 1322.(1)

(1) The jealousy with which the nobility formerly regarded the grant of an earldom, and the frequent bickerings which occurred amongst those who held that dignity, may seem singular to the ordinary reader, who is accustomed to our modern swarm of earls, and naturally regards the title only as conferring a seat in the House of Lords, and a certain precedence in the peerage. Anciently, however, this was an office of importance and value, for there were no counts or earls but had a *county* or *shire* for his earldom, and received for the support of his state the third penny out of the sheriff's court, issuing out of the pleas of the shire. The only exception to this rule is to be found in persons of *royal* Saxon descent, who are all born Counts. This was the highest rank in England, till Edward III. created dukes and marquesses, both of whom had precedence assigned above earls. Subsequently the number of earls increasing, they have frequently taken their titles from some eminent town or village, or even from their own seat or park, and some from illustrious families, as *Poulett*, *Cholmondeley*, *Ferrers*, *Waldegrave*, *Stanhope*, *Ashburnham*, &c.; nor were titles confined to England alone, as some were taken from the kingdom of France, as *Albemarle* and *Tankerville*. Upon the increase of earls their revenue ceased, and their powers were much abridged, and it became the custom of the monarchs of England to assign some stated pension to the person they ennobled, for the better support of their dignity, and it was commonly done in the following proportion: *viscounts*, a fee of twenty marks; *earls*, of £20; *marquesses* 40 marks; and *dukes* of £40, out of some particular part of the royal revenue. Guillim says, "the title of an earl is very ancient, the dignity very honourable, their calling being in sign of their greatness adorned with the lustre of a coronet, and themselves ennobled with the style of princes. *Comites* among the ancient Romans were counsellors and near adherents to their highest commanders, which honour and title being then but temporary and for life, is since, by tract of time, made perpetual and hereditary. The Saxons called them *Eorldermen*, the Danes, *Earls*; they being (as may seem) at first selected out of the rest of the nobility for commendation of their gravity, wisdom, and experience." *Display of Heraldry*, p. 428. Elsynge says, that in the writs of summons to Parliament, "a duke, an earl, a baron, were styled all alike. *Prout an.* 29 E. 3. dilecto & fideli suo Henrica, duci Lancast. salutem. Neither had any of the king's brethren, nephews, or uncles, any other title in the time of *Edw. I.*, *Edw. II.*, and *Edw. III.* But when *Edw. III.* had created his own children dukes and earls, then they were stiled *fili sui charissimi*; and *Rich. II.* named them *avunculos*, or *consanguineos suos charissimos*; but none other had that attribute of *charissimus* in the title of his writ, although he were the king's kinsman; *Prout an.* 16. R 2. dilecto & fideli consanguineo Ricardo comiti Arundel & Surrey." *Manner of holding Parliaments*. p. 15. At present an earl is addressed by the sovereign as *Our right Trusty and right well-beloved Cousin*. His coronation robe is the same as a duke or a marquis, except that it has only three guards of ermine and gold lace.

His sudden elevation seems to have turned his head, and having long borne a private hatred to the celebrated favourite, Hugh le Despencer, recently created Earl of Winchester, in order to gratify it he was led to make overtures to his old enemies, the Scots; which being discovered, he was seized at Carlisle by Anthony De Luci, under warrant from the king, and brought to trial there before a royal commission. The Earl was accused of conspiring with James Douglas, a Scot, by which means the king, being deprived of his assistance, was defeated in battle near Byland Abbey, and obliged to flee to York for safety of his life. Being found guilty, his lordship was deprived of his titles, and even knighthood itself, his spurs being hacked from his heels; he was then executed as a traitor, March 4th, 1323.⁽¹⁾ His forfeited



lands at Harmby were bestowed for life on Henry le Scrope, who shortly afterwards obtained a grant of them to himself and his heirs. They continue to form a portion of the Bolton estates.

What I conjecture to have been the old manor-house formerly, stood at the bottom of the village, and is now built into a modern farmhouse. There are traces of old arched doorways, and, as is the case in so many similar places, a considerable treasure is said to be concealed. In the adjacent field stood the chapel of All Saints, which, when demolished, was used as a barn. An old inhabitant who died in 1849, assisted, when a youth, in the destruction.

Many years ago, Harmby was noted for a Poor-house, conducted after the atrocious arrangement at that period

(1) This is the account given by the authorities whom Mr. Burke adopts. Stowe's version is different. He says the Earl proposed to marry the sister of Robert Bruce—that when he was arrested, Sir Anthony de Luci took him in chains to London, where he was tried, sentenced, degraded, and finally hung, drawn, and quartered, as a *plebeian* traitor—Oct. 31st.

prevalent in various parts of England, under which an individual *farmed* the paupers of several parishes, and, in a majority of cases consulted rather the enrichment of his own purse than the comfort of his unhappy victims. In this way the Harmby house became a terror to the honest poor of the adjacent townships, for it is said that the keeper was a stern, hard-hearted man, dreaded for his cruelties; nor does tradition spare to add that even *murder* was committed within these walls. This may charitably be hoped a mere popular exaggeration, but it is sickening to think that a system could exist in Anglo-Saxon Britain, which permitted men to believe that such atrocities might be perpetrated at their own doors, and that the sufferers were the defenceless of their own blood—the poor of God. Yet in this respect, the charity of the nineteenth century is little better than the charity of the eighteenth; since Andover Union, and many, very many more such revolting cases rise to our recollection, and would summon a blush to the cheek of every honest Englishman, did he not remember that all this evil had its origin in un-English robbery and wrong, in spoilation, and an apostacy in religion forced upon the nation, neither by argument nor conviction, but by the strength of power, and the Satanic Majesty of triumphant sin.(1)

(1) How little thought is commonly given by worldlings to the sick hours and dying moments of paupers—of those who, it may be, pass like Lazarus from the scornful gate of Dives, to repose for evermore in Abraham's bosom—exchanging their sordid and despised rags for the dazzling celestial robe, and a glorious diadem whose lustre shall never become dim. Mrs. Southey's lines are simple, yet touchingly beautiful in their simplicity.

“Tread softly, bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

At Studhow, an old Saxon hamlet, now reduced to a solitary house, two miles from Harmby, is an ancient chapel, sacrilegiously converted into a barn. It has small lancet windows, and a Norman door. There is a shelved piscina, blocked. The present fold-yard is said to have been a burial ground.

A mile south-west of Harmby, is an elegant iron suspension bridge over the Yore. This structure was erected in 1829, by Messrs. Hansom and Welch, of Manchester, and opened the following year. In the latter part of October it broke down, owing to some defect in the iron-work, whilst a drove of cattle were passing over, and two of the animals were killed, the drivers escaping uninjured. It was restored and re-opened for traffic in 1831.(1)

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold—
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp and then
 The parting groan,

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God."

(1) The river Yore was formerly celebrated for Otter-hunting, and until within a very few years, Otter hounds were kept at Middleham; but of late, the breed of otters has fearfully diminished, and the sport is little followed. It is one of our

LEYBURN,

which, whatever it may have been in other days, now

most exhilarating chases, and used to be pursued by all ranks with equal eagerness. Somerville has admirably described it.

"The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool; within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch; whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim.

On the soft sand
See there his *seal* impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His *seal* I view. O'er yon dark rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows.

Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode.

See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.

Ah! there he *vents*!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction.

Ah, there once more he *vents*!
See, that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they sink
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he *vents*;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.

ranks as the most important place in Wensleydale on account of having retained its market, and the County Court and Petty Sessions being held there, is, in its general aspect, very fairly and accurately described in Maude's lines—

“Exalted Leyburn next, with open arms,
Due north our moving observation charms;
Where from its rocky verge and sylvan side,
Most aptly ranged in gay theatric pride,
We view a lower world, where beauties spring,
Tempting and fair as classic poets sing;
Woods, streams, and flocks, the vale's sweet bosom grace,
And happy Culture smooths her cheerful face.”

MAUDE.

Fixed is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed spears they lift him high in air:
Wriggling he hangs and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gaily warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate—he dies, he dies.”

THE CHASE, *Book IV.*

The pomp and circumstance of the olden Otter-chase were very striking: the huntsmen sallied forth arrayed in vests of green, braided with scarlet, their caps of fur, encircled with bands of gold, and surmounted with ostrich plumes. Boots, much of the fashion of those known to modern hunting-fields, reaching to the tops of the thighs, and water-proof, encased their lower limbs, and were ornamented with gold or silver tassels. Their spears were also embellished with carving and costly mountings; the whole set-out of the higher classes engaged in these water-huntings being of a very picturesque and imposing character. “Towards the latter end of the last century, the list of establishments supported for otter-hunting would have, probably, out-numbered those devoted to hunting in any of its other forms. Regular packs of otter-hounds were kept in almost every parish, and an otter-pole was as common an instrument in the peasant's hands as a walking-stick. It was much more simple than the spear now in use; it was merely a stick of straight ash, shod with a common iron barb head, or a fork of two prongs, also arrow-headed. With these weapons in their hands, and a motley group of miscellaneous curs at their heels, the village rustics would hie them to the neighbouring streams, to chase, in humble imitation of their betters, the *Mustela lutea*, of the naturalist.”—See ‘CRAVEN,’ in the *Sporting Review*.

The town, though in itself perfectly level, is situated on the immediate brow of one of those precipitous acclivities which from this point, westwards, begin to be found on the north side of the valley. It is about two miles from Middleham, and one from Wensley. Almost all the houses are new, having been built during the present century; but one or two Tudor buildings may yet be discovered. The market place is airy and spacious, it contains the Town-Hall, an edifice only requiring a little judicious restoration to make it at once an ornament and benefit to the town. In its present state it is rather an eyesore than otherwise, but even so, I should regret to see it supplanted by a modern toyhouse, for it is the only prominent existing trace of antiquity in the place. The Board of Guardians hold their weekly meetings here. The County Court and Petty Sessions sit at the Bolton Arms Inn.

At the east end of the Town-Hall stood the market Cross, overshadowed by a magnificent elm, which, after enduring the storms and hurricanes of many centuries, at last bowed to the shock of time, and finally, to the regret of the townspeople, was obliged to be removed in 1821. Many souvenirs of the old tree exist in shape of boxes, &c. Its fall involved that of the Cross, which, unhappily, has not yet been restored; thus the sacred symbol of Christianity no longer reminds the market folks that for every unjust bargain all men shall be judged by Him who died on the Cross. There is a bull-ring in the market place, similar to that at Middleham. Till a recent date, bull-baiting was a popular sport in Richmondshire.(1) The Swaledale and Wensleydale

(1) At Tutbury, in Staffordshire, once the favourite residence of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and afterwards the prison of Mary of Scotland, it seems that on account of its courtly splendour the number of minstrels who crowded thither was so great, that for their better regulation, the first mentioned Prince appointed a chief minstrel, bearing the title of king, with inferior officers under him to assist in the execution of the laws, by charter, dated A.D., 1381. John of Gaunt also established, for the amusement of the Tutbury minstrels, the celebrated annual amusement, known for a long time as the Tutbury Bull-running.

Banking Company have an establishment in Leyburn. There are Excise and Stamp Offices, and several excellent shops. The weekly market is held on Friday, and is attended by farmers and dealers from all parts of the dales, and the lowland district, including Richmond, Bedale, Masham and Ripon. There are fairs on the second Fridays of February, May, October, and December. The principal mansions are, the Grove, Frederick Riddell, Esq.; Leyburn Hall, G. Yarker, Esq.; and Leyburn House, Matthew Dobson, Esq. When Maude wrote, (1771), Mr. Gargrave resided in Leyburn, a gentleman, who, in his life-time, obtained no little

"On the Festival of the Assumption, the minstrels assembled to matins at the Priory. In the afternoon they met at the gate, where a bull was given by the Prior. The animal had previously been prepared for this sport, having his horns, ears, and tail cut off, his body besmeared with soap, and his nostrils blown full of pepper. In this state he was let loose, and if the surrounding minstrels could catch and hold him so long as to deprive him of the smallest portion of his hair, he was declared their property, provided this could be done in Staffordshire, and before sunset. This custom is supposed by some antiquaries to have originated in an imitation of the bull-fights in Spain; which is not improbable, as John of Gaunt was King of the Spanish provinces of Castile and Leon. In the lapse of ages, the pursuit of the bull, which had been confined to the minstrels, became general, and the multitude promiscuously joined in the barbarous sport, which sometimes terminated in a battle royal and bloodshed. The custom was abolished [about 1776] by the Duke of Devonshire, who gave the minstrels four marks in lieu of their former prize." See *Pitt's Hist. of Staffordshire*, p. 49. As at bull-baitings the infuriated animal—not usually so stripped of his natural weapons as the Tutbury bull—often broke loose, it is rather odd that continual accidents did not occur; but the recollections of our own grandfathers assure us of the contrary. Perhaps the *worrying* of the poor creature had the same effect on him as it seems to have produced on Master Slender's 'Sackerson.'

"Slender.—'Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?'

Anne.—'I think there are, Sir; I heard them talked of.'

Slender.—'I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.'

Land.—'You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?'

Anne.—'Aye indeed, Sir.'

Slender.—'That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favoured rough things.'

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I., Sc. 1.

distinction by his Mathematical and Astronomical attainments.

Leyburn is scarcely, if at all, mentioned in history. A Priory was instituted in or near the field still called Chapel Flatts, at the west end of the town, and the Right Rev. Dr. Collier, Catholic Bishop of Port Louis, in the Mauritius, has informed me that he once possessed an impression of the community's seal. The chapel remained, degraded as usual into a barn, till the beginning of the present century, when it was sold for materials.

The most attractive object in Leyburn is the present Catholic Chapel of SS. Peter and Paul—a neat unpretending building. For a considerable period Mass was celebrated for the large congregation in a small chapel at Grove House, but in 1834, the present edifice, with its adjacent Presbytery, was commenced, and on Wednesday, 14th October, 1835, solemnly opened. The chapel is spacious, but devoid of ornament. It is lighted by three pointed windows on the south side, and a large one at the east end. Behind the altar is a *rere-dos* of tasteful design and execution, painted by Mr. Edward Gell, a promising young artist. It consists of three compartments; the central one representing Our Blessed Lady with Her Divine Son, and on the side divisions are depicted St. Peter and St. Paul; all the figures are life size. The whole is in the mediæval style, and painted on a gold ground with diapering and mottoes.

A handsome and finely tuned organ, built by Paxton, of York, on the same plan as the York Minster organ, was purchased by subscription, and opened Nov. 16th, 1843. It is the only instrument of the kind in Wensleydale. The Sanctuary Lamp, which burns day and night before the Adorable Presence, was the gift of the late Charles Gregory Fairfax, of Gilling Castle, Esq., in 1845. A tablet of white marble on the north wall commemorates the venerated Rev. Richard Billington, in the following terms:—

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
The Reverend Richard Billington,
DURING THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS THE
BELOVED PASTOR OF THE CATHOLICS OF WENSLEYDALE.
HE WAS SIMPLE IN HIS MANNERS,
AND FAITHFUL IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTIES.
HE DIED ON THE 6TH OF OCTOBER, 1830,
AGED 73 YEARS.

R. I. P.

Although Leyburn Chapel has no pretensions to compete either in exterior or interior beauty with those superb churches we find in Wensleydale, built and adorned by Catholic piety during the happy olden day—though the comparative poverty of its accommodation may almost draw a smile from our Protestant brethren—still it stands as a land-mark and a token that the Faith has not wholly departed from a once favoured valley, and that a large number are yet left, who, in the shadowed Present have not forgotten the glorious Past—THE CATHOLIC DAY OF WENSLEYDALE.

The Anglicans, Independents, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists have each places of worship in Leyburn.(1)

(1) "The religion of England is the religion of one day in the week; the church is but a useless building on the other six; its bells are silent, and its portals closed; and the religious spirit, whether pent up, or suffered to evaporate during that period, is concentrated upon this one; the thoughtlessness of the week changes, by a *convulsive reaction*, into a melancholy gravity, and the want of ALL worship on those days is thought to be compensated by the denial of every recreation and occupation, *however innocent*, on that day. Well, be it so. But go into a country where its day summons the people to do public service to God, where religion necessarily mingles with the daily duties of life, where its institutions so surround them as habitually to bring into their thoughts, and at the same time provide wholesome checks for total forgetfulness; where the hand of God has planted in their bosoms a heart as cheerful and smiling as their skies, and where education has taught them to feel that *hilarity and joy are the best manifestations of a peaceful conscience*; and will you not be unreasonable

The great attraction of Leyburn, which during the summer months brings many visitors, is the SHAWL ; a splendid natural terrace commencing half a mile west of the town, and stretching from thence upwards of a mile. This singular name is probably only an abbreviation of *Shaw-hill* ; *shaw*, meaning a *wood*. On reaching Wensley Point, where is a turretted seat, the landscape unfolds itself. You are stationed on a rock, with the valley of the Yore extending far away below, east and west, the broad river winding through meadows and between pretty villages. On your right lies the Shawl, a narrow green-sward, girded with firs, on the summit of a precipice of dark grey rocks, at the foot of which wave thick old woods, covering the steep declivity that extends down to the green pastures above Wensley. Behind are the *debris* of slate and lime quarries, and dull fields devoid of trees and brown in appearance, bordering on the north moors.

Passing on, you reach a spot deeply interesting to all who sympathise with unfortunate beauty and desecrated

to expect that one day should repress such innocent feelings, and make men violate all truth of character, or imagine that God is to be honoured on it with a different soul and spirit from those wherewith they have served on the other six ? Go any morning into the villages of Italy, and see, before the sun has risen, the entire population crowded in the church, and kneeling during the same liturgy as forms the *Sunday* service, and hear them raise their clear and cheering voices in the choral litany ; then watch them as they depart from calling down the blessings of heaven on their daily labour, dispersing in merry groups down the hill to dress the vine, joining with the lark in their shrill ritornello ; the little ones tripping in joyous haste before the sober elders, in their picturesque costumes, till they vanish through the side-scenes of mingled vines to toil through the sultry day. Then when the evening bell tolls an hour before sunset, and the labour ceases, see them return, fatigued, yet cheerful, to enjoy perhaps some rest at home ? No, not till they have once more met before God's altar, to praise him for his daily blessings. And when you have every day witnessed this scene, tell them who have daily stood before God, and therefore been joyful while the sun played fiercely upon them, and the blight nipped their crops, and poverty and want afflicted their bodies, tell them that to-day *they must look sad*, and freeze all innocent joy in their souls, and repress all mirthful expression, because, forsooth, it is the day of the Lord's rest ! They whom prayer has made cheerful in toil and fatigue, must look, and be, gloomy when it brings them exemption from their yoke."—*Dublin Review*, July, 1886.

royalty—THE QUEEN'S GAP—where tradition avers Mary of Scotland was retaken in her attempted escape from Bolton. It is merely a pass in the wood, the only place for some distance, at which the Shawl can be ascended by a mounted party. Sad reveries may here be indulged. The visitor, most likely, treads these paths in the bright summer time, a happy pilgrim among the birds and flowers, accompanied by loving friends; but the uncrowned fugitive saw them in the bleak cold winter, naked and desolate as her own sad lot. For her, there were no flowers—no sunshine—hardly one gentle friend. True hearts indeed then abounded in the dales—men who had kept the ancient faith and their own integrity unstained; but they were powerless to aid, unable to deliver.

We may imagine the glance the re-captured Queen cast over the wide landscape, majestic in its winter gloom—part and portion of her Island inheritance—her own rightful realm. Did it remind her more of Scotland—scenes of her former griefs—than of *La belle France*, where she once knew so much happiness? Not even in fancy dare we guess her thoughts that hour. We only know she was borne back to Bolton, and carried thence in inclement weather, through bad roads, by guards who knew no pity; and so transferred from prison to prison, and from one heart-torture to another, till the long weary tragedy found a close in the hall of Fotheringay, and earth lost her whom Heaven, we cannot doubt, received. The Queen's Gap is indeed the hallowed ground of Leyburn Shawl. (1)

(1) Although no *written* record appears to be known, corroborating the constant local tradition of Queen Mary's attempted escape, it is dangerous to reject universally received *traditional* evidence. Tradition is, in fact, invaluable in perpetuating unwritten historical minutiae, unworthy perhaps of the "dignity of history," but yet highly interesting. Take for example an instance which almost links Queen Mary's unfortunate grandson with our own days. "An elderly acquaintance had a great uncle, who died in the year 1818, aged 93. This person remembered hearing his grandfather speak of Charles I. passing through the village of Hugglescote, Leicestershire, with a party of Cavalry. They halted at

Fairly on the Shawl, the view is magnificent; a superb, vast, natural panorama. The steep precipice drops away abruptly from your feet, and at the bottom lie huge masses of grey rocks, splintered and scattered as if an earthquake had strewn them there. Light hazels shoot up among them; and all spring and summer, but chiefly in latter spring, a profusion of wood-flowers fill the interstices. Here, too, there is a most delightful walk. Old trees grow picturesquely from narrow clefts in the precipice, their topmost boughs just waving along the edge of the terrace, where ground honeysuckle and wild thyme blossom luxuriantly. Still lower down rise the thick woods already mentioned, sloping gradually towards rich fields. In these woods the soft low coo of the cushat and the sweet songs of linnets seldom cease, notwithstanding kestrels and sparrowhawks are sailing about, far beneath you indeed, but still high above the ground and the elm tops. Right opposite Penhill uprears his crest; westward Bishopdale opens, and Raydale; you distinctly see the cataracts of the Yore at Aysgarth, and hear their hasty rush, audible more than fifteen miles away. The view on this side is bounded by hills which approach Westmoreland. Middleham and Bolton castles are conspicuous, besides a host of villages and churches. The entire view eastwards is splendid, only of a more subdued character

the village inn, then kept by a person named Robert Hall, the soldiers being drawn up in a line in front of the inn, while a servant carried a milk pail full of ale from trooper to trooper, in which was a jug, with which each man supplied himself with a draught of the beverage. The party did not dismount, but the officers did, one of the party taking his horse to the village blacksmith to be shod. When the farrier turned up the horse's foot to examine the shoe, he observed the initials C. R. surmounted by a crown, and he immediately suspected it was the King's horse. He asked the principal person of the party if he had the honour of shoeing the King's horse. The person spoken to replied he had, and that he was the King. The blacksmith immediately fell on his knees in reverence to the King, who bade him rise and shoe the horse well, and entered into conversation with him in an affable and pleasant manner. The horse being shod, the party rode off rapidly, as they had arrived, apparently as if closely pursued by an enemy. The incident was also told of my friend's great uncle by the grandson of the blacksmith, who heard it related by the eye-witness himself.

—*Notes and Queries.*

than that towards the west: it is bounded by the remote blue hills of Cleveland, and with the aid of a glass, the smoke of the engines on the Great North Railway is sometimes very distinctly visible.

In the spring of 1841, some young tradesmen of the town conceived the idea of laying out the Shawl in walks, and erecting grottoes and seats for the accommodation of visitors; and this design with most praiseworthy resolution, they carried into effect at their own risk. Having by their personal labours—for they had no means to hire workmen—completed the task, a pleasant suggestion offered; a *fête champêtre*, on a humble scale—a gipsy tea-party on the high terrace for their friends. The idea was eagerly adopted, expanded, and, on Saturday, July 31st, 1841, the first Leyburn Shawl Tea Festival took place. A similar festival was held annually for eight years.

These anniversaries acquired much popularity in the county, and were attended by parties from great distances, more than one thousand individuals sometimes sitting down to tea, exclusive of others on the grounds. The repast was served in a spacious marquee, commanding the best view, and decorated with flowers, evergreens, and colours. Bands of music were in attendance, and the festival on the Shawl usually terminated with a moonlight dance upon the greensward. No intoxicating liquors were allowed, nor were there ever any cases of indecorous conduct. They were truly pleasing re-unions, and uniting, as they did, in one common enjoyment, all ranks and ages, in some sort reminded the thoughtful spectator of Wensleydale's happy gatherings in the long past Olden Day.

WENSLEY.

In Bodelton ad g'ld vi car. & iiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Ghilepatric man'. N'c h't Ribald & wast' e'. Tot' ii leug' l'g & i lat'. . R. E. Tual' xx sol'.

In alia Bodelton ad g'ld vi car. ffi iii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'br iiii maneria iiii filii Balt. N'c h't A. Comes & wast' e'. ot. i leug' Tl'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' xx sol'.

In Leborne ad g'ld vi car. & dim. & v caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi Aschil & Audulf h'br dua maneria. N'c h't Wihome & wasta s't. Tot' i leug. l'g & i lat. T. R. E. ual' xx sol'.

In Preston ad g'ld iii car' & ii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h't Torfin i man. . N'c h't Bodin & wast. e'. Tot' ileug' l'g & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' x sol.

In Ridemare ad g'ld v car. & iii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi fuerunt ii maneria Ghilpatric & Gamel. N'c h't a Comes & Ribald de eo & wast. e.' Tot. i leug' l'g et i lat. T. R. E. ual' xviii sol'.(1)

WENDESLEY & ULVESHOW.—Sunt ibidem 9 carucatæ terræ, quæ faciunt feodem i militis; de quibus 1 caruc. & dim. & 5 bov. terræ tenentur de Nichola de Wendesley, & idem Nicholaus tenet 1 carucam & 5 bov. terræ de Comite Richemundiæ, & idem Comes de Rege. Et 3 carucatæ & 14 bovata tenentur de dicto Comite & Comēs de Rege.(2)

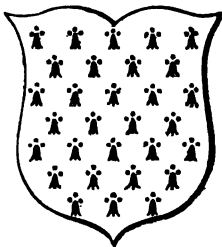
WEST BOLTON & PARVA BOLTON.—Sunt in eisdem villis 6 carucatæ terræ & dim. quæ faciunt feodum unius militis: de quibus Henricus de Bothis & Elena de Bolton, tenent 2 bovatas terræ de magistro Sancti Leonardi & idem Magister de Wilielmo de Preston in puram elemosynam, & idem Wilielmus tenet iii carucatas terræ de Maria de Neville, & eadem Maria de Comite, & Comes de Rege. Et Willielmus Scrop tenet iii carucatas terræ de Cecilia de Horneby & eadem Cecilia de Roaldo, filio

(1) Domesday Survey.

(2) Kirkby's Inquest.

Roaldi, & idem Roaldus de Maria de Neville, & Maria de Comite Richemundiæ, & Comes de Rege.(1)

"Vensela is a litle poore market tounne, in ripâ superi-ori Uri. It standith not far from the Weste Parke ende of Middleham." "The houses of these two tounnes be partly slatid, partly thakkid." "Wensedale as sum say, takith name of Wensele market. For Wensele standith on the hither side of Ure, and straite on the further side beginneth Wensedale (Vennones, men of Wensedale)." So writes Leland in his Itinerary; and it is worthy of notice that the name of the dale is still locally pronounced Wensidill. The orthography differs very greatly, Wendreslaga, Wendesley, Wandesleye, Wenslagh, Wencelagh, Wenslaw, and Wensley, being used at various periods. In 1287, Nicholas de Wendesley held



the town of the Earl of Richmond, and in the 35th Edward I., (1306) James de Wandesleye obtained a charter for a weekly market on Monday, and an annual fair. Subsequently, in the 11th, Edward II., (1318) the Chief Justice Henry Le Scrope had license for a market on

Tuesday. The market appears to have existed till the Great Plague in 1563, when the place was deserted and it became lost.

As it is from Wensley that the dale derives its name, I may be permitted to dwell longer here than in any other place; nor can a village be found in the district worthier of notice. Its situation is beautiful, in a hollow of the valley, on the banks of the Yore, sheltered from the north winds, and enjoying both the summer and winter sunshine. The river is bordered by trees, and flows over a pebbly channel. Penhill, on the southwest, towers in majesty above the scene, which is agreeably diversified by tillage

(1) Kirkby's Inquest.

and meadows, and adorned by the luxuriant woods of Bolton.

A graceful bridge spans the Yore ; this structure, though modernized and widened, includes the old one built at his own cost by John Alwent or Aylwin, Rector of Wensley, who died 16th Sept., 1436. This bridge and the church combined, form an exquisite little landscape from several points of view. On the village green is a superb old tree, surrounded by a stone seat ; the only specimen now left of the "forest monarchs" which anciently adorned almost every hamlet in Wensleydale, and formed the gathering point of old and young when daily toil was ended, or Sundays and Festivals enabled the peasantry and their lords to mingle in our good old athletic games. Those at Leyburn and Harmby stood within living memory.

The parish church is, with the exception perhaps of Aysgarth, the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the dale, and is rich in heraldry. It is of the date of Henry III., altered probably in the Tudor period. The tower has been horridly Italianized during the last century ; it contains three bells, but only one is ancient, bearing in black letter the inscription *Honori Sci Petri*. ☒. On the buttresses of the nave and choir are the following arms, sculptured on stone shields :—1st, Scrope ; 2nd, Fitz-Hugh ; 3rd, Scrope of Masham ; 4th, Nevile ; 5th, De Ros ; 6th, Scrope of Masham, impaling Montacute ; 7th, Nevile ; 8th, De Ros ; 9th, Scrope ; 10th, a fess between three roses or garlands, 11th, De la Pole.

It fortunately happens that the last heraldic visitation of England,—made in 1665, by the afterwards celebrated Sir William Dugdale, then Norroy King at Arms, by order of Sir Christopher Barker, Garter King at Arms,—has preserved several coats and inscriptions in this church, since mutilated or lost. In the windows were formerly these arms : 1, Fitz-Randolph of Middleham ; 2, Mowbray ; 3, Crescy ; 4, Fitz-Hugh ; 5, De la Pole ; 6, Scrope. In the east window—a fine one with lancet lights, apparently con-

verted into decorated—three shields remain. 1st, Mar-mion and Fitz-Hugh, quarterly; impaling Tiptoft and Scrope, quarterly. 2nd, Quarterly, first and fourth, chequy, or and gules (Warren); second and third, gules, three escallops argent (Dacre of Gilsland), impaling Tiptoft and Scrope, quarterly. 3rd, France and England, quarterly.

The nave, supported by decorated octagonal piers, is fitted up with rude, yet ancient stalls; as also are the aisles, one of which was the chantry of Our Blessed Lady, founded by Richard, Lord Scrope, and furnished by the Abbot of St. Agatha's, at Easby, with a priest to say Mass daily for the founders, and for all Christian souls. This Lord Scrope, in 1398, (22nd Richard II.) resumed his grant of £150 from the lands of Cliffe upon Tees, Caldwell, and Thornton Steward, to St. Agatha's, in order to endow a college of six canons at Wensley, with one warden. The college was empowered to plead and implead, and to have a common seal. The advowson was given to the establishment, with the gift of all inter-parochial chapels. They could acquire lands to the value of £150, free of the statute of mortmain, on condition they provided a chaplain for daily service in St. Anne's, in Bolton Castle, and for the chapel of St. Oswald, in the village of Bolton.(1)

The sedilia are beautiful Early English. The choir contains a magnificent full length brass of a Catholic Rector, or Warden, in complete vestments; one of the most beautiful in England. The Puritan soldiers removed the inscription, but as it is clearly of the reign of Edward III, it most likely commemorates **Nicholas de Creccheshaw**.(2) On the slab a small brass plate bears

(1) Dugdale Monas., Aug. Vol. iii.

(2) It should always be remembered that the cognomen borne on the monument of any ecclesiastic or religious, gives little or no clue to his descent, or family; since, in at least nine cases out of ten, it was derived from his birthplace. And in like manner devices. As a priest cannot use helmet, crest, timberings, or supporters, very commonly even high dignitaries assumed a rebus in lieu of

the name of the Protestant Rector, Oswald Dykes, who died Dec. 5, 1607. Near this lies the Rev. William Mason, father of the Poet,⁽¹⁾ and rector from 1673 to

the paternal arms, which together with the paternal name they relinquished when admitted to holy order. Hence we find Prior *Bolton*, 'with his *bolt* and *ton*,' Abbot *Thornton*, with his *thorn-bush* and *tun*, Prior *Heslington*, with his *hazel-bush* and *tun*, &c., the family surnames of none of these prelates being those by which they are known to us. Sometimes a monogram, like a merchant's mark, was adopted. The Protestant writer, Fuller, treating of this, says:—"It was fashionable for the clergy, especially if regulars, monks, and friars, to have their surnames (for syr-names they were not) or upper-names, because super-added to those given at the font, from the places of their nativity; and therefore they are so good evidence to prove where they were born, as if we had the deposition of the midwife, and all the gossips present at their mother's labours. Hence it is that in such cases we seldom charge our margin with other authors, their surname being author enough to avow their births therein. Some impute this custom to the pride of the clergy, whose extraction was so obscure that they were ashamed of their parentage: an uncharitable opinion, to fix so foul a fault on so holy a function; and most false, many in orders appearing of most honourable descent. Yet Richard, Bishop of London, quitted Angervill, though his father, Sir Richard Angervill, was a knight of worth and worship, to be called of Bury, where he was born; and William, Bishop of Winchester, waived Patten to wear Waynflete, though he was eldest son to Richard Patten, an esquire of great ancientry. Others say, that the clergy herein affected to be Levi-like, "who said to his father and mother, I have not seen him," (Deut., xxxiii. 9.) practising to be mimic Melchisedecs, "without father, without mother, without descent," (Heb. vii. 3.) so as to render themselves independent of the world, without any coherence to carnal relations."

(1) It is not often that the grave of a Poet's father is recorded, and pointed out to strangers. The Poets themselves frequently rest without any memorial of their burial, sometimes with no remembrance of its place.

Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakespere, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory, Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent-garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the church-yard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thompson, in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St. Andrew's church, at Chichester; Gray, in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy*; Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, with "all ocean for

1683, when he resigned this incumbency for the church of the Holy Trinity, Hull.

his grave"; Churchill, in the church-yard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crosssthaite church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome"; and Keats beside him, "under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius."

But the true Poet needs no storied sepulchre. *His* monument is found in his influence over the hearts and feelings of his fellow men; a monument far more imperishable than those wrought of marble and brass.

"Call it not vain :—they do not err,
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Wensleydale may have brought forth sons and daughters, true children of song; but their names are now unremembered, even if known in their life-day. And so let them rest. "Many men of genius have died without their fame, and for their fate we may surely mourn, without calumniating our kind. It was their lot to die. Many such have come and gone, ere they knew themselves what they were; their brothers and sisters and friends knew it not; knew it not their fathers and their mothers; nor the village maidens on whose bosoms they laid their dying heads. Many, conscious of the divine flame, and visited by mysterious stirrings that would not let them rest, have, like vernal wild-flowers, withered, or been cut down like young trees in the first spring of leaf and blossom. Of this our mortal life what are these but beautiful vanishings! To young genius to die is often a great gain. The green leaf was almost hidden in blossoms, and the tree put forth beautiful promise. Cold winds blew, and clouds intercepted the sunshine; but it felt the dews of Heaven, and kept flourishing fair even in the moonlight, drawing sweet sustenance from the stars. But would *all* these blossoms have been fruit? Many would have formed, but more perhaps dropt in unperceived decay, and the trees which "all eyes that looked on loved," might not have been the pride of the garden. Death could not permit the chance of such disappointment; stepped kindly in, and left the spring-dream "sweet but mournful to the soul," among its half-fancied memories."—*Wilson's Morning Monologues*.



Seal of John, 10th Lord Scrope of Bolton.

In the centre aisle, on a large blue slab, 8 feet 3 inches, by 6 feet 2 inches, is this: **Hic jacent Richardus Clederow et Johannes Clederow Fratres quondam Rectores hujus ecclesie unus post annum..... 'quorum animabus propicietur Deus. Amen.** In the choir are some superb oak stalls, brought from St. Agatha's Abbey, Easby, probably by John, tenth Lord Scrope of Bolton. Those on the north, bear, in black letter; **D. n. j. Mcccc.** Arms of Scrope and Tiptoft, with helm and two cornish choughs as supporters. A dragon **xx. v. ij. Soli-dei. ho-nor. et. Gloria.** A goat, chained and gorged. Those on the south have a four-legged monster, with wings and beak. **Henricus—Ri—che—rd.** A bear. **Con. Qui—Rector—nos.** A lion and shield, Scrope and Tiptoft quarterly, impaling Dacre and Warren, beneath **H.R.—fecit. sup—tus.** A tiger crowned. These are all in front of the stalls.

At the east end of the north aisle are portions of the parclose of the Scrope chantry at St. Agatha's; converted into a pew for the Bolton family. It has been splendid, and gives the alliances of the House of Scrope. As the inscriptions are defaced, I give them as preserved at the College of Anns.

"Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the VIIth of that name, the IXth Lorde of Bolton, ande Mabel his Wife, daughter to the Lord Bakers de Greys."

"Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the thirde of that name, and the righte Lord Scrope of Bolton, and Elizabeth his Wife, daughter of

This parclose has been richly gilt and blazoned, and was most likely removed from St. Agatha's with the stalls. There are eighteen panels. 1. 2. Henry the firste. 3. 4. 5. Philip the firste. 6. Symonde the firste. 7. Henry the 8. Wyllyem the firste. 9. Henry the thyrde. All these bear the arms of Scrope. 10. Hen 11. Henry first of ye name. Scrope impaleing Fitz-Walter. 12.

William Scrope the seconde. Scrope impaleing De Ros. 13. **Richard the firste of that name.** Scrope impaleing De La Pole. 14. **Roger the first.** Scrope impaleing Tiptoft. 15. **Richard Scrope the seconde.** Scrope quartering Tiptoft, impaleing Scrope of Masham ; also Scrope and Tiptoft, encircled by the Garter. 16. **Henry the seconde.** 17. **John Scrope ye fyrst.** Scrope and Tiptoft quarterly, impaleing Fitz-Hugh and Marmion, quarterly. 18. On a large shield Scrope and Tiptoft impaleing Dacre, with five quarterings. Supporters—two Cornish Choughs.

Above this pew are suspended the colours of the Loyal Dales Volunteers, and beneath it is the family vault of the Poulet family, containing the remains of the Marchioness of Winchester, daughter of Scrope, Earl of Sunderland ; the Hon. Thomas Ord Poulet, son of the first and father of the present Lord Bolton, and his infant daughter. In the north aisle, on a marble slab bearing their effigies, this inscription: *Hæc teguntur humo Henric's Scrop Richard 'que d'ni Henrici de Bolton et Mabelle Uxoris Sue minores nat' b liberi, quor. æt. xxb. die decessit Martii, æt. xxbiii Julii. Anno Domini, mDxxb.*(1) In earlier pages the reader will

(1) It is natural to contemplate with melancholy feelings the monuments of those who die in early youth, yet such sentiments of regret for their departure from among us are, in truth, both unkind and ungrateful. They are only taken in mercy from a world of painful trial, and spared the exposure to those many occasions of sin which, in maturer years, cause our weakness so frequently to fall.

“ There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
‘ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ’ said he ;
‘ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.’
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

have observed an enumeration of the distinguished individuals produced by the baronial House of Scrope ; but that list did not particularly name, William, Lord Scrope, who reigned King of the Isle of Man, from 1395 to 1399. From John Scrope of Spennithorne, younger brother of Henry Lord Scrope, descended the three great families, of Spennithorne and Danby-Super-Yore ; Cockerington in Lincolnshire ; and Wormesley. The house of Cockerington was distinguished for its loyalty during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. Sir Gervase Scrope, son of " the thrice noble Sir Adrian," who died in 1623, was a staunch and gallant cavalier. He was left for dead on the field of Edgehill, in 1642, having received no less than twenty-six wounds. On the following day, his son, Adrian, discovered the still breathing, but senseless body, and by dint of great care, the brave knight was restored to health, and survived the action for nearly ten years. Sir Adrian Scrope, of Wormesley, was, unhappily, a Puritan, and not only bore arms against his sovereign, but actually sat as one of his judges, and signed the warrant for his execution. After the Restoration, Sir Adrian was tried for his participation in Charles's murder, when being found guilty, he was left for execution, and hanged, drawn, and quartered, at

' My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay,'

The Reaper said, and smiled ;

' Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.'

' They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;

'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

LONGFELLOW.

Charing Cross, October 17th, 1660, but his quarters were given to his friends, and not exposed. There is something approximating regal style in the peculiar manner in which the barons are designated on the screen from Easby—William the first, Henry the third, Symon the first, &c.; but this is useful, and not an uncommon custom in Scotland. In England it was adopted by the Bishops of Durham, who used numerals to distinguish prelates who had predecessors of the same name; and also by the Mauleys and some other families. At the modern Bolton Hall several portraits of the Scropes are preserved, and very many others may be discovered in the neighbourhood, in possession of various hands. The contest between Richard, Lord Scrope, son of the Lord Chief Justice, Henry, of Bolton, and Sir Robert Grosvenor, ancestor of the present Marquis of Westminster, respecting the armorial bearings, which is familiarly known amongst heralds as ‘The suit of the *bend, or*,’ is probably the most remarkable in English heraldic history. It is impossible to enter at length into this celebrated controversy; I can only give the outline. During forty years, there was scarcely a battle, including the memorable day of Cressy, in which Lord Scrope did not distinguish himself. Ordered on a military expedition into Scotland, in 1385, he appeared in the old insignia of his family, ‘azure, a bend or,’ when to his mortification and astonishment he found Sir Robert Grosvenor usurping his bearings. The right of the latter was instantly challenged, and proclamation made through the army appointing a day at Newcastle for investigating the dispute. In a previous dispute with one of the Cornish family of Carminow, the latter asserted that his elders had used the bend as Scrope wore it, ever since the time of King Arthur, A.D. 506—42. A trial by single combat produced no satisfactory issue, and it was decreed that both families should continue to use the same arms. Grosvenor, like his antagonist Scrope, only

claimed from the Norman conquest, but refused to obey the court sentence, that he was to add a silver border to the arms. He appealed to the King, (Richard II), who decided that he was not entitled to the bend at all, and ultimately the affair terminated in his begging Scrope to forgive him the heavy costs of the cause, which he did. (1) Grosvenor adopted in lieu, azure, a garb, or ; being arms of affection taken from those of the Earls of Chester, and which have ever since been borne by his descendants. On the trial, men of almost every grade, amongst whom was numbered John of Gaunt, were summoned to give evidence. The principals of the religious houses bore testimony to the perpetual recurrence of the bend of Scrope in their buildings and ornaments ; and the official of Richmond produced a formidable list of the blazonry in the churches of his district. The testimony of John de Thirlwall indeed shewed that there was some dispute as to the claimant's father, the Chief Justice, being a gentleman, yet, above his tomb in the monastery of St. Agatha, was an effigy sculptured with the bend on his shield, *circa collum suum*. He was buried viij. Id. Sep. 1336, and round the tomb were the same arms solemnly sculptured in twenty places. On tablets and in windows of the church and the chapel of St. Thomas, in the same monastery, were the same arms from time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary in 1399. The same in the parish church. In "the chapel of the chantry within the Castle of Richmond" were the arms of Scrope in a window from time immemorial. (2)

(1) Longstaffe's Richmondshire, pp. 29, 30.

(2) The admission of the right of the family of Carminow to use arms alleged to have been borne by their ancestors in the reign of King Arthur, would, in itself, be sufficient to refute those theorists who maintain that heraldry was only introduced into England after the Norman Conquest. Guillim writes "Osyris, surnamed Jupiter the Just, son to Cham, the son of Noah, called of the Gentiles Janus, being banished from the tents of Shem and Japhet, assembled an army and appointed his son Hercules captain ; when arms were first used ; Hercules bearing a lion rampant holding a battle-axe." *Display of Heraldry*, p. 6, edit. 1660. We also find in Homer and Virgil, that the heroes had distinctive cognizances. Agamemnon bore a lion, and Ulysses a dolphin, and a Typhon

There are several monumental slabs in the church—one is to the memory of Peter Goldsmith, Esq., M.D., of Leyburn, who was surgeon on board the *Victory*, at the ever memorable battle of Trafalgar, and in whose arms Lord Nelson expired. He lies in the churchyard, where also rest the mortal remains of THOMAS MAUDE, the poet and historian of Wensleydale, who died Dec. 23, 1798, in the 81st year of his age. This gentleman, who was descended from De Montalto, surnamed "The Norman Hunter," was surgeon on board the *Harfleur*, when commanded by Captain Lord Harry Poulet, who on succeeding to the title of Duke of Bolton, appointed him

breathing out flames of fire. Pindar, the Theban Poet, says, Amphiarus, in his expedition to Thebes, bore a painted dragon; Cadaneus, one of the seven captains who besieged Thebes, bore the seven-headed Hydra, as the Poet Statius reports, but Æschylus, in "The Seven before Thebes," says he had 'for his escutcheon, a naked man, holding a torch.' In this play the bearings of all the chiefs are given minutely. Tydeus bore the sky with the moon and stars; Eteodus, an armed man scaling a lofty tower; Hippomedon, a Typhon breathing flames, and surrounded by serpents; Parthenopeus, a sphynx, devouring a Theban; Amphiarus, an unemblazoned brazen shield; and Polynices, a warrior, led by a woman, representing Justice. These facts show the antiquity of heraldry. Plutarch, in his life of Marius, also tells us that the Cymbrians had animals depicted on their shields. Each of the twelve tribes of Israel carried a distinctive banner and badge, differing in colour, and emblazoned with separate forms. As to the colour, Lyra, upon Num. ii., says, 'Qualia sunt ista vexilla in textu non habetur, sed dicuntur que Hebræi quod vexillum cujuslibet Tribus, erat similis colori lapidis positi in rationali, in quo inscriptum erat nomen ipsius Reuben, et sic de aliis.' As to their several forms, Martinus Borhaus, in his Commentary on the same place, says—'Tradunt veteres in Rubenis vexillo Mandoragoram depictam fuisse, quam ille in agro collectam matri Lise attulerat: In Jehudæ, Leonem, cui illum benedicendo pater Jacobus contulerat. In Ephraim vexillo, bovis species. In Danis vexillo, serpentis imago, qui serpenti et colubro a Jacobo comparatus erat, fiat Dan coluber in via.' And in conclusion he says—'sic fides penes authores.' And coming down to more modern times, there is no doubt each feudal chief took his own heraldic distinction at his own will, *provided he used no coat which was already used by another*; and part of the business of the earl-marshal and his officers was to attend the field when the armies were arrayed, and see that no one committed this fault upon order. No one holding by military tenure, land of sufficient quality and amount to impose on him the necessity of bringing into the field troops under his own command, could be without his heraldic ensign for his shield and his banners. His very military tenure gave him a right to it. It should likewise be generally known, although it is not, that the statute 14, Edw. I., A.D., 1285, enacted that all freemen and the more substantial villeins, even, should have their own *proper* seals; and this act is in full force at present, having never been repealed.

agent for his northern estates. He resided at Bolton Hall. His "Wensleydale" was published at York, in 1771, for the benefit of the Leeds General Infirmary. He also published several other works possessing much merit, though almost forgotten, but his claim to remembrance in this dale must always be admitted with respect, from his having been its first topographer. He is buried in a fit spot for the poet's dreamless sleep, anticipating which, he addressed his wife in these words:—

" Safe in the haven of consoling rest,
 We sip from ev'ry hour nectareous zest;
 Pluck from the graceful rose its irksome thorn,
 And make our ev'ning cheerful as the morn.
 O grant, benignly grant, ye pow'rs divine
 The solid blessing, long to call thee mine.
 And when that day, that awful day, shall come
 When Pœan skill no longer waives our doom;
 On some kind stone, perchance, the sculptor's art
 May to the reader these faint words impart:
 Then may our names, as now our hearts entwine,
 Be thus remember'd in one common line:
 ' Here rest the relics of a nymph and swain
 Who equal shar'd life's pleasure and its pain.' " (1)



waterfall in Wensley.

In the vestry of Wensley Church are preserved several monumental stones, dug up at different times in the churchyard. One of these bears a cross, with two birds in the upper corners, and two serpents or dragons in the lower. Beneath, in Saxon characters, is the name of DOMFRID. It may be considered a clear proof that there was a Saxon church here, though not mentioned in Domesday. There is a very picturesque

(1) Wensleydale, p. 52.

West of the village, situated in a warm spot, and sheltered from the north winds, stands Bolton Hall, the seat of Lord Bolton. This elegant and commodious mansion, which consists of a centre and two wings, was completed about 1678, by Charles, Marquis of Winchester, afterwards created Duke of Bolton, and son of John Poulet, fifth marquis, but has been much modernised and improved during the present century. The Dukes of Bolton seldom resided here, neither did the two first Lords. Bolton woods contain some splendid trees, and a summer's-walk through them cannot fail to delight. Opposite the Hall the Yore is spanned by a small bridge.

The Park attached to Bolton Hall lies on the south bank of the Yore, immediately under Penhill, but at present contains no deer, as we shall see hereafter, when treating of West Witton.(1) Lord Bolton keeps a pack of Harriers, which meet twice a week, usually in the lower portion of the valley, enabling the dalesmen to enjoy their favourite and hereditary passion for the chase, man's best rural amusement; and it is only justice to his lordship to observe that he always appears gratified by seeing the lusty villagers, as well as the neighbouring

(1) The curious reader may feel some interest in the expenses formerly attendant on the formation of a park or chase. The following are a few of those incurred on the inclosure of that at Hampton Court, by Henry VIII. "Fellers of Braykys (Brachen or Fern) downe as well in the great park as in the letyll parke. Payd to Thomas Creston, carpenter, for makyng, framyng, and setting up of a new berne in the northe est part of the parke to keep haye in for the kynges deer by convencion xlvis. viiid.. Makers of buries for blake conyes in the new warren, xvs. Harrowyng of the coney buryes in the nether parke. To Robert Burg, of the wyke, smythe, for a great long nagre of iron to make and bore cony holes within the kynges beries new made for blake conyes in the warren, ponderyng xixlb., at a penny halfpenny the lb. Bought in kyngston mercatt for the kynges fesaunds iiij boshells of whete at xiiid. the boshell, and iiij boshells of wots at iiid the boshell. XX clockyng hennys to sett upon the fesaundes eggs, at vid. the pece. "Eggs"—"Courdds"—"butter"—"great otmel"—hempseed at iis. iid. the boshell, were purchased for the fesaunds to eyth. Also a horse to carry ants from Sondry wood, and other playsys for the sayd fesaunds. To the fesaund keeper for knytyng of a nett four the fesaund howsya, the kyng fyndynd threde thereto by convencion."—See *Hampton Court Accounts*.

gentry, participating in this manly and exhilarating occupation.(1)

"Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now, he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.

* * * * *

What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears!—
The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody: from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the schoolboy dreads, his prison broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call;

(1) It is much to be lamented that farmers in many districts of England are foolishly blind to the great benefit they derive from a pack of hounds being kept in their neighbourhood, whilst their injuries are almost, if not quite, imaginary. Riding across a field of young wheat, for example, only does, in another manner, what the agriculturist *ought* to do, though from ignorance or prejudice he commonly neglects it. Without vouching for the accuracy of each item, I subjoin the following calculation tending to prove the fox the Farmer's best Friend:—

"In Yorkshire there are 10 packs of foxhounds, 1 pack of staghounds, and 5 or 6 of harriers, equal, in all, to 13 or 14 packs of foxhounds. Thirteen packs of foxhounds of 50 couple each, i. e. 1,300 hounds, consume annually 200 tons of oatmeal, at a cost of £2,600, besides the carcasses of about 2,000 dead horses, worth *nothing* if no hounds were kept. There are at least 1,000 hunting men in Yorkshire, keeping upon an average 4 horses each, 4,000 horses will cost them £200,000, at £50 each; and their keep at £50 per annum each, makes £200,000 more; 4,000 horses employ 2,000 men, as grooms, (generally the offspring of the agricultural population) and consume annually 40,000 quarters of beans, and 8,000 tons of hay and grass. Every tradesman also is benefitted by hunting; tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, saddlers, druggists, surgeons, veterinary surgeons, &c. If foxhunting was given up, where would the farmer find a market for the above produce, or for a well-bred horse of four or five year's old? Foxes are the farmer's best friends, and they ought to use every exertion to preserve them, and prevent their being stolen, to be sent where masters of hounds are unsportsman like enough to purchase them, no matter whence they come."—
Paragraph in the York Herald.

The weary traveller forgets his road,
 And climbs th' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves
 Th' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy ? men, boys, and girls,
 Desert th' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.

* * * * *

Happy the man who with unrivalled speed
 Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
 The struggling pack ; how in the rapid course
 Alternate they preside, and jostling push
 To guide the dubious scent ; how giddy youth
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd ;
 How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
 Hangs in the rear, till some important point
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
 Sinking he finds : then to the head he springs
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.

* * * * *

Now the poor chase
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
 Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
 With love and plenty blest. See ! there she goes,
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays
 Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks !
 The sweat, that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
 A languid scent. And now in open view
 See, see, she flies ! each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
 How quick she turns ! their gaping jaws eludes,
 And yet a moment lives ; till, round enclos'd
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies."

SOMERVILLE'S *Chase*, Book II.

"The natural proneness of man to field exercise is powerfully attested, not less by our daily experience than by the history of all past ages ;" (1) and long, long may it be ere the race of Wensleydale Nimrods ceases to exist in full vigour and activity.

(1) Spencer T. Hall, *Forester's Offering*, p. 78.

PRESTON-UNDER-SCAUR lies at the base of the lofty ridge of rocks ; it is chiefly inhabited by miners.

“ Lo ! where the glist’ning stores disclosed to-day,
By chemic art, assume more potent sway ;
Now in extended sheets secure the pile,
Now lend the faded face delusion’s smile :
Now vaunting, mimic the carnation’s bloom,
The canvass swell, or gaily robe the room.”

MAUDE.

Just above, is the celebrated Scarthe Nick, a mountain-pass in the road between Richmond and Askrigg. Here the traveller from the former place is at once arrested by the splendid amphitheatrical view of Wensleydale which suddenly bursts upon him, when, after passing over miles of dreary level moors, he reaches the cleft in the rock’s summit, and beholds a scene which must be witnessed to be appreciated justly. Maude rightly observes that “ the advantage of this view ”—over Leyburn Shawl—“ besides its greater variety of objects, is likewise that of its being the most commodiously accessible to all kinds of vehicles. The spectator has thence a full sight of the valley, the castles of Middleham and Bolton, a glimpse of the cataract of Aysgarth, and no less than eight villages and seven churches, most of which are ornamented with very handsome steeples.”(1) To which may be added that the whole is set off by a rich frame-work of mountain scenery, whilst the verdant meadows at your feet are agreeably contrasted with the moors beside you, on which, and probably within a few yards, the grouse are lying.

REDMIRE is a long, straggling, pretty village, containing many rustic looking cottages, shadowed by old trees, and many of them ornamented with rose-trees and creepers. It is chiefly inhabited by miners. A May-pole, rare in Yorkshire, stands on the green. It was shivered to pieces by the electric fluid, during a thunder-storm, in the summer of 1849. This poor May-pole’s catastrophe would have been regarded

(1) Maude, p. 98.

by the old Puritans as a direct and visible manifestation of the wrath of heaven at such heathenish practices. On a similar occasion, just 183 years before, the *godly* Master Oliver Heywood writes thus :—" At the very time the king came in, 1660, at Chorley there was a May-pole erected, upon which was set a crown and a cross with a coat of arms, and adorned with brave garlands ; at certain times every year they met there, and had hired a piper to play on Sundays and holydays ; and had very lately dressed it. But, in July, 1666, there was terrible thunder, and the thunderbolt split it to shivers, and carried the ornaments nobody knows whither, and broke it to the very bottom, though set two yards within the ground. *This is a certain truth ; I looked at the place.*" Wonderful miracle ! On another occasion, Heywood experienced a May-day annoyance. " April 29th, he set out for Lancashire ; lodged and preached at Matthew Hallowe's, at Rochdale ; and lodged the next night at Mr. Hutton's, at Manchester. ' That night,' says he, ' they have a foolish custom after twelve o'clock, to rise and ramble abroad, making garlands, strewing flowers, &c., which they call *bringing in May*. I could sleep little that night by reason of the tumult.' This was one of the ancient and beautiful customs of the country, with which the spirit of Puritanism had long been at war. It had spoken in the reign of Elizabeth, by the mouth of Philip Stubbs, in his ' Anatomy of Abuses,' and in later times, more feebly, by the mouth of Thomas Hall, the ejected minister of King's Norton, in his Downfall of May Games." (1)

Alas ! for the blind bigotry, the pharasaical sanctimoniousness of those unhappy men who saw in innocent cheerful recreation nothing but guilt and wickedness. Yet it harmonized well with that enthusiasm of religious madness which could coolly murder brave soldiers who

(1) See Hunter's "*Rise of the Old Dissent, exemplified in the Life of Oliver Heywood.*"

had received quarter and were defenceless—under the blasphemous war-cry of “Cursed be he who doth the Lord’s work negligently!”—to condemn all pastimes, and forbid all sports of the most inoffensive nature, as being instigations of the devil—emanations from the bottomless pit.

In the day of those pastimes—those May-games—England was happy in her domestic life. Such festivals formed points of re-union, between otherwise severed classes—between the high-born and the lowly, the noble and the plebeian—between man and man, who on such occasions could meet as brethren, common sons of a common father, worshippers and children of the same Holy God;—and yet the noble lost nothing of his dignity—nor the peasant of his conventional and necessary inferiority. Where are we now? The old nobles of England have descended, in innumerable instances, to the grade of labourers, and the grandsons or sons of plebeians wear coronets—a goodly exchange, since with it we have gained Bastiles for Abbeys, and taxes *on labour*, for an *untaxed* country.

Alas, for May-day! “We have no gatherings of the May-dew now. No maiden leaves her soft couch at early dawn to bathe her face in the elixir of beauty. The young men of the village no more go forth with the lark “a-maying,” singing the while—

“Come, lads, with your bills
To the wood we’ll away,
We’ll gather the boughs,
And we’ll celebrate May;
We’ll bring our load home,
As we’ve oft done before,
And leave a green bough
At each pretty maid’s door (1)

(1) In Germany, May-day used to be observed with nearly the same idyllic festivities as in England. But a stationary May-pole did not exist, nor an elective queen. Each village lad did his obeisance to the queen of his own heart. For this purpose he went by break of day to the wood, and cut down a pretty slender young pine or fir tree. The branches were then partly stripped, the top was left, and handsomely adorned with green and red ribbons. This the youth placed before the door of his *Schatz*, and in the afternoon the villagers danced

The Queen of the May, her garlands of the rose and hawthorn, her merry rustic train, the May-pole, the pipe and tabor, and the morris-dancers, all are gone. The May-day comes to a money-seeking age and utilitarian generation, without welcome, and without regret. To be sure, they fling garlands into the hill-streams in some remote parts of Wales to this day; and in some very primitive spots in Ireland the poor peasant gives a grim smile at the cowslips and daffodils which his three-quarters starved little ones, clad in "rags—Irish rags," have flung over the May-bush at his cabin-door. Still there are plenty of those yet amongst us who can mingle in the memories of by-gone days, and the scenes which they call up, singing out in the heart-stirring lines of old Chaucer's Arcite.

'May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May!
I hope that I some green here gotten may.' "(1)

There is, at Redmire, a mineral spring, possessing considerable medicinal properties, which is frequently resorted to, and which might be made valuable. The church, or rather chapel of the Blessed Virgin stands conveniently a little out of the village—it is Norman with additions. The south doorway is fine. The choir is early English with a fine Tudor roof. In the east window are the arms of Scrope and Nevile. In 1845, a singular and quite absurd proposal was made to pull this chapel down, as well as the venerable one of St. Oswald, at Bolton, and in their place to build a new church in the fields between the villages, thus inflicting great inconvenience on the parish-

round it, to the *Dudelsack* (Bohemian bagpipe). An English querist, receiving this account from the lips of a "good natured light-hearted girl," demurred to the number of May trees in one village, and was quickly and truthfully answered "*Ach Got! jedes Mädchen hat nicht ihren Geliebten*" (every lass has not a sweetheart). However this may be, the destruction of young trees for this purpose, so alarmed the Foresters in the vicinity of Carlsbad, that the custom was prohibited.

(1) St. James's Mag.

ioners, and involving the desecration of Redmire church-yard. Happily the sacrilegious scheme was relinquished, in consequence of the determined opposition it met. (1)

(1) At Redmire commences the Wensleydale Itinerary of "Drunken Barnaby," the gallant cavalier Richard Braithwaite; and I subjoin it, premising that it is decidedly satirical, and to a great extent allegorical, as is evident from the shepherd and sheep, (i.e. tippling parson and congregation) at Wensley.

*Pœna sequi solet culpam,
Veni Redmeere ad subulcum,
Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
Prisca nimis intestina,
Quæ ni calices abluisent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæssissent.*

Penance chaœ'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to Redmeere to a swine-heard
Came I, where they nothing plast me
But a swine's gut that was nastie :.
Had I not then wash'd my liver
In my guts 't had stuck for ever.

*Veni Carperbie peravarum,
Cœtu frequens, victu carum;
Septem solidorum cœna
Redit levior crumena :
Nummo citiùs haurieris.
Quam liquore ebrieris.*

Thence to Carperbie very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy;
After supper they so tost me,
As seven shillings there it cost me :
Soone may one of coyne be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choaked.

*Veni Wenchly valle situm,
Prisca vetustate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Pastor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effascinati more,
Dormiunt agri cum pastore.*

Thence to Wenchly, valley-seated,
For antiquity repeated;
Sheep and sheep-heard as one brother
Kindly drink to one another;
Till pot-hardy light as feather
Sheep and sheep-heard sleep together.

*Veni Middlam, ubi arcem
Vidi, et bibentes sparsim
Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere sumpsi;
Æneis licet tincti nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis.*

Thence to Middlam, where I viewed
Th' castle which so stately shewed;
Down the staires, 'tis truth I tell ye,
To a knot of brave boys fell I;
All red-noses, no dye deeper,
Yet not one but a peace-keeper.

Veni Ayscarth, vertice montis,
Valles, et amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, acopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, et paludes,
Vidi, locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.*

Thence to Ayscarth,* from a mountaine
Fruitfull vallies, pleasant fountaine
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snawy
Fields, fens, sedgy rushes, saw I :
Which high mount is call'd the Temple
For all prospects an example.

* Gurgite præcipite sub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat spinis obsitis, intus aqua.

Here breathes an arched cave of antique stature,
Closed above with thorns, below with water.

To the casual tourist as to the resident in the valley, **BOLTON CASTLE**, is alike interesting. It is a conspicuous object for many miles, standing on an ascent three miles from Wensley, and about half a mile above the Yore, and consists of four lofty towers, with a

Veni Worton, sericis ciucta,
Sponsa ducis, ore tineta,
Me ad canam blande movet,
Licet me non unquam novit:
Veni, vidi, vici, lusi,
Cornu-copiam optans duci.

Thence to Worton; being lighted
I was solemnly invited
By a captain's wife most vewlie,
Though, I think, she never knew me:
I came, call'd, coll'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed,
Captaine cornu-cap'd I wish'd.

Veni Bainbrig, ubi palam
Flumen deserit canalem,
Spectans qui properarem
Ad Johannem Ancillarem,
Hospitem habui (vere mirum)
Neque feminam, neque virum.

Thence to Bainbrig, where the river
From his channell seems to sever,
To Maidenly John I forthwith hasted
And his best provision tasted,
Th' hoast I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither man nor woman.

Veni Askrig,† notum forum,
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullam habet magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum;
Hic pauperrimi tentores
Per agrestes tenent mores.

Thence to Askrig,† market noted,
But no handsomnesse about it;
Neither magistrate nor mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their trading, breeding, sitting.

Veni Hardraw,‡ ubi fames
Cantes frugis perinanes;
Nunquam vixit hic Adonis
Ni sub thalamo Carbonis:
Diversoria sunt obscœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Thence to Hardraw‡ where's hard hunger
Barraine cliffs and clints of wonder;
Never here Adonis lived
Unless in Cole's harbour hived;
Inn are nasty, dusty, fustie,
Both with smoak and rubbish mustie.

+ Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,
Alluit et villæ mania juncta suæ.

A channell strait confines a chrystall spring,
Washing the wals o' th' village neighbouring.

‡ Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremula mulcet voce sopore fovet.

A shallow rill, whose streams their current keep,
With murm'ring voyce and pace procure sweet sleep.

BARNABÆ Itinerarium, Pars Tertia. DRUNKEN BARNABÆ's Journal, Pt. III.

I have elsewhere mentioned Braithwaite, whose second wife was a daughter of the ancient and cavalier family of Croft. His only son by this marriage was Sir Strafford Braithwaite, Knt., who was killed in action with the Moors, and was buried at Tangier. See the monument in Catterick church; which monument by the way, having within a few few years been re-painted, the Croft arms are falsified, being given, lozengy, or and sable, instead of *argent* and *sable*.

curtain connecting each. It is in form of a quadrilateral figure, "whose greatest length runs from north to south; but, on measuring it, no two of the sides are found equal; that on the south being 184 feet, the north 187, the west 131, and the east 125 feet." (1) This singular irregularity is preserved in the towers, "neither their faces nor flanks are equal; each of the former measuring, on the north and south sides, 47 feet and a half; the latter vary from 7 feet and a half to 6 feet."

"In the centre, between the two towers, both on the north and south sides is a large projecting right-angled buttress or turret; that on the north side is 15 in front, its west side 14, and its east 16 feet; on the south side the front is 12, its east side 9, and its west 12 feet. As these buttresses stand at right-angles to the building, and their flanks and sides being thus unequal, neither north nor south curtains are one continued right line." (2) The walls, 7 feet in thickness, are 96 in height. The gateway is in the east curtain, near the south tower, and has been defended by a portcullis. If an enemy penetrated this defence he would not have gained much, the interior consisting of a square area, with only four doors, each strongly defended by double portcullisses, which he must force under a shower of missiles from the defenders. The grand hall was on the south side, and the kitchens below it.

There was a chantry in the castle, founded by Richard Lord Scrope, for six priests, one of whom was Warden, to say Mass daily for the soul of King Richard II. A portion of the castle is still inhabited by labourers and dependants of Lord Bolton.

Queen Mary's chamber is shown, and constitutes the shrine of many a summer pilgrimage. The lime and sand floor has been repeatedly broken for mementos of the spot, while the walls are covered with names and inscriptions. A few squares of glass yet remain in the

(1) Maude, p. 10.

(2) *Ibid.*

window, on one of which the royal martyr wrote her name with a diamond ring ; this precious relic was long preserved with care, but having been removed to Bolton Hall, was accidentally broken. How appropriately do the words of Wordsworth's "Lament" apply to this room, on the night of December 31st, 1568 !

"Smile of the moon ! for so I name
That silent greeting from above ;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love ;
Or art thou of still higher birth ?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove ?
* * * * *
To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festive peal ;
To the New-year a welcoming ;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;
While I am forced to watch and weep
My wounds that may not heal.
* * * * *
Farewell, desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court !
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.
* * * * *
Hark ! the death note of the year,
Sounded by the castle clock !
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block !"

The Comte De Maistre has remarked that "the whole of Modern History is one vast conspiracy against truth," and that remark is, unhappily, only too accurate. "If historians would sometimes condescend to be also men,

and endeavour to remember, while recording the actions of the mighty dead, that they are detailing the lives, not of inanimate puppets, but of human beings, formed with hearts like those which beat within their own breasts, then should we arrive at a stage of historical investigation far higher than that which we have attained, or can ever hope to reach while under the influence of the cold philosophy which now prevails in this branch of human study. Then History, breaking through the harsh cold veil which has so long enveloped her, would assume her proper station, as a record, not simply of the revolutions of empires, but of the varying phases of the human heart, teaching from the errors of the past the noblest lessons for our future guidance."

True, it is difficult even for contemporaries to arrive at an accurate judgment,⁽¹⁾ perhaps more so than for their successors, since they are more blinded by party feelings; but party prejudices, like family likenesses, are hereditary, hence, misrepresentations of motives and character, are handed down from father to son for many generations. So it has been with Mary of Scotland, and Elizabeth Tudor. From boyhood to maturer years men have read of one as being at best of dubious character, of the other, as of a glorious maiden Queen. But "*Veritas temporis filia*." At last justice—tardy justice—is beginning to be rendered to both, and whilst the dark shadow falls with increasing blackness on the fame of the depraved woman, whose sensual licentiousness, abandoned life, and horridly despairing death have so long been veiled by encomiastic writers, through ignorance or design, her murdered victim's name is enveloped with an increasing splendour as Time dispels the clouds with

(1) "When, after the victory of Aumale, in which Henry IV. was wounded, he called his Generals round his bed, to give him an account of what had occurred subsequently to his leaving the field, no two could agree on the course of the very events in which they had been actors; and the king, struck with the difficulty of ascertaining facts so evident and recent, exclaimed—" *Voilà ce que c'est que l'Histoire!*"—"What then is History?" *Quarterly Review*, July, 1815.

which malignity and falsehood sought to obscure the brightness of *her* glory, who was indubitably a martyr, if not a saint.

“Endowed with every quality which in woman is most highly prized, she endured, with an unexampled heroism, which true religion could alone impart, miseries and persecutions without an equal in the history of the world; and, though it may have been the lot of others to fill a more distinguished station amid the nations of the earth, and to exercise a more material influence over the destinies of their fellow-beings, yet, so long as the pure and simple excellence of a spotless heart is allowed to rise superior to the mere perfections of person or mind, and to command the respect, as it enchains the sympathy and affection of mankind, the name of MARY STUART will shine with a pure and holy lustre, which, deriving its brilliance, not from those achievements to which frail and feeble men accord their highest praise, but, from the unfailing source of spotless integrity of heart, will grow in radiance in each succeeding age, and attain its highest glory when vice and error shall have faded from the world, and rectitude and virtue shall be recognized as the brightest jewels of a monarch's crown.”(1)

The summit of the south-west tower of Bolton Castle may be ascended with ease—it commands a beautiful view, but it is singular that the Yore cannot be seen from any part of the Castle. Great part of the north-western tower fell on the night of November 19th, 1761. This angle formed the main point of attack by the rebel army in 1645. In the north curtain a dungeon is pointed out. At Bolton was born Richard le Scrope, the unfortunate Archbishop of York, who was beheaded June 8th, 1405—he was third son of Lord Chancellor Scrope.

It may here be observed that the earliest authentic

(1) “*Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.*” By L. Stanhope F. Buckingham. Vol. II.

notice we possess of the Scrope family at Bolton, occurs in Kirkby's Inquest, (15th Edward I., 1287,) when William Scrope appears as an under-tenant of three carucates of land, held in the long gradation of feudal tenures in the third degree from the Lady of Middleham.

There appear to have been two chapels in the village of Bolton:—St. Ann's, of which no vestige remains; and St. Oswald's, a building seemingly coeval with the castle, and still perfect. It has a fine Norman tower, and decorated nave, with curiously transomed windows; the choir is decorated and has a singular transomed east window. The sedilia are fine, and there are some good old oak seats, with carved foliage. On the humility of this church, which has not even a fence about it, the following lines were written very many years since, on the east window:—

Let the proud fane on lofty columns rise,
Spread wide its base, and pierce superior skies;
Let Rome or Mecca costly incense bring,
'Tis from the heart oblations grateful spring:
Be mine the task, nor fear I flaunting scorn,
To guide the rustic and the lowly-born.
Then start not, reader, at my humble state,
If at this altar zeal and truth await.

Bolton Castle is peculiarly interesting as being the *only* English prison of Queen Mary which is still standing.

About half a mile from Bolton is THORESBY, consisting only of a few scattered houses, but worthy of note from having been at a very early period the lordship of a family who took their name from the place, and were distinguished in Wensleydale before the star of Scrope arose. At this village, and of this House was born JOHN DE THORESBY, Cardinal, by the title of St. Praxis,(1)

(1) England has only contributed *one* Pope to the long catalogue of the successors of St. Peter, (down to the present 256th, Pius IX.,) and he was Nicholas Breakespere; but she has produced many Cardinals, though since "The Reformation," so few have attained to the dignity of Princes of the Church, that in 1850, the very title proved a cause of public wonder and consternation, and few Englishmen

younger son of Hugh Thoresby, by Isabel, daughter of Sir Thomas Grose, of Suffolk, knight. He was Bishop of St. David's from 1347 to 1350, was translated to Worcester in that year, and two years later, viz., 1352, to the Archbishopric of York, which he governed till his death in 1374. He was Chancellor of England from July 2nd, 1347, to February 19th, 1356. The Cardinal

have any just conception of the constitution of "The Sacred College." The Sacred College of Cardinals is the most important body in the Catholic Church. They are the advisers of the Pope; and at his death they hold the reins of government until his successor is appointed; and thus they are the Supreme Senate of the Church. From the earliest times the principal churches were styled "Cardinal Churches," just as the most important virtues are known as the cardinal virtues, i.e., because they are the foundation of all others. The title was at length given to those who governed these churches, under the name of *Senators*; and the Canons of many cathedrals assumed it. But St. Pius V. abolished the title in all such cases, and reserved it to the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, issued in 1630, and approved by Urban VIII., gave the Cardinals the title of "Your Eminence." There are three orders of Cardinals,—Cardinal-Bishops, Cardinal-Priests, and Cardinal-Deacons; but these must not be confounded with the three highest orders of the sacred ministry. e.g., Archbishops, (as in the case of Cardinal Wiseman, first Archbishop of Westminster) are often Cardinal-Priests. Cardinal-Bishops are mentioned as early as 789; and they were styled *Hebdomadary* Cardinal-Bishops, because they served alternately at the Church of St. John Lateran, when the Pope did not officiate in person. At first there were seven Cardinal Bishops; but there have only been six since the Bishopric of Porto was united (by Calixtus II) with that of San Ruffino. The Cardinal-Priests were at first Rectors of the parishes, which are called *Titulary*; and there are fifty Titular Churches of Cardinal-Priests, to whom the rights of Bishops were accorded by Honorius III. There are fourteen Cardinal-Deacons, making in all, seventy Cardinals. There were only seven Cardinals under Nicholas III., twenty-three under Urban VI. Pius II was elected by eight Cardinals; and fifteen chose Calixtus III. The Councils of Constance* and Basle† wished to limit the number to twenty-four; but the Popes refused their sanction. Sixtus IV raised the number to fifty-three; Leo X added twelve more, and Paul V, five. Sixtus V decreed that the number of seventy should not be exceeded; and this corresponds with the Ancients of Israel, and also with the seventy disciples of Christ. The same Pope reserved four titles to the religious orders. The number of seventy is seldom filled up; for the names of Cardinals are frequently reserved *in petto*, and only published on some important occasion. The Senior Cardinal (whether present in Rome or absent) is the Dean of the

* The Council of Constance was convoked November 16th, 1414, and terminated April 22, 1417.—*Nicolas' Chronology*.

† The Council of Basle was convoked July 23rd, 1431, and terminated in May, 1443. The chief object of this Council was the re-union of the Greek and Latin Churches.—*Nicolas' Chronology*.

has left a glorious monument behind him in the magnificent choir of York Minster, which was begun and nearly completed at his expense: he was also the author of some theological works. Thus we see the parish of Wensley, remote and unknown as it is, has produced a Cardinal Archbishop, an Archbishop of York, two Chancellors, and two Chief Justices of England.

WEST WITTON.

In Wittone ad geld. xii car. & viii caruc' poss. esse. Ibi habuit Glumer manerium. Nunc habet Alanus Comes in Dominio ii car. & xi villan. & ii bord. cum v caruc. Pratum acr. x. Totum i leug. l'g & quarent' lat. Silva minuta. Tot. i leuc. & dim. long. & tantund. lat. Tempore R. E. valebat iv^l. modo xx^s.

Ad hoc manerium adjacent berewicæ Toresby ii car. Witton i car. Wenderslaga iv car. & alia Wenderslaga iii car. simul ad g'ld xiv car. & x caruc' possint esse. Vasta sunt. Totum ii leug. lg. et ii lat. (1)

WEST WITTON AND SWYNYTHWAITE.—Sunt in eisdem villis vi carucatæ terræ quæ faciunt dim. feodem militis, quæ tenentur de Roberto de Tatersale & idem Robertus tenet eas de Johanne Comite Richemondix, & Comes de Rege. (2)

West Witton is situated on the northern declivity of Penhill, about half a mile above the south bank of the Yore; it consists principally of one long street. Some doubt may exist whether the name (as well as *East*

Sacred College; and he is the recognised representative of that august body. He receives the earliest visits of the ambassadors; and to him the newly-created Cardinals pay their first respects. He has a *right* to wear the archiepiscopal pallium; for to him belongs the power of consecrating the Supreme Pontiff. One thing only is required,—he must be Bishop of Ostia. The Cardinal Camerlengo represents the temporal power of the Holy See, and also presides over the apostolic chamber. During a vacancy in the Sovereign Pontificate (when he even has the right of coining money, stamped with his own arms), he administers the affairs of the government, assisted by three other Cardinals, who are re-placed every three days.

(1) Domesday Survey.

(2) Kirkby's Inquest.

Witton) is derived from Whitton, *i. e.*, the White Town, or from the Saxon personal name Witta; it is however certain, that in the reign of St. Edward the Confessor, it belonged to Glumer, and was valued at £4; and at the compilation of Domesday, was in the demesne of Alan, Earl of Richmond, and was only worth twenty shillings.

Conan, the fifth Norman Earl, who succeeded in 1146, gave Witton to Reginald Boterel and his heirs, to hold by scutage. After Reginald's death, King John, who seized the earldom, gave this manor to his bailiff, Robert Tateshall the elder, who, during his occupation, conferred the church on a clerk, named Richard of Craneford. The king afterwards gave the manor to a Breton knight, his *Balistarius*, who held it a short time.

Early in the reign of Henry III, the demesne of Richmond being then possessed by Ranulph, Earl of Chester, (in right of Constantia, heiress of Conan, who gave the vacant church to a clerk named Simon,) Peter Boterel, son of Reginald, came into England, and with the royal leave applied to the Earl for restitution of the manor. A large sum of money was demanded, which it seems Boterel could not pay, so he leased the manor to the Abbey of Jorevalle for ten years, receiving at once a great part of the entire rental. Before the term elapsed, in the time of Earl Ranulph, Richard de Fiton being steward, the Abbot of Jorevalle purchased the manor and advowson of the church for the sum of £20 yearly, which at the time of an inquisition held in the same reign, was paid to the Earl of Richmond as an escheat. However conveyed, West Witton was a prebend of the collegiate church of Auckland in 1379, but in 1427 was a free chapel. At the attainder of Jorevalle Abbey, the rectorial tithes appear to have been demised to James Metcalfe, of Nappa, whilst the manor was rated (May 31st, 1537), for Christopher Ascough. Lord Bolton is the present lay-rector, and Sir William Chaytor, Bart., Lord of the manor.

The church possesses little interest, it has neither tower nor aisles. In the east window are the arms, azure, a chevron between three escallops, or. In the churchyard lies interred the Rev. Richard Billington, during so many years the missionary priest of Wensleydale. No token of any kind marks where he rests, but his record is elsewhere. The view from this churchyard is one of the most agreeable in Wensleydale. There is a small Catholic Chapel at West Witton.

Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, had a charter of free chase for all his lands in Bishopdale, West Witton, and Penhill, January 2nd, 4th or 5th of Henry V. Penhill Chase was vested in the crown, and so lately as 1844 a portion of it remained, known as Capple or Chapel Bank. The red deer for which it was once famous disappeared long ago, but the fallow deer continued until that year, when they were destroyed. A little below Capple Bank is a summer house, built so as to resemble a ruined tower—this was erected for the accomodation of the famous Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, the original "Polly," of Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

Penhill Park, Paddy Park, and Park Gate attest the ancient Chase.

In the Middleham Household Book curious mention is made of five shillings paid to Geoffrey Frank, the receiver, for choosing a *King* of West Witton; doubtless, one of those playful dignitaries who figured in the customary pastimes of our ancestors. The same book mentions a more costly "King of Middleham." There are several ancient houses here, but the most venerable relic is Caterall, for many generations the abode of a family of that name which terminated in co-heiresses. Chantry was probably a cell of Jorevalle, it was granted prior to 1558 from the crown to Thomas Wood, of London and John Browne of York—it subsequently came to the Ascough (otherwise Askew) family.

A mile west of Witton, is SWINETHWAITE or

Swyningthwaite, a small hamlet containing a handsome mansion, long the property of the Law and Anderson families, but purchased in 1849, by J. Pilkington, Esq. The name signifies a place where the wild swine resorted when they quitted the woods.(1) Swinethwaite was con-

(1) "There can be no doubt that the forests of Great Britain once sheltered wild boars in great numbers; since they are mentioned, both in the ancient Welsh and English laws, as beasts of chase, which were reserved principally for the amusement of the king. In the reign of William the Conqueror, persons convicted of killing these animals without royal authority, were punished with the loss of their eyes. King Charles I. turned a number of wild boars into the New Forest; but during the civil wars, they were all destroyed; and some years ago, General Howe did the same in his forests in Hampshire, to the great terror of the neighbouring inhabitants, who soon rose upon, and killed them."—*Bingley, Brit. Quad.*, p. 449. In France, where there are large tracts of forest which supply fuel to towns, boars are not uncommon, though their ferocity is much diminished. At Chantilly, within forty miles of Paris, the late Prince de Condé, (who died in 1830), kept a regular pack of hounds for boar hunting. They were large and strong dogs, much resembling the English foxhound, though more muscular and bony. The huntsman, in the summer of 1830, mentioned to some English gentlemen who visited this hunting-palace, that he had seen at one time, a few days previous, as many as fourteen wild pigs in the forest of Chantilly. The difference in sagacity between the wild and domestic swine is, at a first glance, surprising; but Sir Francis Bond Head has very justly observed that "there exists, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no animal is better capable of foretelling, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus deprived him of the power of searching for, and analysing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty. While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, 'idleness is the root of all evil.' The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily greets its arrival. Having no paternal business or diversion within reach—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food: to encourage this, nature assists him with sleep; which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant, that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against a blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies!" (*Bubbles from the Brunness of Nassau*, p. 255.) Varro, in his book *De Rustica*, says, a sow in Arcadia was so fat, that a field-mouse made a comfortable nest in her flesh, and brought forth its young; on which a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, (No. CIII, p. 78,) remarks

veyed to Ralph Nevile, Earl of Westmoreland, from Mary, wife of John de Ros, but was held by Ralph Bulmer.

A little further on, is TEMPLE, conspicuous on account of a Grecian tower, which commands a fine view of Aysgarth Force. On the slope of Penhill are the ruins of the Templar Preceptory. (1)

that, "as every fact in Natural History is valuable, we will state that we have witnessed the circumstance of a mouse having made its nest (comfortable or not, we cannot say, nor do we know that it was parturient,) in the upper part of the neck of a fattening boar. The animal was excessively indolent, and was probably gratified by the very gradual irritation in its prurient hide, and that pruriency, too, increased by the process of healing in one part while the little creature was making its way in another, to imbed itself in the well-stored cells of the adipose membrane;—like La Fontaine's rat in the Dutch cheese—

‘Notre hermite nouveau subsistant la-dedans,

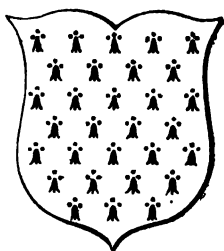
Il fit tant de pieds et de dents,

Qu'en peu de jours il est au fond de l'hermitage

Le vivre et le couvert; que faut il d'avantage?"

"The Boare," according to the Herald Guillim, "though he wanteth *horns*, is in no way defective in his *Armour*, nay, he is counted the most absolute *Champion* amongst beasts, for that he hath both *weapons* to wound his foe, which are his *strong* and *sharp Tusks*, and also his *Target* to defend himself, for which he useth often to rub his *shoulders* and *sides* against *Trees*, thereby to harden them against the stroke of his *adversary*; and the *Shield* of a *Boare* well managed, is a good *Buckler* against that cruell *Enemy* called *Hunger*. The *Boare* is so cruell and stomackfull in his fight, that he *foameth* all the while for rage, and against the time of any encounter he often *whetteth* his *tusks* to make them the more piercing. The bearing of the *Boare* in *Armes* betokeneth a man of a bold spirit, skilfull, politick in warlike feats, and one of that high resolution that he will rather *die valorously* in the *Field*, than he will secure himself by *ignominious flight*. He is called in Latine *Aper* (according to *Farnesius*) *ab asperitate*, because he is so sharp and fierce in conflict with his foe. And this is a speciall property in a *Souldier*, that he be fierce in the encountering his enemy, and he bear the shock or brunt of the conflict with a noble and magnanimous Courage; *Miles enim dura et aspera perfringit animi et virium robore.*"—(*Display of Heraldrie*, Edit. 1660, pp. 176—7.) The national ensign of the Phrygians was a swine, and the family of Cradock—who claim descent from Caradoc, King of Britain, the Roman Caractacus—bears *argent*, three Boars heads, couped, *sable*, muzzled *or*.

(1) A few notes on the constitution of this heroic body, though perhaps more applicable in some respects a few pages earlier, may still prove not unacceptable to the reader here. The Master of the Temple, who took rank as a sovereign prince, and had precedence of all ambassadors and nobles in the general Councils of the Church, was elected by the Chapter of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and maintained sovereign rule over the whole Order. The next in rank were the Grand Priors, or Grand Preceptors, presiding in authority over



About half a mile beyond, on the south, the valley called Bishopdale branches off. In Leland's time this chase belonged to the king, and says the topographer, "yn the hilles about hit be redde deer. In faire winters the deare keepe there; in shrap winters they forsake the extreme cold and barennes of them." He also mentions "a praty car or pole," which has entirely vanished, unless, as is likely, he confounds it with Lake Semerwater.

the brethren, but accountable to the Grand Master. The Grand Prior, or Master of the Temple in England, sat in Parliament as chief among the Priors. The following is the oath of these provincial Masters. "I, A. B., Knight of the Order of the Temple, just now appointed Master of the knights who are in ——— promise to Jesus Christ my Saviour, and to His Vicar the Sovereign Pontiff and his successors, perpetual obedience and fidelity. I swear that I will defend, not only with my lips, but by force of arms and with all my strength, the mysteries of the faith; the seven sacraments, the fourteen articles of the faith, the creed of the Apostles, and that of St. Athanasius; the books of the Old and the New Testament, with the commentaries of the Holy Fathers, as received by the Church; the Unity of God, the plurality of the Persons of the Holy Trinity; that Mary, the daughter of Joachim and Anna, of the tribe of Judah, and of the race of David, was unmarried, always a virgin, before Her delivery, during, and after her delivery. I promise, likewise, to be submissive and obedient to the Master-General of the order, in conformity with the statutes prescribed by our father St. Bernard; that I will at all times in case of need pass the seas and go and fight; that I will always afford succour against the infidel kings and princes; that in the presence of three enemies I will fly not, but cope with them if they are infidels; that I will not sell the property of the order, nor consent that it be sold or alienated; that I will always preserve chastity; that I will be faithful to the king of ———; that I will never surrender to the enemy the town and places belonging to the order; and that I will never refuse to the religious any succour that I am able to afford them; that I will aid and defend them by words, by arms, and by all sorts of good offices; and in sincerity and of my own free will I swear that I will observe all these things."—(E. G. Addison's *History of the Knights Templars*.) The brethren of the Temple were divided into three classes: first, the Knights, who must have received knighthood in due form before they could be admitted. To these alone belonged the white mantle, with its red cross; on their heads they wore a white linen coif and a small round cap, made of red cloth; each of them possessed three horses, and was attended to the field by esquires. The second class consisted of the Priests, to whom the ordering of the religious services belonged; and the third, of the Serving Brethren (*fratres servientes*), (who attended the knights to the field, both on foot and horseback. These, like the retainers of the noble, were armed with bows, bills, and swords; and it was

The vale can have received its name no later than the Saxon period, and probably it then belonged to the Archbishop of York. The whole consists of meadow land, (1)

their duty to be always near the knight, to supply him with fresh weapons, or a fresh horse, in case of need, and to render him assistance. From this class the esquires were chosen; and their distinctive badge was the black or brown mantle—the white being worn only by the knights. On the battle field, next in authority to the Master, was the Marshall, on whom devolved all military arrangements, and who took the command on occasion of the death of the Master. The Prior of the Kingdom of Jerusalem was third, and to him was committed the charge of the treasure. Then the standard-bearer (*Balcanifer*), who bore the war-banner, “the glorious *Beau-seant*” to the field. This banner was supported by a certain number of knights and esquires, who were sworn to protect it to the death. The Templars, in addition to their serving brethren, kept a body of light horse, called Turcoples, in their pay, these were natives of Syria, brought up in the Christian faith, and trained in warfare, after the Asiatic manner, and the officer next in station, called Turcopillier, was the commander. See *Statutum de Terris Templariorum*. Stat 3, 17, Edw II. A. D. 1324. The *spiritual* possessions of the Templars seem never to have been *temporalized*. Their lands though chiefly given to the Hospitallers, were, in some instances, granted to various Noblemen. “It seemed good to the King, the Nobility, and others, assembled in Parliament, for the health of their souls and the discharge of their consciences, to grant the aforesaid lands, &c., according to the wills of the givers, shall be assigned and delivered to *other* men of most holy religion, &c.” The clergy seem to have recovered the tithes of such lands of the Templars, as came into lay hands, as a matter of course. See *Pat. Edw. III.* p. 2, m. 17.

(1) In Bishopdale a very large proportion of the far-famed Wensleydale cheese is manufactured, and also very considerable quantities of the butter, which through the medium of the higglers, supplies the Leeds and West Riding markets. At the risk of being classed among those voluble youths who “*teach their grandmothers how to suck eggs*:-” I transcribe the following useful remarks on the homely art of *butter-making*, from a high authority;—

“When cattle are fed at large upon leguminous food (tares) that substance largely preponderates, the butter being partially consumed by the animal in the exercise necessary to procure its food, &c. When fed in the house with the like food, the butter is necessarily yielded in greater proportion, and forms a rich fat cheese. Milk obtained from various breeds varies greatly with respect to the quantity of butter which it contains, and still more with respect to the quantity of butter drawn from the cow at the commencement and near the conclusion of the milking, or, in dairy phrase, the strippings. It is of the utmost consequence that the cow should be milked dry, the last cup having been found to contain 16 times as much cream as the first; and, besides, leaving any portion of milk in the udder is liable to produce inflammation, and reduce the milk-producing powers of the cow. In milking, the cow should be milked clean *at once*, if possible, and not at twice or thrice. But during the flush of grass, when cows are loaded with milk, it may, perhaps, be well to go round a second time. Where there is more than one dairymaid, each should have the milking of the same

and presents very agreeable features—it terminates at Kidston Bank, a steep hill which divides it from the adjacent Langstrothdale. From the road crossing this hill, a beautiful view down the dale is obtained. On either cows every day. Milking should be done fast, so as to draw off the milk as quickly as possible. Cows should be treated kindly, with gentle words. The sooner a vicious cow is got rid of the better. Thumps will not mend her. Cows with short teats and thin skins will yield their milk on the gentlest handling, while great exertions will be required with those with a thick skin, and long tough teats. The milk, being drawn from the cow, should be put in a vessel to cool—for this purpose a clean tinned vessel is best. It ought not to stand so long or be allowed to cool so much as to permit the cream to partially separate. Being cooled, it should be strained through a hair sieve into the milk dishes—glass are the best. The depth of milk should not exceed four inches. Two inches is the most profitable depth. In a dairy maintained at a proper temperature, the cream should be gathered every twenty-four hours; but in hot weather the milk ought not to stand more than eighteen hours at the utmost. The common mode of procuring milk is by a skimmer. Some use dishes with a hole and tap for the skim milk to flow through the bottom. Syphons have recently been used. The best one of the shape used in acid manufactories is made of glass.

“As to churning—from a series of experiments it appears,—

“1st. That the addition of some cold water during the churning, facilitates the separation of the butter, especially when the cream is thick, and the weather hot.

“2nd. That cream alone is more easily churned than a mixture of cream and milk.

“3rd. That butter produced from sweet cream has the finest flavour when fresh, and appears to remain the longest period without becoming rancid.

“4th. That scalded cream, after the Devonshire method, yields the largest quantity of butter; but if intended to be salted, it is most liable to acquire a rancid flavour by keeping.

“5th. That churning the milk and cream together, after they have become slightly acid, is the most economical process where buttermilk can be sold, whilst at the same time it yields a large quantity of excellent butter.

“From another series of experiments, it seems that the temperature of cream or milk-cream should be between 55 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The greatest quantity of butter from a given quantity of cream is obtained at 60 degrees, and the best quality at 56 degrees in the churn, just before the butter comes. Time for 15 gallons, from three to four hours. The barrel-churn is used where cream is churned alone. By the barrel-churn a large quantity of butter can be made from cream with a moderate degree of rapidity, and at a comparatively slight expenditure of labour. No practical benefit is obtained by using cream quite sweet, as the increased labour required in churning far more than counterbalances any slight advantage for the purpose of keeping. The risk of over-churning is always greater in churning fresh than sour cream. For churning milk and cream it is essential that the churn admits air, like the upright, or the one with revolving dashers. The barrel-churn being permanently sealed, does not cause the milk to oxygenise. The American churn answers well on a small

side the mountains, green nearly to each summit, slope down sometimes gradually, sometimes with a startling

scale, and for sweet cream it produces butter quickly, but requires too much power with large masses of fluid. Churning should be regulated by a thermometer, cold water being applied in summer, and warm in winter, to obtain the proper temperature. When butter is made from cream, about 4 o'clock a.m. is the best time. When a change is heard in the sound of the churn, and an unequal resistance is felt against the dashers, butter may be expected to form. After the butter is taken from the churn, it must be well worked by the hand, kneaded, washed, and rolled with clean cold water, all the water pressed out of it. The last time, a $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of salt to the pound should be kneaded in for butter to be used immediately, and $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for keeping. It is the judicious use of salt which dissolves the *casein*, which gives Dutch butter its reputation. If intended for very long keeping, a small quantity of saltpetre may be added. A little saltpetre dissolved with warm water and mixed with cream of a turnip flavour, eradicates it in churning."—*Abridged from the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.*

Possibly some of the fair—and there are many blooming ones—milkmaids of Bishopdale and Wensleydale, who I trust will peruse these pages, may be amused to know "*how they do these things*" in Holland, so I shall further try their patience by quoting an entertaining writer's account of Dutch butter-making. "There they come, milkmaid and boy. The boy is towing a little boat along the canal, and the maid, with her full blue petticoat, and her pink jacket or bed-gown, walks beside him. Now they stop; she brings from the boat her copper milk pails, as bright as gold, and, with a cooing greeting to her dear cows, sets down her little stool on the grass, and begins to milk. The boy, having moored his boat, stands beside her with the special pail, which is to hold the last pint from each cow—the creamy pint, which comes last, because it has risen to the top of the udder. Not a drop is left to turn sour and fret the cow. The boy fetches and carries the pails, and moves as if he trod on eggs when conveying the full pails to the boat. When afloat there is no shaking at all. Smoothly glides this cargo of pails up to the very entrance of the dairy, where the deep jars appropriate to this "meal" of milk are ready, cooled with cold water in summer, and warmed with hot water if the weather requires it. When the time for churning comes, the Dutch woman takes matters as quietly as hitherto. She softly tastes the milk in the jars till she finds therein the due degree of acidity, and then she leisurely pours the whole—cream and milk together—into a prodigiously stout and tall upright churn. She must exert herself, however, if she is to work that plunger. She work it—not she! She would as soon think of working the mill on the dykes with her own plump hands. No—she has a servant under her to do it. She puts her dog into a wheel which is connected with the plunger; and as the animal runs round, what a splashing, wollopping, and frizzing is heard from the closed churn. The quiet dairymaid knows by the changes of the sound how the formation of the butter proceeds; when she is quite sure that there are multitudes of flakes floating within, she stops the wheel, releases the dog, turns down the churn upon a large sieve, which is laid over a tub, and obtains a sieveful of butter in the shape of yellow kernels, while the buttermilk runs off for the benefit of the pigs, or of the household cookery."—*Dickens's Household Words.*

abruptness, their sides enlivened by grazing flocks. The pasturage at the bottom of the valley is luxuriant. In some places old trees lift their heads proudly, and low snug cottages appear,(1) whilst, at the extremity, the eye

(1) I do not know that a more picturesque, and at the same time truthful, delineation of the appearance of many of these hereditary "rural homesteads" can be given, than is furnished us by Southey, when describing the abode of the Doves, in that truly unique book, *The Doctor*. It is a beautiful picture of old yeomanry residences in a northern dale. "The little church called Chapel le Dale stands about a bow-shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular stone wall; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the wind, had sown them. The turf was as soft and fine, as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tombstones which had been placed there, were now themselves half-buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth, whence he sprang. * * *

You entered the garden between two yew trees, clipt to the fashion of two pawns. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. * * * The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry bushes, a few apple-trees, pot-herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet found their way into these remote parts; and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives, which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar. As you entered the kitchen, there was on the right one of those open chimneys, which afforded more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat, with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. The chimney was well hung with bacon; the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual, as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter

looks into Wensleydale, Bolton Castle, far away, forming the centre of the picture. Waterfalls of various magnitudes abound, dashing diamonds against the sunshine in giddy merriment.

Whence comest thou, O Sylvan Brook?
And whither flows thy lispings wave?
From yonder mountain's heathery nook:
And many a mossy bank to lave;
Small, yet embracing smaller rills,
The dancing daughter of the hills.

* * * * *

Young look'st thou, as if born to-day,
Yet tell'st thou immemorial tales
Of deeds and manners passed away
From these dark hills and bloomy vales:
Yon church and yew, that old appear,
Have risen both since thou wert here.

dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door, on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the lions; but happily there were no 'judges' in the family. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges, and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacock's feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large 'sinuous shells' so finely described by Landor:

—'of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch—where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens—*then apply*
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there!'"

The Doctor, vol. i. p.p. 57—63.

Old peasants pass thee with a staff—
 Old peasants with long silver hair ;
 Long since, thy waters heard their laugh,
 And knew their feet, as children fair ;
 Yet here hath age but seeming sway,
 'Tis *thou* art old, bright thing, not they.

* * * * *

The fields and banks that bound thy path,
 They, of the ancient earth, have changed ;
 The landmark, and the harvest, hath,
 The lord and serf, been oft estranged ;—
 The memory of most is gone,
 Thou, as of old, art smiling on.

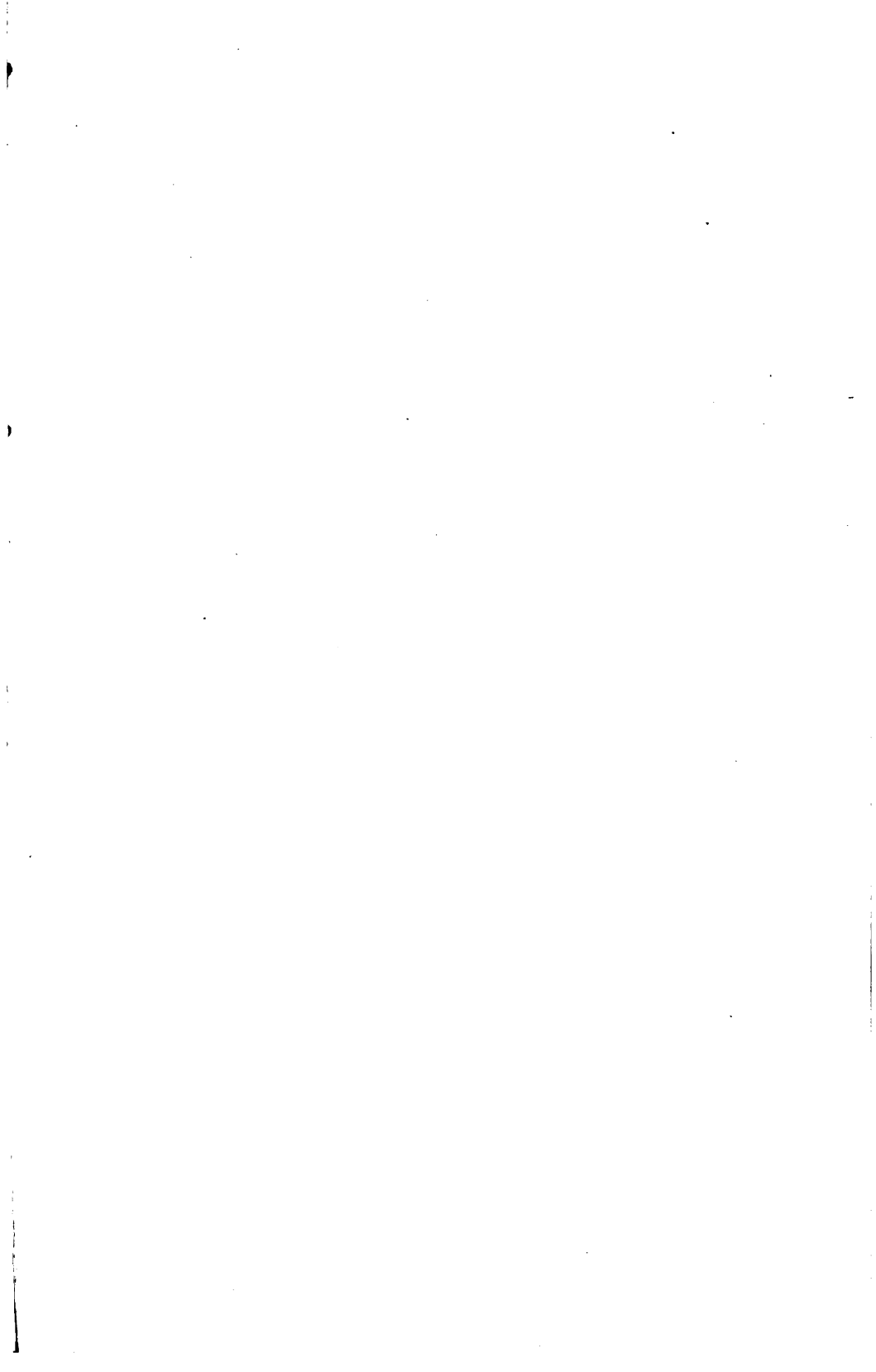
The sighs of grieving hearts are fled ;
 The hopes and vows of lovers—where ?
 I see the household of the dead
 Lie near me, and I answer—*there* ;
 Forgotten there a thousand lives :—
 The tiny rivulet survives !

Yet be it so, dear Sylvan Brook,
 And flow along as heretofore ;
 And let each heart, as in a book,
 Read in thy bosom tales of yore ;
 And sing thou on, till sun and moon
 Fall from the heavens,—thy own sweet tune.
 Flow on, and bathe each wilding flower
 That lives, and dies, and lives again ;
 Flow on, blessed by the vernal shower,
 And morning dew, and summer rain,
 A little emblem of that river
 Which flows in Paradise, for ever !”

MRS. FLETCHER, *late* Miss JEWSBURY.

In fact, at almost every step you are greeted by the musical tinkle of some bright stream, gushing over the many rocks like a live creature laughing with glee.

Even to enumerate, much less give any idea of these cascades would be tedious ; I will merely name Foss Gill, which will well repay a visit, and the falls on the rivulet at Heaning, thus described seventy years ago by Maude. “This curious fall of water runs into a low steep gill, which is difficult of access, and when viewed from the





Independent Chapel, West Burton.

bottom, the stream appears like a silver chain, whose highest link seems connected with the clouds, descending through a display of hovering branches and shading foliage, which, in proportion to the thick or thinner weaving of the boughs, now bursts, and then twinkles in a manner most amazingly captivating. In a few words, the most copious language must fail in any attempt to describe its unutterable charms, when seen at a season to allow it a force of water. (1) ”

BURTON IN BISHOPDALE.

In Burton ad g'ld vi car. & iv car. possunt esse. Hanc terram habuit Turchil: nunc habet Grilf & vasta est.

In Femton, Berewic de Burton, ad g'ld iii car. & 2 car. possunt esse.

Totum Burton 2 leuc. l'g & i lat. R. Edw. valebat xxs. (2)

BURTON IN BISHOPDALE.—Sunt ibidem 6 carucata terræ, quæ faciunt dim. feodi militis, de quibus Robertus de Tatersale tenet 14 bov. terræ de Joh. Com. Richmondia, & Magister Temple tenet 2 bov. terræ de eodem Roberto, & idem Robertus de prædicto Comite.

Adam, filius Galfridi, tenet i car. de Thoma de Burgo, Roger Oysel dim. car. de eodem Thoma, Johannes Bigot 3 bovatas de Galfrido de Scot, & idem Galfridus de eodem Thoma, & Thoma Totty tenet 2 bov. terræ de hæredibus Wilielmi le Bulure, & iidem de hæredibus Thomæ de Burgo, & Hugo de Kirkby tenet 2 bov. terræ de hæredibus prædicti Wilielmi, Robertus de Tatersal tenet i car. de Roberto de Raneyt, & idem Robertus de heredibus prædicti Wilielmi de Bulur, & iidem de Thoma de Burgo, & Michael de Harelm tenet 3 bov. terræ de hæredibus ejusdem Thomæ & idem Thoma de Comite, & Comes de Rege. (3)

(1) Maude, p. 116.

(2) Domesday Survey.

(3) Kirkby's Inquest.

THORALBY AND WEST BURTON.

THORALDEBY.—Sunt ibidem 9 carucatæ terræ, unde 13 faciunt feodum i militis : de quibus Rogerus Oysel tenet dim. car. de Roberto de Tatersale, & idem Robertus tenet 8 caruc. terræ & dim. de Comite Richemondia, & Comes de Rege.(1)

THORALBY and WEST BURTON are the only two villages of note in Bishopsdale. Of their vicissitudes history is silent—they both, however, existed at the Domesday Survey. NEWBIGGIN is clearly modern. At EDGLEY for sometime resided the well-known Mrs. Montague, at whose house in London the famous *Blue Stocking Club* was held. She was by birth a Robinson, and her nephew, Matthew, 4th Lord Rokeby, who lived at Littleburn, near Thoraby, during his sojourn there published a play entitled, “John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough,” printed by Mr. Fall of Leyburn. The less said of the dramatic and poetic qualities of this work the better.

On a small bridge leading to Littleburn House is the following Latin inscription from his Lordship’s pen:—

Sola in Deo Salus.

Pons Egerianus incolarum viciniorum sumptu, flumini prave parvo parumper periculosissimo super adductus(2) paci salutis sub Deo Wellingtonio sacer.

Accipe dux, belli, quem pax petit, arbiter audax,

Pontigerus fluctus, exilientis aquæ,

Fontigenas fluctus capiat mare divitis undæ

Inque triumphali splendeat arcus ovans.

The Lordship of Thoraby was conveyed from the citizens of London to Major Norton, Esq., of St. Nicholas, near Richmond, Oct. 25th, 1661.

(1) Kirkby’s Inquest.

(2) Sic in origine.

AYSGARTH.

In Echescard ad g'ld iii car' & ii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Cnut man man'. N'e h't Gosfrid de Comite. Tot. i leug' lg' & dim. lat'. T. R. E. ual' viii sol'.

In Ascrie ad g'ld x car' & v. caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Archil M'. N'e h't Gospatric & wast. e'. Tot' i leug' lg' & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' x sol'.

In Burton ad g'ld vi car' & iiiii caruc' poss' e'e' hanc tram h'b Turchil. N'e h't Goisfrid & wast' e'. In Ecinton Berewic' de Burton ad g'ld iii car' & ii caruc' poss' e'e'. Totu' Burton ii leug' lg' & i lat. T. R. E. ual' xx sol.

In Chirprebi ad g'ld viii car' & vi caruc' poss' e'e' Ibi h'b Tor. M'. N'e h't Emsan & wast' e'. T. R. E. ual' xx sol'. i leug' lg' & i lat'.

In Tvroldebi ad g'ld v car' & iiiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Bernulf man'. N'e idem h't & wast' e'. Tot' i leug' lg' & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' xx sol'.

In Toreton ad g'ld vi car. & iiiii caruc' poss' e'e'. Ibi h'b Tvrot man'. N'e h't A. Comes & wast' e'. Tot. i leug' lg' & i lat'. T. R. E. ual' x sol'. (1)

AYKESCARTH.—Sunt ibidem 3 carucatæ terræ & faciunt quartam partem feodi unius militis: de quibus Rogerus Oysel tenet i car. & dim. de Maria de Nevile, & eadem Maria de Thoma de Burgo, & Thomas de Comite, & Comes de Rege.

Et Ranulphus filius Ranulphi tenet i car. terræ de Nicholao Gertheston, & idem Nicholaus de Thoma de Burgo, & Thomas de Comite, & Comes de Rege.

Et Rogerus Oysel tenet 2 bov. de dicto Nicholao, & idem Nicholas de Thoma, & idem Thomas de Comite, & Comes de Rege.

Hugo de Kirkby tenet 2 bov. terræ de Thoma de Burgo, & Thomas de Comite, & Comes de Rege. (2)

(1) Domesday Survey.

(2) Kirkby's Inquest.

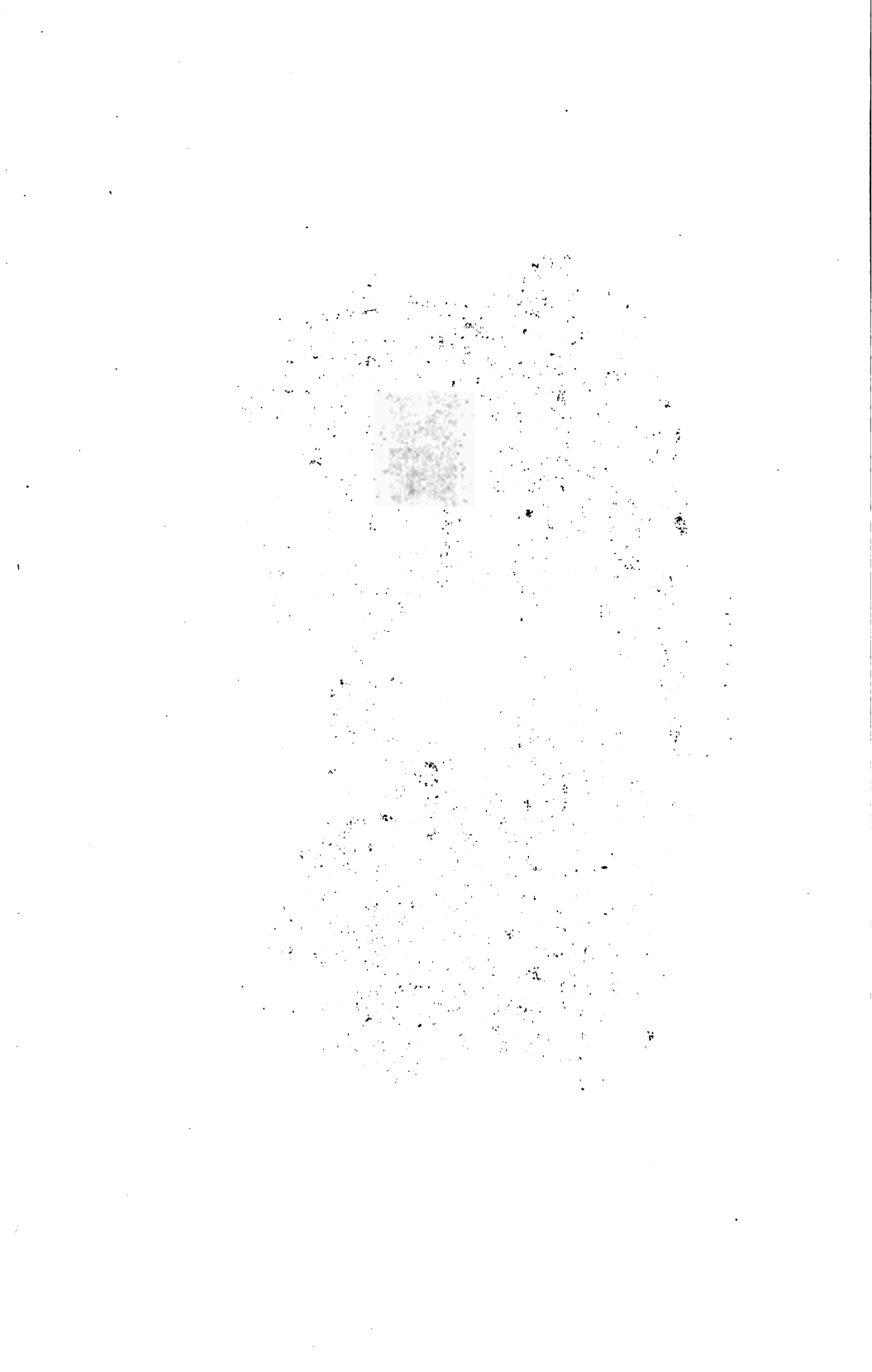
We will now come to AYSGARTH, a place celebrated all over England for its cataract—the FORCE. The parish of Aysgarth is most extensive, reaching to the borders of Westmoreland, and being about eighteen miles long, and averaging six in breadth. It is not named in Domesday, except as a vill, and in that record is spelled Echescard. Later documents read Aykescarthe, and Camden, Attscar, while the local pronunciation makes Ayscar. Dr. Whitaker derives the appellation, and correctly, from the Danish *Scarthe*, i.e., *Scaur*, or *Rock*, and the Saxon *ea*, pronounced *ay*, which is *water*. Ayscarthe therefore is the rock of the water,⁽¹⁾ a most appropriate name.

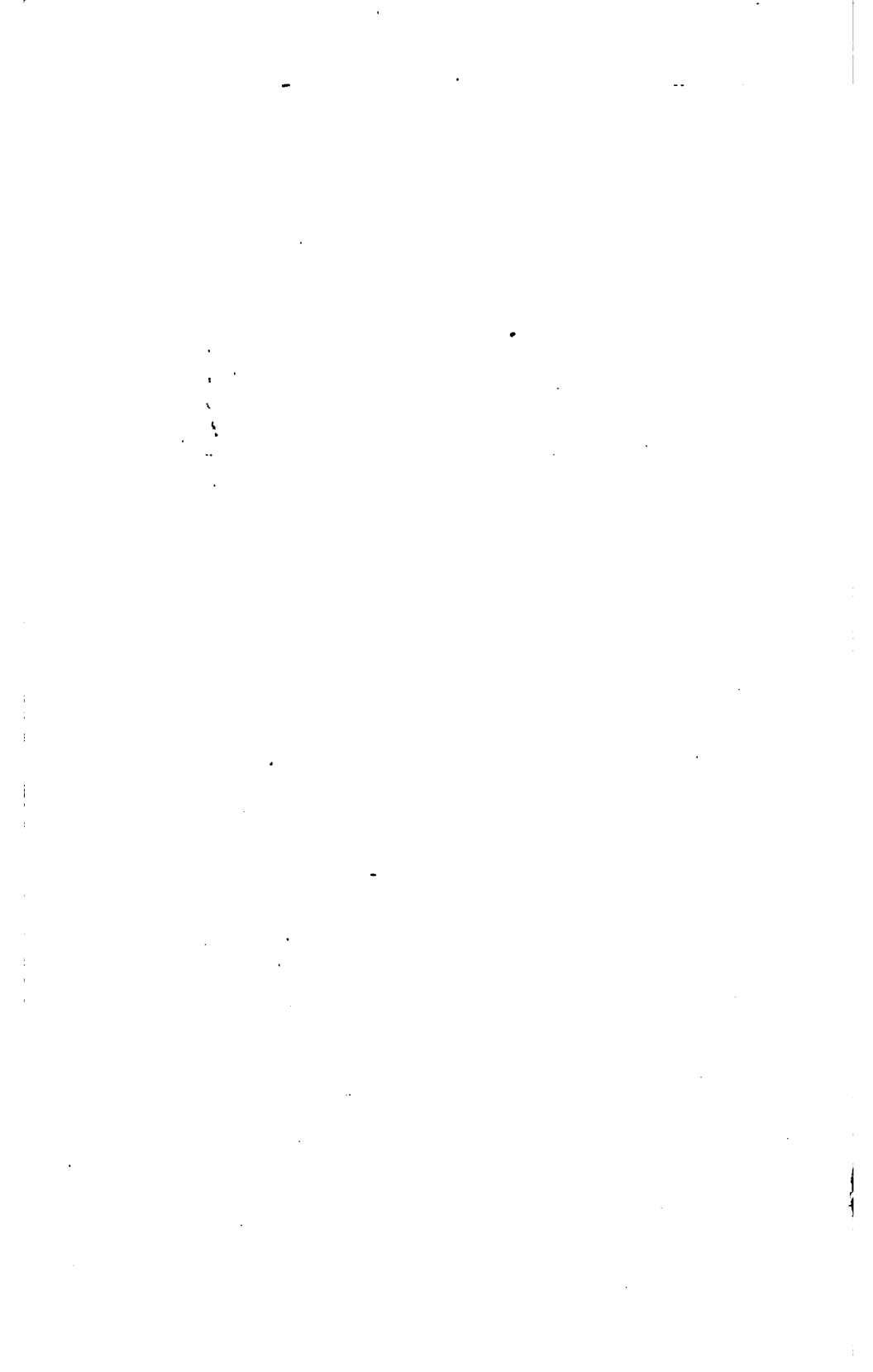
The falls here have been so often and so ably described, that nothing remains to be added. Flowing along a limestone channel, worn and broken by its never-resting waves into fantastic form, the Yore is precipitated over two ledges of rock, one above, and the other, which is the principal, below the bridge. The upper fall is considered by many the most beautiful, though it cannot compete in grandeur with the lower; still, backed as it is by cavernous rocks, and overhanging trees,—cliffs that seem ready to topple into the stream, and boughs that swaying in the sunshine kiss it—a lover of nature could hardly wish for more. Dr. Pococke, the eminent traveller, who died in 1764, and “whose search after the sublime and marvellous brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded those in Egypt, to which he was no stranger.”⁽²⁾

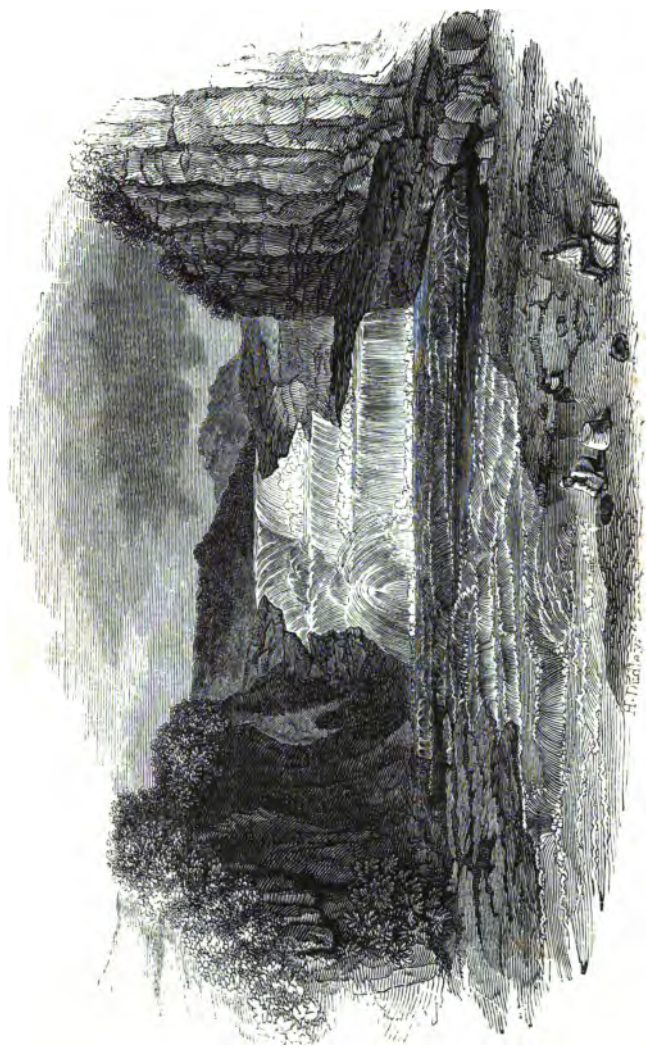
“Long ere the toiling sheets to view appear,
They sound a prelude to the pausing ear.
Now in rough accents by the pendant wood,
Rolls in stern majesty the foaming flood;
Revolving eddies now with raging sway
To Aysgarth's ample arch incline their way;
Playful and slow the curling circles move,

(1) Whitaker, vol. i. p. 392.

(2) Maude p. 160.







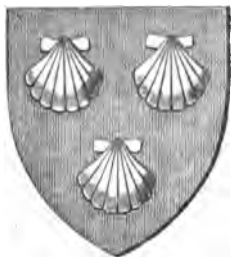
AYSGARTH FORCE.

As when soft breezès fan the waving grove ;
Till prone again, with tumult's wildest roar,
Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore ;
Dash'd from its rocky bed, the winnow'd spray
Remounts the regions of the cloudy way,
While warring columns fiercer combats join,
And make the rich, rude, thund'ring scene divine."

MAUDE.

The Force may be strictly termed magnificent. The whole body of the river rushes rapidly over an abrupt descent, partially broken into three steps, and falling with stunning roar into a deep cauldron,—over which rain-bowed spray, like April shower-clouds, continually hangs—it flashes onwards, foaming and thundering along the irregular sheet of limestone; occasionally subsiding into calm glassy pools, but for the most part boiling and hissing tumultuously around the broken rocks that seem vainly endeavouring to arrest its speed. On both sides the river are grim impending cliffs, that threaten with destruction any adventurous explorer of the water's margin. Trees and brushwood cover their summits, and above lie green fields, invisible from below. Wild flowers spring from the chinks, and ivy and blossoming creepers festoon both branch and crag. King-fishers sometimes dart along the current, and amid the pauses of the Fall's deep sound, the small birds sing, as if in rivalry, whilst every now and then the hawk's shrill cries are mingled with the many-toned voices of the resistless waves. After a flood, which is not unfrequent, the majesty of the Force is greatly enhanced, but then the best point of view is difficult, if not impracticable of access.

Aysgarth Bridge consists of a single arch, a segment of a circle, rising 32 feet, and spanning 71; flung over the stream from two natural piers of limestone, in 1539, as is attested by a tablet. It has a very light and airy appearance, and part of its concave is embellished by hanging petrifications. The crown of the bridge commands a fine view of the upper cataract.



The church, dedicated to St. Andrew, stands on a lofty elevation on the south bank of the Force; the prospect from its lonely and solemn churchyard is finely romantic. The edifice is spacious and handsome, originally built in the reign of Henry III., altered and renovated during that of Henry VIII. Part of the work of restoration must have been effected prior to the demolition of Jorevalle Abbey, to which it belonged, for in the north chapel of the choir is a parclose inscribed A.S. ABBAS. ANNO D'NI. 1536—the year in which Abbot Sedburgh was attained.(1) There are side aisles to the choir.

(1) It is a fact as serious as it is true, that we do not ever find in history any of those who were renegades from, and persecutors of, the Catholic faith, dying happy deaths. In most recorded instances, their last hours present scenes of horror, too dreadful to contemplate. It would be easy to multiply proofs of this, but our object now is to call the reader's attention to the expiring moments of that arch-renegade, Henry VIII., which have generally escaped the observation of history. Indeed, it has often struck us as singular, that all the English historians, of whatever creed or party, can look as calmly as they do on the character and conduct of Henry VIII., a prince, whose career presents one of the darkest eras of atrocity in the annals of the world. Vain would it be to seek, in the catalogue of Christian monarchs, for another monster like this: even among the regal and imperial enormities of Pagan antiquity, his equal can scarcely be found. He had the extreme cruelty of Tiberius, without his political sagacity. He was a domestic murderer like Nero, whom he exceeded in treachery and lust; but he was sane, and the Roman was a lunatic. Herod Agrippa is perhaps Henry's nearest prototype, yet even Herod evinced some feeling for others beyond the satisfaction of his own inordinate selfishness: Henry never did. Herod bitterly mourned Mariamne slain in his wrath. The base Judean did at least admit that he had

..... thrown a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.

There is no instance recorded of Henry's showing a moment's grief or regret for the death of wife, relative, friend, or any other human being, however unjustly or cruelly sacrificed. The most extraordinary part of his dark history is, that Christian England, previously so sensitive to crimes even suspected to be committed by its sovereigns, and at all times naturally averse to cruelty, should, for thirty-seven years, patiently suffer its territory to become the arena of a series of atrocities, which would have even made Pagan Rome rise against the miscreant who was the perpetrator of them. Unhappily, moreover, we find the name of Henry connected with religion, and it is probably not a little on this account; that history deals so tenderly with his infamy; for Henry, according to the

There is here a splendid and elaborately carved rood-loft, brought from Jorevalle, and part of the Abbot's and some other stalls, wretchedly defaced and hidden, but retaining traces of their pristine splendour. One bears a man, with a stag gorged; and on a shield guttee **R. III.** or **III.**, with a mitre and crosier. Another, out of a tun, a hazel fructed, with a lion and **III.** above the tree; (William de Heslington, Abbot in 1475.) The parclose of the south choir chapel has **B. R. I.** In the east window is Scrope

passion of the moment, favoured one or other of the fierce polemical factions that were then distracting Europe, and each in its turn gave out something to his praise. Thus it is curious to observe the Protestant writers, speaking of Henry's munificence and sagacity, during the ascendancy of the monastery-destroying Cromwell; while even Catholic annalists say Henry was not quite so bad as long as Wolsey was in power. It is an insult to religion to base its sacred cause for an instant, be the sect what it may, upon any thing done by this king, alike the enemy of God and Man. But we must now pass over his dreadful life to his no less awful demise.

The termination of Henry VIIIth's existence, had much in it which resembled the deaths of Herod and Tiberius. As with the Jewish and the Roman tyrants, his body had become, from his excesses, one mass of foul disease and putrid corruption, and like Herod, Henry was committing murder as he lay on his death-bed. Herod, it is well known, besides having his son executed five days before he expired, ordered that the principal men of the Hebrew nation should be enclosed in the Hippodrome, and that, while he was giving up the ghost, they should be slaughtered, to ensure a general lamentation among his people when he was dead. How nearly similar was the conduct of Henry. Nine days before he breathed his last, he caused the barbarous execution of his relative, the gallant, gentle, Earl of Surrey, who ranks among the last ornaments of England's chivalry, and the first of her poets. The charge against Surrey was, that he had quartered on his shield (as he had a perfect right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor. On the same accusation, Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, the first man in the realm, was speedily attainted by an obsequious Parliament, and the tyrant, while at the verge of his mortal agony, on the morning of his last day, issued orders that the aged Duke should be beheaded. Providence, however, interfered to prevent both the ancient and the more modern accumulation of atrocity. The prisoners of the Hippodrome, and the inmate in the Tower, were alike rescued by the deaths of their respective oppressors. The actual demise of Henry occurred thus. The king had lain for some time in mortal sickness, apparently unconscious and regardless of his immediate danger, but for several days all those near him, plainly saw his end approaching. He was become so froward and fierce, that no one durst inform him of his condition; and as some persons during this reign had suffered as traitors for foretelling the king's death, every one was afraid lest, in the transports of his fury, he might, on this pretence, punish capitally the author of such friendly intelligence. At last Sir Anthony Denny ventured to disclose to him the fatal secret, exhorted him to prepare for the fate which was awaiting him, and advised him to send for

impaling Nevile, temp Henry V.; and Metcalfe. There are some modern inscriptions; one commemorates Lieutenant James Fawcett Wray, 7th Fusiliers, who gallantly fell in a storming party at Badajoz, April 2nd, 1812, aged 24, son of George Wray, Esq., of Town Head, Thoraby: the inscription informs us that it "is erected in Token of Esteem and Regret by his Brother Officers of the Loyal Dales Volunteers."

A short distance south-west of the church stands PALMER'S FLATT, a wayside hostelry, of true rural appearance, but possessing excellent accommodation and liquors, for the numerous parties of visitors to the Falls, by whom it is much frequented during the summer months. The name, which is rather singular, is supposed to have been obtained from a hospice for Palmers having formerly stood there. (I)

Archbishop Cranmer. He heard the announcement with courage, though rather impatiently, and said, "There is time enough yet, let me sleep awhile." When he awoke he felt the grasp of death upon him; there was an end to further delay. "I will have Cranmer now," groaned the wretch; "send a messenger for him." When Cranmer came, the king was speechless, but evidently still retained his senses. What a fearful sight it must have been for the Archbishop to contemplate. There was his own work before him—the monarch whom he had served in all his lust and cruelty, whose blackest sins he had suggested, or, at least, sustained with heavenly shew—there he was, his regal patron, an object of horror, as the hand of God fell upon him. Unvarying prosperity had attended Henry while living; his cup of vicious desires had overflowed the brim; all he wished he had, and yet, look at him dying! The peasant, nay, the meanest of mankind—the very beggar whose soul might perhaps have to wing its flight from a dunghill—would have shrunk in terror from such royalty, coupled with such conclusion. No doubt Cranmer stood aghast at the spectacle. The Prelate implored the king to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ; it is said that he squeezed the Archbishop's hand, but even this is a matter of doubt: he expired just as the exhortation fell from Cranmer's lips. And this was the end of a king, who had, indeed, never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign: his life had been to himself one undeviating course of good fortune, which may be accounted for by the fearful consideration, that crimes such as his are too heavy to meet with any earthly retribution. By his will, Henry VIII. left money for Masses to be said for delivering his soul from Purgatory.—*The Lamp*, August 4th, 1850.

(1) The term "Palmer" was originally applied to pilgrims from Palestine, who were wont to bring back a palm-branch in memorial of their visit to the Holy Sepulchre, and the banks of Jordan; but it seems to have subsequently implied

Aysgarth is a neat village, with a lofty Maypole on its green. In the 4th of King John, 1202, the manor belonged to the De Burghs, but in the 7th of Edward II., 1313, had passed to Ranulph Fitz-Randolf, Lord of Spennithorne.

those, who having given up home and a settled habitation, wandered on a life-long pilgrimage from shrine to shrine, depending for subsistence on the alms of the faithful. Hence a Palmer was known, by "his cockle hat and staff," "his scrip and sandal shoon." Allusive to their name, the ancient family of Palmer, of Beakburne, co. Kent, bear what heralds would call "*canting arms*," viz., argent, a chevron between three Palmer's scrips, sable, the tassels and buckles or. In the chancel of Snodland church, in Kent, was, in 1660, and perhaps is still, a curious epitaph on Thomas Palmer, whose wife was a daughter of Fitzsimons.

Palmers all our Fathers were,
I a Palmer lived here,
And travel'd still, till worne wud Age
I ended this world's pilgrimage,
On the Blest Ascension Day
In the Cheerfull moneth of May,
A thousand with four hundred Seaven,
I tooke my journey hence to Heaven.

Along the verge of the desert, and in the smaller oases or isles which here and there spot that wilderness of sand, the date palm is the only vegetable upon which man can subsist. It is so abundant, and so unmixed with anything else that can be considered as a tree, in the country between the States of Barbary and the desert, that this region is designated as the Land of Dates (Biledulgerid). This region of the date has perhaps remained for a longer period unchanged in its inhabitants and its productions than any other portion of the world. The Ishmaelites, as described in Scripture history, were but little different from the Bedouins of the present time; and the palm-tree (which in ancient history invariably means the date) was of the same use, and held in the same esteem, as it is now. When the sacred writers wished to describe the majesty and the beauty of recitude, they appealed to the palm as the fittest emblem which they could select. "He shall grow up and flourish like the palm tree" is the promise which the Royal Poet of Israel makes for the Just. Even among the followers of other faiths, the palm has always been the symbol held in the greatest veneration. It is recorded of Mahomet that, like the Psalmist, he was accustomed to compare the virtuous and generous man to the date tree: "He stands erect before his Lord; in every action he follows the impulse received from above; and his whole life is devoted to the welfare of his fellow-creatures." The inhabitants of Medina, who possess the most extensive plantations of date trees, say that their prophet caused a tree at once to spring from the kernel at his command, and to stand before his admiring followers in mature fruitfulness and beauty. (Burchard's *Arabia*.) The Tamanaguas of South America have a tradition that the human race sprung again from the fruits of the palm, after the Mexican *age of water*. The usefulness of the tree has thus caused it to be the subject of universal veneration. In ancient times, and in modern, the palm has been the symbol of triumph. The Jews carry it on a solemn festival, in commemoration of

Opposite the church, but higher up the river, stands Beare Park, locally called Beaper; for a long series of years the residence of the older line of the Metcalfes. It is now a farmhouse. In the north wall is a large carved stone, bearing the sacred monograms, and apparently brought from Coverham Abbey. The park is given in

their fathers having gained possession of the promised land;* and the Christians in remembrance of that more glorious victory, when the Saviour rode into Jerusalem amid the jubilations and hosannas of the people. And the tree is not unworthy of those honours which mankind have in all ages bestowed upon it. Indeed, the worthiness of the tree must have been the cause of those honours. Bearing its stem, and expanding its broad and beautiful shade where there is nothing else to shelter man from the burning rays of the sun, the palm tree is hailed by the wanderer in the desert with more pleasure than he hails any other tree in any other situation. Nor is it for its shade alone, or even for its fruit, that the palm is so desirable in that country; for wherever a little clump of palms contrast their bright green with the red wilderness around, the traveller may in general be sure that he shall find a fountain ready to afford him its cooling water." *Vegetable Substances*, vol. i. p.p. 350—352. "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel."—*Observations on the Palm as a sacred emblem*, by W. TIGHE.

"Almighty God! when round Thy shrine .

The palm tree's heavenly branch we twine,

(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,

And Love that 'fadeth not away,')

We bless the flowers, expanded all,†

We bless the leaves that never fall,

And trembling say,—'In Eden thus

The Tree of Life may flower for us!'

When round thy cherubs, smiling calm

Without their flames,‡ we wreath the palm,

O God!—we feel the emblem true,—

Thy mercy is eternal too!

Those cherubs with their smiling eyes,

That crown of palm which never dies,

Are but the types of Thee above—

Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

MOORE.

* Judæa was typified by the palm tree upon the coins of Vespasian and Titus.

† "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm trees, and *open flowers*." 1 Kings, vi. 29.

‡ "When the Passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great law-giver on the Mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed His gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—Tighe's *Observations on the Palm*.

Speed's maps, but has long been forgotten. Here resided James Metcalfe, who fought under Henry V. at Azincour, and whose second son "Brian of Beare," is one of the heroes of the "Felon Sow of Rokeby." This Brian's grandson, Nicholas, was a D.D. and third Master of St. John's College, Cambridge—he being deprived of the Mastership, died on a country benefice in 1536.

CARPERBY.

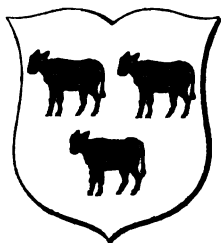
KERPARBY.—Sunt ibidem 9 carucatæ terræ quæ faciunt quartam partem feodi unius militis, de quibus Petrus filius Hugonis de Thoresby tenet 18 bovatas terræ de Avicia Marmyon, & eadem Avicia de Comite Richemundæ, & Comes de Rege.

Et Elena domina de Kerparby tenet totum residuum de Rogero de Lascelles, & idem Rogerus de Roaldo filio Roaldi, & idem Roaldus de Comite, & Comes de Rege. (1)

CARPERBY is a small village little more than a mile north-east of Aysgarth, containing nothing of note, if we except a once beautiful but now nearly demolished cross. Wood Hall, the seat of the Rev. J. Wood, is a little above Aysgarth, on the north of the vale, and about two miles and a half off is NAPPA Warren and Hall, the seat of the ancient Metcalfes. It stands in a sheltered situation, a little below the high road; it is embattled, and consists of a centre and two towers of unequal magnitude, "the walls are not more than four feet thick. The entrance, as usual, is into a screen or lobby, which leads to a hall on the left, thirty feet long and open to the roof, which, though handsomely moulded, is not very elaborate. The skeleton and part of the wainscot over the high table remain. Beyond, and in the principal tower, was the great parlour; and above, three large bed-chambers, to which the approach is a winding stone staircase. In the plaster work are several shields of the Metcalfes, with their several emplacements. The lower tower, which is now

(1) Kirkby's Inquest.

converted into a good farm-house, was originally destined to offices. The windows are trefoil lights of the age of Henry VI., or thereabouts.”(1)



Thomas, son of James Metcalfe, as Leland tells us, bought Nappa of Lord Scrope: there was then only a little cottage on it, and he built the house which, in the historian's time, was commonly called No-Castel. He was steward receiver of the lands of Richmond, and grew very rich. The

Metcalfes are an extensively diffused and numerous family; when Leland wrote, three centuries ago, there were in the vicinity "300 men yn very knowen consanguinitie" to them. 1st Richard III. James Metcalfe, Esq., the King's sergeant, &c., for his great services, "*especially lately about the acceptation of the crowne and royalle dignity of the realm,*" was made for life Master Forester of Wensleydale, Rodale, and Bishopdale, and keeper of the royal park of Woodhall, with an annuity of £10.(2) In 1556 Sir Christopher Metcalfe, being High Sheriff of Yorkshire, met the Judges of assize, attended by 300 horsemen, all of his own family and name, mounted on white horses, and clad in uniform habits. The last heir male of the *senior* line was Thomas Metcalfe, Esq., of Nappa Hall, who died unmarried, April 25th, 1756, aged 69 years.

(1) Whitaker, vol. i. p. 406.

(2) The father of this James, was Thomas Metcalfe, who, together with his brother Miles (appointed recorder of York on the recommendation of Edward IV.), was expressly excepted from the pardon Henry VII. granted to the inhabitants of the northern counties, "because they of those parts be necessary, and according to their duty, must defend this land against the Scots." Miles was, for a time, nominally superseded in the recordership by one Richard Green, a protege of the Earl of Northumberland; but through the interest of Lord Fitzhugh, and other friendly lords, was soon restored. Thomas had married Alicia, co-heiress of Henry De Hartlington, and in her right, held the manor of Hanlith, in Craven. In the 24th of Henry VIII., is a deed of partition between Metcalf and Metcalf, in which the manors of Kirkby and Hanlith are allotted to Roger Metcalf, and Elizabeth, his wife. In the 6th of Edward VI., A.D. 1551,

Dr. Whitaker resolves the name, which is locally pronounced *Mecca*, into *Mechalgh*, from *Mec*, a Saxon personal name, and *halgh*, a low and watery flat—but the family arms, which from time immemorial have been three *red calves*, would rather favour the legend that when the country abounded with wild beasts, two men being in the woods together at evenfall, seeing a red four-footed animal coming towards them, could not imagine in the dusk what it was. One said "Have you not heard of lions being in these woods?" The other answered "He had, but had never seen any such thing." So they conjectured that that was one which they saw. The creature advanced a few paces towards them. One ran away, the other determined to meet it. This happened to be a *red calf*; so he that met it got the name of *Metcalfe*, and he that ran away got the name of *Lightfoot*. (1)

Nappa now belongs to Earl de Grey, who is paternally a Robinson. The warren is celebrated for a peculiar

the manor of Hartlington is charged with a jointure of 100 marks, on the marriage of Sir Christopher Metcalfe, Knt., with Lady Elizabeth Clifford, daughter of the first Earl of Cumberland; and in the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary, A.D. 1556—7, the same Sir Christopher sold the manor, with its appurtenances, to William Lyster, of Medehope, Esq., for £1200. In the latter end of Elizabeth, the Metcalfs had incurred a forfeiture, of which, Whitaker says, (*Hist. Craven*, p. 194,) he can give no account; for a court, held in 1584, is styled "Curia Leonardi Metcalf, sen. et firmarii ter. et ten quæ quondam fuerant hereditas d'ti Leonardi." Yet the family were restored shortly after; for, in 1592, a court baron was held at Hanlith, by John Metcalf, in his own name. And "Mr. Metcalfe wolde not suffer the enclosure of the Mores until ye towne granted all his *Tosters* and *Cotters*, olde and newe, one cattle-gate in Lowe Close."—*Rot. Man.*, A.D. 1592. In 1615, this manor had passed to the Lambarts. In Dodsworth's time, a fragment of an inscription in the north window of the choir of Burnell church, commemorated Sir James Metcalf. "ORATE PRO ANA JACOBI METCALFE ARMIGERI QUI HANC FENESTRAM" Longstaffe says of Sir Christopher's 800 white horses, "a white, or light grey coloured breed was the favoured one in the north. A low chamber at Fountains is stoutly asserted by the country people to have been 'the place where the abbot's six white chariot horses were kept;' and *sex equi bigæ* the abbot certainly had at the dissolution of his house."—*Richmondshire; its ancient Lords and Edifices*; p. 107.

(1) Vide an amusing letter from John Metcalfe (the celebrated and extraordinary "Blind Jack of Knaresborough") dated Nov. 15th, 1794, in "The Gentlemen's Magazine," vol. lxxxiv. p. 684—1814.

and valuable breed of rabbits, of a species found only in one other place in England. Whilst quite young, their fur is perfectly black, but when arrived at maturity, it becomes a beautiful silvery grey. They are smaller than the common rabbit, and their flesh possesses a superior flavour. In summer evenings, hundreds may be seen hopping about in all directions: they form a source of considerable revenue to the proprietor. One of Camden's editors states, that Cray-fish were first introduced into the Yore from the south, by Sir Christopher Metcalfe, of assize display; but tradition avers that they were put there by the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh, whilst on a visit at Nappa, probably some years later. They are plentiful in the river and its tributary streams.

THORNTON RUST.

THORNETON RUST.—Sunt ibidem 6 carucatæ terræ, unde 18, &c. quarum una carucata tenetur de heredibus Wilielmi de Redmer & dim. car. & 5. bovata tenentur de Thoma Tempersnape & idem Thomas de Roberto de Tatersale, & idem Robertus de Sibilla de Thornteton Stiward, & eadem Sibylla de Comite Richemundia & Comes de Rege.(1)

THORNTON RUST formerly retained a curious custom; the chapel bell was "carried about and rung by hand, so that when any of the inhabitants died, it was rung as a passing bell in the middle, and at each end of the village. This was considered as a public invitation to one member of every family in the place to attend the funeral, which was announced by another peal of the bell as before."(2)

(1) Kirkby's Inquest.

(2) Whitaker, Vol. I. p. 404.

"During the three first centuries of Christianity, no public signal called the faithful to the sacred services of the Church; messengers were sent round to notify the time and place of Divine service. On the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, the Christians first employed trumpets, and afterwards bells. The Catholic Church blesses church bells, washing them with holy water, and anointing them with the holy oils, which ceremony is reserved for the Bishop; and is

ASKRIGG.

ASKERIG.—Sunt ibidem 6 caruc. terræ, unde 14 faciunt feodum militis, de quibus Ranulphus filius Ranulphi i car. terræ de Henrico de la Wodhall, & idem Henricus de de Hugone filio Henrici, & idem Hugo Comite Richemundiæ, & Comes de Rege in capite.

Et Wilielmus Banastre tenet i car. terræ & Abbas de Joreval tenet i car. & dim. & Wilielmus Toke dim. caruc. terræ & Petrus Grossetest 1 car. terræ & Thomas de Thorneton i car. de Hugone filio Henrici, & idem Hugo de Sibilla de Thorneton Stiward, & dicta Sibylla de Comite Richemundiæ, & Comes de Rege. Et reddit villa prædicta ad finem prædictum 5^s. 6^d. (1)

Askrigg is a neat little town, of considerable antiquity, possessing right of market and fairs. The church, dedicated to St. Oswald, is only a parochial chapel, but appears as ancient as that of Aysgarth, though it is first mentioned 7th Edward IV. (1466). Like Aysgarth, it has side aisles in the choir; the southern one being the

often called *the baptism of the bells*; but it is very absurd to suppose that the most illiterate Catholic ever confounds this blessing with the Sacrament of spiritual regeneration, all well knowing that a bell is not susceptible of interior sanctity and true virtue. The church bell, says the Council of Cologne, is the bugle of the army of the Church Militant. Its sound has reference to the principal parts and circumstances of our lives. Its sound announces the hour of baptism; hence it is washed with holy water. Its sound announces that the strengthening Sacrament of Confirmation is about to be given; hence it is anointed with the Holy Chrism. Its sound is heard when a Member of the Church is in his agony. This is called *the passing bell*, and those who hear its sound, should pray for the departing soul; hence the bell is anointed with the Holy oil of the Infirm. Its sound is also heard at the time of a funeral, to invite the faithful to pray for the soul of their departed brother or sister in the faith. Its sound is also heard summoning the faithful to the Church of God, to join with prayer and adoration in offering up the great Christian sacrifice; hence is the bell perfumed with incense. The name of a saint is inscribed on a church bell. The bell is sounded also when the people are assembled in the church. Its sound is heard during the recital of the *Gloria in Excelsis* on Maunday Thursday, and Holy Saturday, and on other days at the *Sanctus*, and at the awful moment of the Elevation, when God descends upon our altars, and becomes the victim of man's salvation."—*Abridged from an Address by the Right Rev. John Briggs, D.D., Lord Bishop of Beverley, on the occasion of the Consecration of the Bells of St. George's Catholic Church, York, A.D. 1850.*

(1) Kirkby's Inquest.

chantry of St. Anne, founded by James Metcalfe, and the burial place of the Nappa family; of whom, however, only two memorials remain,—a mutilated marble, and the epitaph on the last lord of Nappa. On the roof of the choir of this church, a tree grows and thrives apparently.



Askrigg belonged to the Fitz-Hughs, and on May 5th, 1463, Henry Lord Fitz-Hugh leased all his demesne lands there, *together with the tenants*,⁽¹⁾ to Abraham Metcalfe, for seven years. The principal inn was once the mansion of John Pratt, Esq., a gentleman

well known in the racing circles, during the close of the eighteenth century. About half way between Nappa Scaur and Askrigg, is a lane, now an occupation road, formerly the highway up the Dale, passing over the ridge called Eske Rigg, through the villages of Helm and Skellgill, and forward over Cotter Rigg, west of Hardraw, and so on to Kirkby Stephen. Helm and Skellgill are said to have been, at one time, considerable villages.

Askrigg Hill Fair, is celebrated throughout the district; it occurs on the 11th and 12th of July, and seldom terminates without a faction fight between the Yoredale and Swaledale men, who, for a long number of years, have been in a state of rivalry, if not hostility. Here, in old time, the "Garland Courses" were annually run; a custom which I will describe in the words of a young native writer of talent; Mr. Grover Scarr, of Bainbridge. "On the 16th of August, St. Oswald's Day, the day of the village feast, a large garland, woven expressly for the purpose, was run for, directly up the brow of a steep hill, on the common, to the north of the town. Since

(1) *Serfdom* is of much more recent existence in England than is usually supposed.

its enclosure, the spot is known by the name of "Garland Pasture." The custom is said to have originated with a lady, some few centuries ago, who, having suffered a disappointment in love, instituted it for the perpetual punishment of the men of Wensleydale, by leaving a field, the rental of which was to be expended in the sports of the day, so long as it was observed—a somewhat remarkable instance of feminine vengeance."(1)

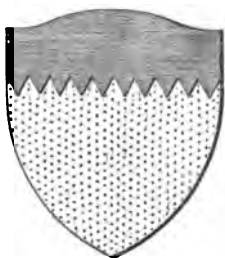
Going from Askrigg to Bainbridge, about a hundred yards south of the road, close by where Meerbeck forms a beautiful little cascade, some thirty feet high, stood the Abbey of FORS, or, DE CARITATE, prior to the House being removed to Jorevalle; and here, till the dissolution, a cell was maintained. There still exists a trefoil window in a barn, an old flat-headed doorway, and a room called the *Bell Chamber*; whilst tradition states that the space between the building and the Yore, was once a burial ground, but these are all the traces we now have left of the residence of Peter de Quinciano and his companions.(2)

(1) New Monthly Belle Assemblée, Nov., 1850, p. 308.

(2) The heart must be cold, the spirit selfish indeed, which can pass a spot like Fors, a first settlement of the good religious, without feeling a deep emotion. Slight though the remnants may be, they vividly recall the happy Past, and remind us how:—"Before the demolition of Catholicity in England, three hundred years ago, the face of that beautiful country was covered with a happy people; the fields teemed forth their fertility, and the recipients blessed that Omnipotent God, in and with one voice, and before one and the same altar, from whom all earth derives its riches. There was then no jarring of opinions about the road to spiritual happiness in this life, and eternal glory in the next. No; one Faith ruled the opinions and subdued the hearts of all. The churches that raised their lofty spires on high, all bore the one sign of salvation, the Holy Cross. Every other figure bowed to that. The Abbays, the Priors, and Monasteries, and Nunneries all sang the same harmonious song of praise to the Deity, all had the same sacraments, the same sacrifice, the same Faith. The inhabitants of those various venerable piles, those holy asylums of sanctity, and every virtue belonging to it, wore different habits and adopted different insignia, and practised different rules of discipline; but in these they, indeed, imitated the beautiful garden of various flowers, and, like the sweet and beautiful flowers of various hues, they all rose at the 'Jam lucis orto sidera,' to receive new vigour from the increase of grace, by their fervent prayers. The brightness of morning's sun told them of that glorious kingdom for which they were created, and the shades of falling night reminded them of time's termination. The mid-day labours of

West of this point, after the Norman ravage, Wensleydale was a wild forest, inhabited only by the wolf, the wild cat, the fox, and the red deer; and destitute of other denizens.

BAINBRIDGE.

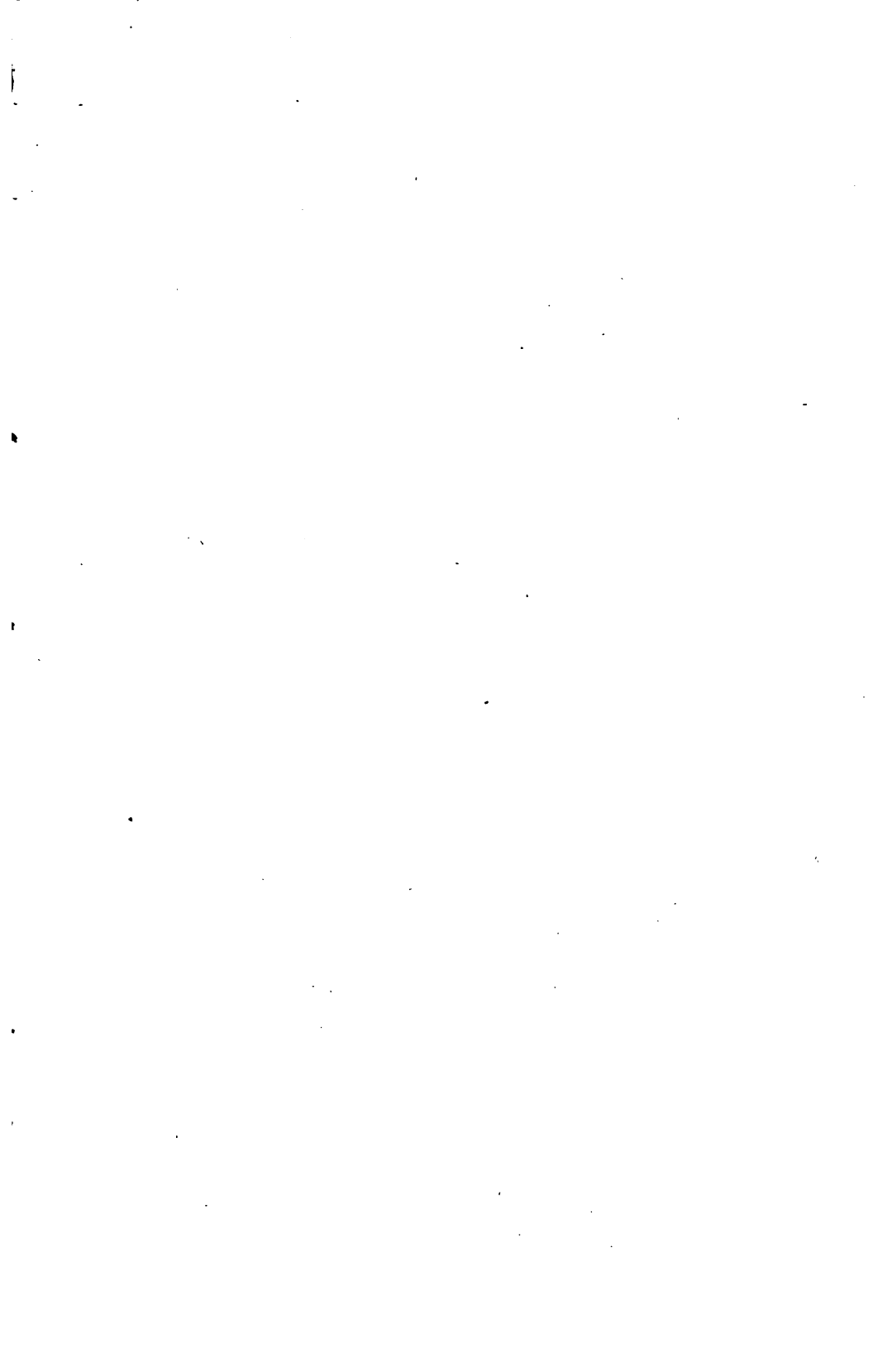


When Ranulph, son of Robert, Lord of Middleham, was summoned, in 1228, to answer to Ranulph, (De Meschines) Earl of Chester and Lincoln, by what warrant he made towns and raised edifices in the Earl's forest of Wensleydale; "answer was, that

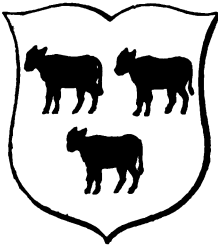
the toune of Beyntbrigge was of the ancestors of the said Ranulph, by the service of keeping that forest, so that they should have there abiding twelve foresters, with a horse for each." (1) It also appears that after Ranulph De Glanville Lord of Coverham's death, who was father-

these holy men and women were like to the fragrancy of the rich garden, scattered far and wide in the enlivening of Christian souls to a pursuit of that life that leads to endless bliss. The odour of their virtues was not concealed within the Abbey walls, but shed itself all around. and gave life to those who sought it. Education then lived in its proper sphere, and had its due influence over man's soul. The teaching of the Monks and Nuns was not that dry mechanism by which the youth of our days are formed for life. No; whilst the young scion of royalty was going through his exalted studies for future government he was instructed how to govern his own passions before he should govern those of subjects; he learned in the Monk's school, that virtue is the noblest gem in the regal diadem; and that mercy is the highest attribute of the Deity, and ought to be the same of earthly kings. In like manner was each grade of human society grounded in, not mechanical, but Christian morality. Thus taught and thus imbued, as each succeeding generation of the English, antecedent to the Reformation, was, what wonder that the British name should have become famed over the world for piety and wisdom. Look over the ancient records of the English Guilds and Confraternities, and you will find the highest nobles of the land commingling with the poor people, and this because in early youth they were taught to believe that "Blessed are the poor in spirit." And the poor too were not forgotten in those days. Poor-houses then were not the hideous bastilles that now encumber the land and cast their deadening influence over the human heart. They were, in the '*Monkish Days*,' the consolers of the afflicted and the helpers of the weak. Nor did those poor-houses send forth their bailiffs to rob by legal authority the poor industrious peasant, to feed the idle pauper, who fed and fattened upon his country's wrong."—*Rev. M. Scally, O.C.C.*

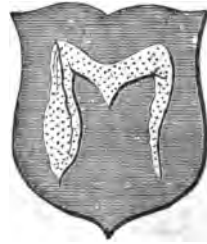
(1) Whitaker, p. 418.



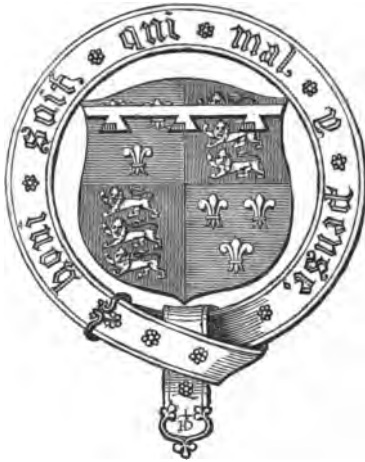
ARMORIAL SHIELDS. 3.



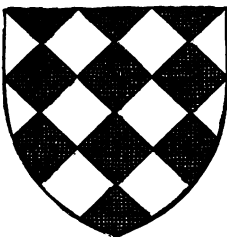
METCALFE,
Master Forester of Wensleydale.
Temp. Rich. III.



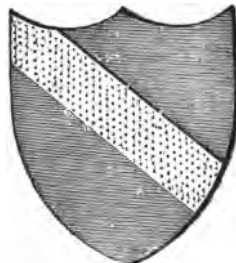
CONYERS,
Constable of Middleham.
A. D. 1509.



RICHARD III.
Lord of Middleham.



CROFT,
Bowbearer of Wensleydale Forest.
Temp. Eliz.



SCROPE,
of Danby-super-Fore.
A. D. 1854.

in-law of Robert, of Middleham, William, son of Gamell had ward of the forest till the death of the Lady Helewisia, of Middleham, whose husband pre-deceased her. Afterwards, Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury (1193—1207), Chief Justice of England, (1194-96) and Chancellor (1199—1202),(1) held it for the king in wardship for Helewisia's sons, Radulph and Ranulph. Radulph being dead, and Ranulph remaining a ward, the Archbishop Chancellor delivered up his entire wardship to Theobald De Valoynes. And during the whole of this period it is to be observed that there were only twelve foresters, and two *grassmani*, a sort of police, judging from their employment, at Bainbridge; each of whom had two acres of land for ploughing, between Goldmyresyke and the village. Their cattle were taken in every night for fear of the wolves. The duty of the *grassmani* was to arrest malefactors in the forest, and convey them to Richmond Castle.(2)

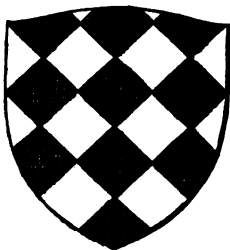
(1) Ranulph de Glanville was Lord Justiciary of England from 1181 to 1185; Gilbert de Glanville, Bp. of Rochester, succeeded him, jointly with the Bishop of Durham and the Earl of Albemarle; afterwards the Bishops of Durham and Ely, had respectively jurisdiction north and south of Trent, and A.D. 1194, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, was nominated Chief Justice. See *Dugdale's Originales Judiciales*.

(2) DE FORESTARIA DE WENDESLEYDALE.—Robertus, filius Radulphi, pater Radulphi filii Roberti de Middelham mortuus erat tempore H. Regis (secundi) & Helwisie de Glawmville uxor prædicti Roberti superstes fuit, & Ranulphus de Glawmville pater prædictæ Helwisie fuit Justitiarius totius Angliæ, & habuit Wardam Castri de Richemunde & Forestæ de Wendeslawedale ex parte regis.

Et post mortem Ranulphi de Glawmville habuit Willielmus filius Gamelle wardam forestæ & totius terræ Helwisie usque ad mortem ejusdem Helwisie.

Inter hæc mortuus est Henricus rex & successit ei Ricardus rex & Hubertus Walter fuit Justiciarius Angliæ, qui habuit ex parte domini regis wardam forestæ cum duobus filiis Helwisie scil. Radulpho & Ranulpho. Mortuo Radulpho remansit Ranulphus in warda & tunc tradidit prædictus Hubertus wardam prædicti Ranulphi cum foresta de Wendeslaydale & cum tota terra sua Theobaldo de Valoynes.

Et notandum quod a die quo Conanus (Comes) dedit forestam Roberto filio Radulphi usque ad tempus istius Theobaldi de Valoins non fuerunt in Baynebrig nisi 12 forestarii & 2 *grassmani*, & quilibet forestarius habuit 2 acres ad arandum inter Goldmyresyke & villam & averia eorum qualibet nocte redierunt ad villam. (There was good reason for this precaution, as they would otherwise have been eaten up by the wolves.)



CROFT,
BOWBRARER OF WENSLEYDALE
FOREST. Temp. Ebliz.

This was undoubtedly always the head-quarters of WENSLEYDALE FOREST, at that now almost forgotten time when Forestry or Woodcraft, was amongst our ancestors, a science, whose terms formed an essential item in the education of a gentleman. Beasts of the Forest were divided into those of Venery and Chase. The first class, called also *Sylvestres*, comprised five kinds, viz., the Hart, Hind, Hare, Boar, and Wolf, and these were held the noblest. The beasts of Chase consisted of the Buck, Doe, Fox, Martern or Marton, and Roe, which were accounted of inferior degree, because "more fearfull than hurtfull," and are often called *Campesties*. Skilful foresters had a language pertaining to the craft, of which it was considered disgraceful to be ignorant. They spoke of a *Herd* of Harts or Deer, a *Bery* of Roes, a *Sounder* of Swine, a *Kowte* of Wolves, a *Riches* of Marterns, a *Brace* or *Leash* of Bucks, Foxes, or Hares, and a *Leash* or *Couple* of Conies. The tail of a Hart, was so called, but that of any other Deer, his *Single*, of a Boar, his *Wreath*, of a Fox, his *Brush*, of a Wolf, his *Stern*, and of a Hare and Coney, his *Scut*. The Hart *harboured*, the Buck *lodged*, the Roe *bedded*, the Hare *sate* or *formed*, the Coney *sate*, the Fox *kennelled*; hence the terms,—*Dislodge* the Buck, *Start* the Hare, *Unkennel* the Fox,

Servicium 2 grasmanorum fuit ut malefactores quos invenerunt in foresta ducerent ad Castrum Richemond. Horn. Shope & Wil. filius ejus & Ricardus Prat ducti fuerunt transgressione ad prisonam Richemondie.

Post constructionem grangie & villæ de Baynebrig, tempore Roberti filii Badulphi fuerunt isti forestarii. Fynehorn, Horn vicinus ejus, Astin, Walterus Hunsbain, Rogerus filius Roberti, Rogerus Porcarius, Uilredus Rufus, Mel-dredna, Will Nobill, Thorphin Calvecape, Hervieus Longus, Walter Wyclous. 2 grasmana. Ricardus Schorthose & Robertus Scoryffe.

This list of surnames, brief as it is, possesses considerable value to the local genealogist; many being still in existence, though corrupted.

Rouse the Hart, *Bolt* the Coney. It was said, the Hart *bellows*, the Buck *groans*, the Roe *bells*, the Hare or Coney *beats* or *taps*, the Fox *barks*, and the Wolf *howls*. The foot-print of a Hart was his *slot*, of a Buck and of all Fallow Deer, his *view*, and of a Boar his *track* or *treading*. The ordure of all Deer was termed *Fumets*, of the Hare, *crotelles*, of the Boar, *lesses*, and of the Fox, and all Vermin, *fiantes*.

The same animal was designated differently according to his age. The Hart, in his first year, was a *Calf*, in his second, a *Brockett*, in his third a *Spayade*, in his fourth, a *Staggard*, in his fifth, a *Stag*, and in his sixth, a *Hart*. If the King or Queen hunted a Hart, and he escaped alive, he became a *Hart Royal*; and if for the sport afforded, or any other reason, the Sovereign wished him to return to the Forest, proclamation was made that none should presume to chase, or harm him, and he became ever after a *Hart Royal Proclaimed*. The Buck, in his first year, was called a *Fawn*, in his second, a *Pricket*, in his third, a *Sorel*, in his fourth, a *Sore*, in his fifth, a *Buck of the first head*, in his sixth, a *Buck*, or *great Buck*.⁽¹⁾

Such are a few of the principal terms of woodcraft, used by the Ancient Foresters, some of which it will be

(1) See Dame Juliana Berners, in "The Boke of St. Alban's," written in the fourteenth century.

"Wheresoever ye fare by frith or by fell,
My dear child take heed how Tristram do you tell
How many manner beastis of venery there were;
Listen to your dame, and she shall you lere;—
Four manner beastis of venery there are;
The first of them is the hart, the second is the hare,
The boar is one of tho, the wolf and not one mo.
And where that ye come in plain or in place,
I shall tell you which been beasts of enchase;
One of them is the buck, another is the doe,
The fox, and the martern, and the wild roe;
And ye shall, my dear child, other beasts all,
Whereso ye them find, Rascal ye shall them call;
In frith or in fell, or in forest, I you tell."*

* The term *frith* is still familiarly used in North York.

seen are still current amongst sportsmen. Stout yeomen were those bold rangers of the woodlands—high and honest of heart, and strong of hand—peaceful, hospitable; not fearing danger or knowing disgrace, if called upon in the hour of need to join their country's armies.

SONG OF THE FORRESTERS.

Hurrah for the Forest!—hurrah for the Free!
 Our home is the woodland, our shelter the tree,
 Our couch is the fair mossy lawn;
 No clock to us telleth the coming of day,
 But when larks are singing, we "*up, and away!*"
 Through the soft rosy splendour of dawn.

The rich dwell in splendour—the poor till the soil—
 We heed not their pleasures, we brook not their toil,
 Nor envy their elegant cheer;
 Beneath some old oak tree our banquet is spread,
 With green turf beneath us, and green boughs o'erhead,
 And our feast is the flesh of the deer.

Then fill we full goblets, our comforts to crown
 With France's choice vintage, or ale berry-brown,
 Whilst nothing embitters the bowl;
 But heart with heart joining, we clasp hand in hand,
 And joyfully quaffing—"to Friendship's true band!"
 The blithe songs of our Forestry troll.

Our lamps are not lacking—from night's ebon brow
 The moon or bright planets shed radiance below,
 To light up our wild hearty glee;
 The revel is ended—then ready for rest,
 Each chooses the pillow that pleases him best,
 At the foot of some favorite tree.

For fame wars the soldier—the merchant seeks gain—
 For glory the mariner tempts each rude main,
 Regardless what storms may arise;
 But soon fade *their* prizes, though fearfully bought,—
 We leave such vain baubles, unvalued, unsought,
 So no tears of regret dim *our* eyes.

Deep, deep in the Forest, beneath the dear shade
 Where love rock'd our cradles, our last homes are made,
 When we sink into death's heavy sleep;

And should no proud tomb mark the Forrester's grave,
 Above his green hillock thick oak branches wave,
 And true friends at his burial weep.

Deceit lurks in cities, in pomp there is pain,
 Amid honours the honour'd oft sigheth in vain
 For a peace which he never must see;
 But free from ambition—disclaiming all strife—
 Undisturbed are our minds as untroubled our life,
 Then—hurrah for the Forest, and Free!

The memory of those days is preserved at Bainbridge, by the "Forest Horn," which is blown every night at ten o'clock, from the Feast of Holy Rood, Sept. 27th, to Shrovetide, as a signal formerly enabling benighted travellers to reach the only place capable of affording shelter and safety; the horn-blower's annual salary is provided by the village. For the same cause also a bell was rung at Chantry, and a gun fired at Camhouse. But the state of the roads down to the middle and close of the last century, was execrable. Packhorses were the means commonly used for the conveyance of goods, and many years have not elapsed since the last person died, who recollected the excitement produced by the appearance of the first waggon.(1) Large antlers of deer,

(1) Familiarized with railways, and the rapidity of modern locomotion, we are apt to forget the miry roads and tedious journeyings of our grandfathers. Forests even yet exist in England, the extent and recesses of which are scarcely known to any but the foresters. Little more than a century and a half ago, this was most strikingly the case.

"In the year 1686, the value of the produce of the soil far exceeded the value of all the other fruits of human industry; yet agriculture was in what would now be considered as a very rude and imperfect state. The arable land and pasture land were not supposed by the best political arithmeticians of that age, to amount to much more than half the area of the kingdom. The remainder was believed to consist of moor, forest, and fen. These computations are strongly confirmed by the road books and maps of the 17th century. From these books and maps it is clear that many routes which now pass through an endless succession of orchards, hay fields, and bean fields, then lay through nothing but heath, swamp, and warren. In the drawings of English landscapes made in that age for the Grand Duke Cosmo, scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury plain. At Enfield, hardly out of sight of the smoke of the capital, was a region of five-and-twenty miles in circumference, which contained only three houses, and scarcely any inclosed fields, deer, as free as in an American forest, wandered there by thousands. It is to be

some attached to portions of the skull, are not unfrequently dug up in this locality.

Dr. Whitaker, who carefully examined this place, could add no particulars respecting the Roman station to those given by Camden in 1590, except a rude sculpture of a mermaid over the school door. Aggleborough, on which Camden found remains of trenches, was no doubt the castra æstiva of Braccium. The following are the inscriptions he found :

1.

- - - - - CÆSARI AVGVSTO
MARCI AVRELII FILIO

- - - - -
SENIS IOVIS AMPLISSIMI
VENTS PIVS

remarked that wild animals of large size were then far more numerous than at present. The last wild boars, indeed, which had been preserved for the royal diversion, and had been allowed to ravage the cultivated land with their tusks had been slaughtered by the exasperated rustics during the licence of the civil war. The last wolf that has roamed our Island had been slain in Scotland a short time before the close of the reign of Charles II.; but many breeds now extinct, or rare, both of quadrupeds and birds, were still common. The fox, whose life is, in many counties, held almost as sacred as that of a human being, was considered as a mere nuisance. There were not seldom great massacres of foxes, to which the peasantry thronged with all the dogs that could be mustered. Traps were set, nets were spread, no quarter was given; and to shoot a female with cub was considered as a feat which merited the gratitude of the neighbourhood. The red deer were then as common in Gloucestershire or Hampshire as they now are among the Grampian hills. On one occasion Queen Anne, on her way to Portsmouth, saw a herd of no less than 500. The wild bull, with his white mane, was still to be found wandering in a few of the southern forests. The badger made his dark and tortuous hole on the side of every hill where the copsewood grew thick. The wild cats were frequently heard by night wailing round the lodges of the rangers of Whittlebury and Needwood. The yellow-breasted martin was still pursued in Cranbourn Chase for his fur, reputed inferior only to that of the sable. Fen eagles, measuring more than nine feet between the extremities of the wings, preyed on fish along the coast of Norfolk. On all the Downs, from the British Channel to Yorkshire, huge bustards strayed in troops of fifty or sixty, and were often hunted with greyhounds. The marshes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire were covered some months during every year by immense clouds of cranes. Some of these races the progress of cultivation has extirpated. Of others, the numbers are so much diminished, that men crowd to gaze at a specimen as at a Bengal tiger, or a polar bear."—*Macaulay's History of England.*

2.

IMP CÆS. L SEPTIMIO
 PIO PERTINACI AVG-Y - - -
 IMP CÆSARI. M. AVRELIO A - - - -
 PIO FELICI AVGVSTO - - -

BRACCHIO CÆMENTICIUM
 VI NERVIVM SVB CVRA L. A.
 SENECTION AMPLISSIMI
 OPERI L VISPIVS PRÆ - - -
 - - - - LEGIO - - - - -

No. 1 was found under the statue of Commodus: and from the word VENTIS, or rather Glanoventa, Camden tries to place Glanoventa here, and would fain form a derivation for WENSLEYDALE, in which no other antiquary has followed him.(1) Aggleborough was anciently called Ethelburgh. No. 2, supported by a winged Victory, was evidently set up in honour of the Emperors Pertinax and Geta, on occasion of building the station of stone, under Lucius Aunceus Senecio, a relative probably of Socius Senecio, mentioned in an inscription at Benwell in Northumberland. The name of Geta had been designedly erased, as it has been on other inscriptions in Yorkshire.

Following the course of the rocky torrent Bain, above

(1) Frontinus says, the Romans learnt the art of laying out a camp from that of Pyrrhus King of Epirus, which fell into their hands, that they made great improvements upon his plan; and that whenever a new camp was to be formed, it was always constructed upon one uniform plan, and proportioned to the number of soldiers intended to occupy it. The tent of the commanding officer was always in the centre, and a spacious area left about it, where rewards and punishments were publicly distributed: this tent was called Prætorium, it being at first set apart for the Prætor. In Britain the Romans had their summer and winter camps: the former in high and airy situations, the latter in low and warm parts of the country; they were laid out in a kind of streets, and horse and foot were so disposed as not to interfere or incommode each other. As long as Rome maintained her military glory, legions were composed only of free Roman citizens, no allies or subjects of conquered nations being deemed worthy of the honour of fighting in their ranks. Under the old kings a legion consisted of 3000 foot, and 300 horse; under the consuls of 4200 foot, and 400 horse; but,

Bainbridge, we come to the small but beautiful mountain lake, SEMERWATER, "so named perhaps," Dr. Whitaker thinks, "by the first settlers in this fair inland valley from its fancied resemblance to another expanse of waters which *they* had never beheld, or perhaps from the sea-like impetuosity with which its waves are driven, by gusts from the mountains against its shore.

—————Teque

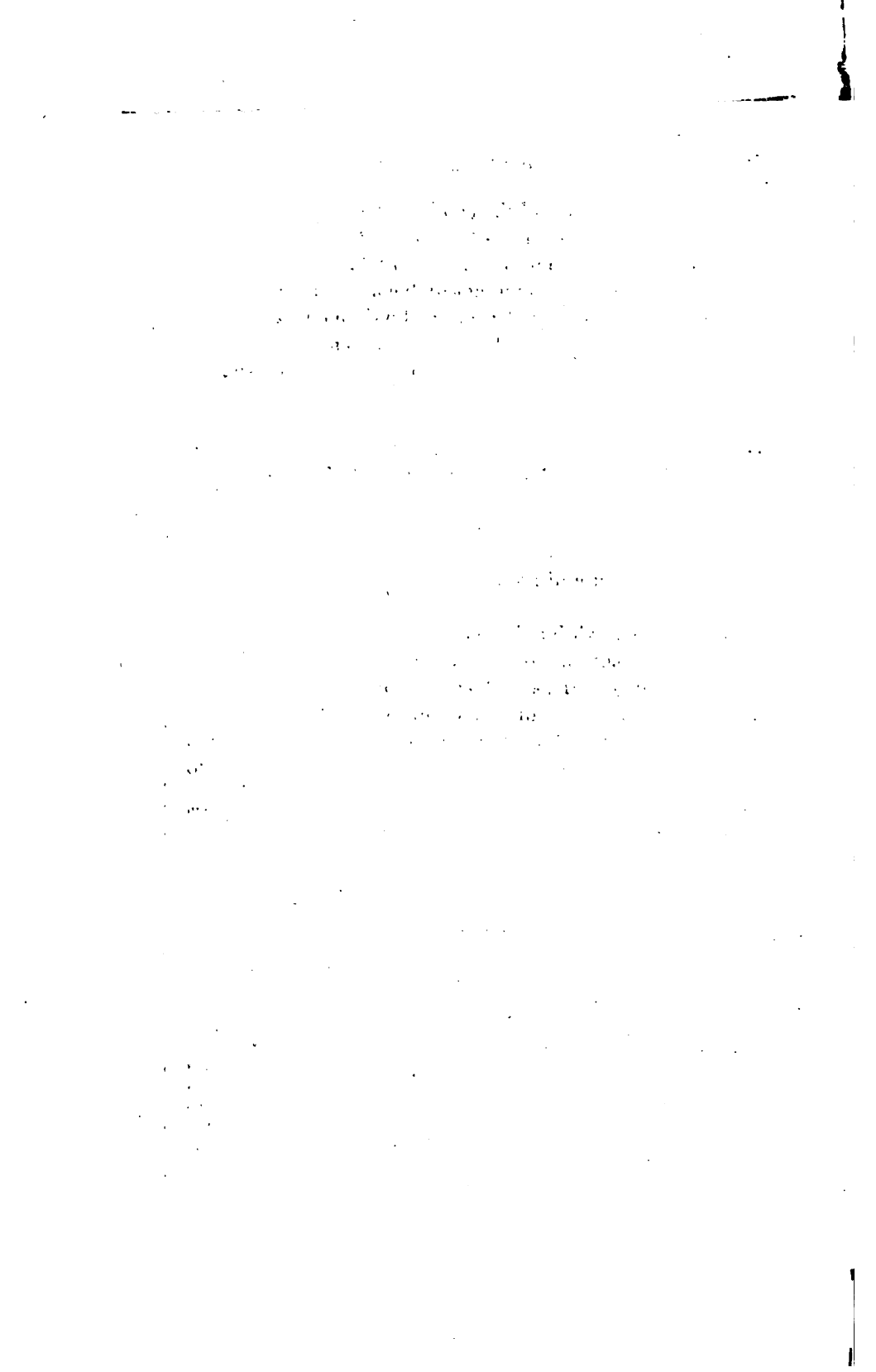
Fluctibus et fremiter assurgens Benaca marino."

This derivation may be open to objection, particularly as we do not know the name given by the Romans, who, as well as the Saxons, were sufficiently familiar with the ocean; but certain it is that when agitated by storms, and augmented by rains, the lake becomes a minature sea, and its waves dash along the strand in a manner justifying the appellation.

Semerwater covers one hundred and five acres of land, but when swollen it occupies double that space, on account of the lowness of its banks; the medium depth is forty-five feet. Embosomed in green lonely hills, apart and seemingly shut out from the world, the margin of this solitary mere possesses many charms; and

under Cæsar and the emperors it amounted to 6100 foot, and 726 horse. The infantry of each legion was divided into ten cohorts. The first cohort, which had the custody of the eagle, and the post of honour, was 1105 strong; the remaining nine cohorts had 555 men each. The cavalry of a legion was divided into ten troops or squadrons; the first squadron, as destined to act with the first strong cohort, consisted of 132 men, whilst the nine remaining squadrons had only 66 men each. The legions serving abroad were generally attended by auxiliaries raised among the provinces and conquests of the empire, who for the most part retained their national arms and loose mode of fighting, and did all the duties of light troops. Their number varied according to circumstances, being seldom much inferior to that of the legions; but in Britain, where mention of the barbarian auxiliaries continually occurs, and where they performed services for which the legion were not calculated, they seem to have been at least as numerous as the Roman soldiers. Three legions, say the historians, were competent to the occupation of Britain; but to this force of 20,478, we must add the auxiliaries, which will swell the number to 40,956. Gauls, Belgians, Batavians, and Germans were the hordes that accompanied the legions to our island. Many reductions, however, took place. A legion, at the final departure of the Romans from Britain, consisted only of from 2500 to 3000 indifferently armed men. See *Pictorial History of England*. Vol. i. p. 37—8.







LAKE SEMERWATER.

although it cannot boast the more majestic beauty—the magnificent wood-clothed shores, and stupendous precipices of the Cumbrian and Westmoreland lakes—still when slight breezes ruffle its surface, while the fleecy clouds sail along the sky, lights and shadows fall in beautiful succession on mountain, strand, and wave, constantly shifting and changing in effect, and affording to true lovers of the picturesque in nature, an infinite source of delight.

These shores are visited too by rare and curious birds, such as dip their wings in the ocean wave. The osprey may be seen soaring on high, and

The wild swan on the silver lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.

The common tern, the sea swallow, and several kinds of gulls frequent Semerwater, and fresh water wildfowl are plentiful. The lake contains an abundant supply of fish, and, at one period, the fishery was of some value, as in an old survey of the county of Richmond, it is rated at forty shillings. In the 15th Edward III., 1340, it is, however, entered as “nothing, because it cannot be let, nor any profit made of it.”

This is the valley of the Roe (Raydale) which we have before mentioned. It is just the kind of haunt congenial to that graceful animal. Car End, and Thwaite End, are two houses on the lake. Car End received its name from its situation at or near the end of the “*car*,” or “*pole*.” At this house, in 1712, was born the eminent physician Dr. George Fothergill. He studied at Edinburgh and London, and after having travelled in many parts of the continent, settled in the British metropolis, where he obtained an extensive practice. He died in 1780. Fothergill, who was a Quaker, was distinguished for philanthropy. He was a member of the Royal Society, and was well versed in botany, and other branches of natural history. His collected works were edited by Dr. Lett-som.(1)

(1) *Davenport's Dict. Biogh.* p. 275.

Thwaite End, anciently a residence of the Metcalfes, though now reduced to the condition of a barn, yet bearing the evident impress of better days, was so called from its having formerly been, and indeed until a comparatively recent period, the termination of a large enclosure, or *Thwaite* in that place; and not, as might be supposed, from the ancient family of Thwaite or Thwaites, who were long its possessors. (1)

At Stallen Busk (Stalling Busk) there is a chapel, originally built in 1602, which having become ruinous, was rebuilt in 1722. There is a burial ground, and one of hoar antiquity. On leaving some of these dale cemeteries the stranger may well say he has in his visit seen

“————— a spot where ruins moulder—
A place for dead things set apart—
Where tombstones gray
Obstruct the way,
Where brambles crawl, and toadstools start.
The autumn wind, in hollow dirges,
Through the ruined cloisters sang,
Unearthly wild, like ocean surges,
Booming o’er the graves it rang;
And dead leaves sail
Upon the gale,
And on the grey walls flap and hang.”

ALBERT TAYLOR.

Few ideas are more beautifully appropriate, than that which formerly in England—continually on the Continent—and now again in our own land, introduced the

(1) THWAITE, is a common termination to names of places and signifies a piece of land enclosed and cleared, ex. g. Rosthwaite, Longthwaite, in Borrowdale, locally pronounced long as “*Rost-whaite*”; Applethwaite, near Windermere in Cumberland, and Satterthwaite in Lancashire, are in like usage pronounced short, as “*Apple-thel*”; whilst Swinithwaite in Wensleydale is commonly called “*Swinny-whit*”. Of the old family of Thwaite was Anthony of Countersett, who purchased lands there A. D. 1663, and was seised of others in right of his wife, daughter and coheir of James Taylor. These are now possessed by Mrs. Tomlinson, wife of the Rev. G. C. Tomlinson, of Carlton House, Coverdale (formerly Jane Thwaites), sixth in descent from the original purchaser. The family have been located in the immediate neighbourhood upwards of three centuries.

adorning burial grounds with flowers; twining them about the tombs, and teaching them to spring upon the graves of the loved who are gone from amongst us.

"The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fit'st for graves.
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew."

SHAKSPERE.

Those sweet pure emblems may well suggest thoughts of the instability of man's glory and his life, and also an assurance of his immortality. Bursting into loveliness, amid morning sunshine, but broken, perhaps, and crushed before high noon—or otherwise lingering on until all beauty is withered away, and a brown old age has covered them as with a pall, preparing them to die; yet each possessing germs of a future life—another birth to spring out of decay. It was from the vegetable world St. Paul chose that most exquisite exemplification of the Resurrection—"that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be; but bare grain, as of wheat, or of some of the rest."(1)

A greater than St. Paul had continually alluded to herbs and flowers in his similitudes, and He chose for His burial place *a sepulchre in a garden*, "so that as the passion of our Saviour began in a garden, it should likewise end in one; and that there should be made atonement for the crime which our first father committed in the garden of a terrestrial paradise, and that this passion should finally conduct us to the garden of heaven, where the flowers fade not, the fruits dry not, and where there is an everlasting spring."(2)

There is a strange, wild story, connected with Lake Semerwater, so old,—so very old,—that we know not when it was first recorded, though that must have been many centuries ago. It is still a fireside tale rehearsed by

(1) 1 Cor. xv. 36. 37.

(2) *Fr. Ribadinera.*

aged lips, to those whose young hearts thrill at the ancient tradition ; and on sunny summer days numerous are the wishes to sail along the placid waters, and look down on the submerged city, with its streets, and proud inhospitable palaces, still standing deep beneath the wave. As this legend is given with sufficient accuracy by a writer in the *Literary Gazette*, I will use nearly his words.

Previous to the year of grace, 45, there existed a very large and populous city, which stood upon the exact site now occupied by the lake, then but a small mountain rivulet.

To this city did an angel come one stormy winter's morning, in the form of a venerable poor man, barely clothed, hungry, and without money in his scrip, and having in vain solicited the alms of every citizen, and being scornfully repulsed by all, he took his course eastward, down the vale.

Now, just without the bounds of the city, stood a small hut, inhabited by an aged couple ; too poor and mean to be allowed to take up their residence within the precincts of this proud and inhospitable town. Into this dwelling he betook himself, and ere he had told his tale of woe, they placed before him the best morsels the house afforded,—viz., a little bowl of milk, some cheese, and an oaten cake.

Having satisfied his hunger, he bestowed upon them his blessing, both in basket and in store. Beneath their roof was his dormitory for the night. On the morrow he repeated his benison, and being ready to depart, he turned his face to the west, and uttered this malediction against the ill-fated city :

'Semer Water rise, Semer Water sink,
And swallow all the town save this lile
House, where they gave me meat and drink.'

No sooner was the sentence uttered than it was executed; the earth made a hissing noise; the stream overflowed

its bounds, and the city was no more; and even at this day, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, when sailing upon the waters you may, with the exercise of strong faith, still see the tops of chimneys, and the roofs of houses, many fathoms below the surface of the lake. The poor charitable couple, in a short space of time, became the richest people in the vale, and the blessing descended to their children and children's children for many generations."(1)

Such is the legend of Lake Semerwater, originating probably in some distorted fact, embellished by the fancy of successive ages. From its situation it is very possible that the lake was formed by a sudden convulsion of nature. It discharges a volume of water at least four times greater than its very insignificant feeders pour into it; therefore it must have subaqueous springs. Earthquakes have been frequently felt in Wensleydale, and to some remote shock it may date its origin.

Want of charity is not now one of the sins of the district, for a more free-hearted and hospitable race than its inhabitants exist nowhere; but I give the tale at length, because if regarded merely as a fable, it inculcates a good and Christian moral, even that which St. Paul taught,—“Let fraternal charity abide in you. And hospitality do not forget; for by this some, being not aware of it, have entertained angels.”

A somewhat similar legend exists in Germany; I forget in what province. It was also an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh, in Ireland, had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. “*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ*

(1) In a volume of “Legends of the Rhine,” printed at Francfort, there is a tale which, *mutatis mutandis*, might serve for the history of the sunk city.

sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extranies transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.”(1) (2)

On the shore of the lake is a large stone, called the Carlow stone, and said to bear supernatural marks. Possibly this name is the British *Caer-Lough*, which would signify *the lake of the city*. There are two other stones, visible, but generally covered with water, called the Mermaid Stones; they are worn smooth.

And now our THIRD DAY OF WENSLEYDALE draws near its close, and but little remains for us to review. Bainbridge, which when Roman Bracchium, and Saxon Borch, formed the limit both of civilization and human habitation, is the last ancient place in the valley—all else that now exists, has sprung up since Domesday—nay, at a much more recent period. We possess few public records of the district; and although the wild wide forest exists no longer, it is easy to perceive we are in a primitive region, as yet to a great extent unsophisticated.

(1) Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. c. 9.

(2) I have quoted Dr. Whitaker's derivation of the name *Semerwater*; yet it may perhaps have been formed from *Saint's Mere*, or more probably *St. Martin's Mere*, the additional '*Water*' being simply a pleonasm, such as we find in Westmoreland, where the word LAKE was little known to the native inhabitants; but to the ancient termination *mere*, WATER was usually super-added, hence Windermere-*Water*, Grasmere-*Water*, Buttermere-*Water*, &c. In short, Se-mer may be only an ellipsis of *St. Martin*, just as we find the family names *St. Maur* reduced to *Seymour*, *St. Clare* to *Sinclair*, and *St. John* and *St. Leger*, in common parlance to '*Singen*' and *Silleger*; this view is somewhat borne out by the fact that the churches of Seamer in the wapentake of Langborough, and Seamor, in the wapentake of Pickering-Lythe, are both dedicated to St. Martin. Was he, in the now-confused legend, the mysterious guest?

“On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,

When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,

In the wave beneath him shining!

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,

Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;

Thus sighing, look through the waves of time,

For the long-faded glories they cover!

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

Nor needs there the exercise of any very vivid fancy to bring to our mind's eye that remote period when these wide tracts were peopled with their own free and fierce denizens: when the gentle and the savage animal alike roamed at liberty along what we see only as pastures, or sheep-walks—when the roe and the red deer harboured in the thicket, and the grey wolf kennelled in the cave, and the horn of Bainbridge was a boon and a blessing to the benighted traveller. How welcome to such a tired wayfarer would the twinkling distant lights appear, when after a winter's day's tedious march over the untracked snow, as twilight deepened into darkness, he heard around him the warning melancholy howls of the gathering marauders, and how grateful the shelter of the forrester's grange.

"Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart;
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The God-like face of man avails him nought.
 E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguished prey."

THOMSON'S *Winter*, v. 393—407.

The month corresponding to January, was, by the Anglo Saxons, "called 'Wolf-monat,' to wit, Wolf-moneth, because people are wont always in that moneth to be more in danger to be devoured by wolves, than in any season els of the yeare; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, those ravenous creatures could not find of other beasts sufficient to feed upon." (1) The

(1) Verstegan. "*Restitution of decayed intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation*". Antwerp. 1605.

natural dread thus excited was greatly augmented by superstitious terrors, since it was at this period the fearful *were-wolves* chiefly appeared. Verstegan, in his chapter "on the Antiquitie and Propriete of the ancient English tongue," says, "*Were-wolf*: this name remaineth still known in the Teutonic, and is as much to say as man-wolf—the Greek expressing the very like in Lycanthropos. The *were-wolves* are certain sorcerers, who having anointed their bodies with an ointment which they make by the instinct of the devil, and putting on a certain enchanted girdel, do not only unto the view of others seem as wolves, but to their own thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they wear the said girdel; and they do dispose themselves as very wolves in wurring and killing, and wast of human creatures."(1) The Germans had a similar superstition; and

(1) There is another version of this temporary mutation of men into wolves. "Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsall, and metropolitan of Sweden, relates in his History of the Goths, that at the festival of Christmas in the cold northern parts, there is a strange conversion of men into beasts; and that at a place previously fixed amongst themselves, there is a gathering of a huge multitude of wolves which have been changed from men, and which during that night, rage with such fierceness against mankind and other creatures not fierce by nature, that the inhabitants of the country suffer more hurt from them, than they ever do from natural wolves; for these human wolves attack houses, break down the doors in order that they may destroy the inmates, and descend into the cellars, where they drink out whole tuns of beer or mead, leaving the empty vessel, heaped one upon another. If any man afterwards comes to the place where they have met, and his cart overturn, or he fall down in the snow, it is believed that he will die that year. The author relates, that there is standing a wall of a certain castle that was destroyed, to which, at an appointed time, these unnatural wolves come and endeavour to leap over it; and that those wolves that cannot leap over the wall from fatness or otherwise, are whipped by their leaders: and, moreover, it is believed that among them are the great men and chief nobility of the land. This change of a natural man into a brute, is effected by muttering certain words and drinking a cup of ale to a man-wolf, which, if he accept the same, renders the man-natural worthy of admission into the society of man-wolves. He may then change himself into the form of a wolf by going into a secret cellar, or private wood; and may put off his wolf's form, and resume his own at pleasure." R. T. Hampson. *Medii Eri Kalendarium* Vol. I. If *wehr* or *were-wolves* are no longer feared in Wensleydale, it is certain that hundreds believe that a witch can, and does commonly assume the shape of a cat or hare, and in that semblance injures her neighbours; and also that any wound inflicted on the simulated animal, will afterwards be found on the person of the witch. In

as late as 1589, a man was executed in the Netherlands, under the charge of being a were-wolf. In Normandy the appellation was *Loup-garou*, and the belief prevails yet in some parts of the Limousin. As significant of courage, many Saxon names are formed from *wolf*, as amongst the kings,—Æthelwulf, the *noble* wolf; Berthwulf, the *illustrious* wolf; Eadwulf, the *prosperous* wolf; Ealdwulf, the *old* wolf, &c.(1)

nearly all the Anglo-Saxon poems and superstitions, the wolf makes a conspicuous figure. When Earl Toste, brother to Harold II. of England, induced the Norwegian King, Harald Hardrada, to aid him in his attempt to seize the British throne, an enterprise in which both fell, at the battle of Stamford, A.D. 1066, "whilst their fleet lay in Solundir," many omens and dreams were told, foreboding evil. Amongst others, "a man named Thord, in a ship which lay not far from the King's, dreamt one night that he saw King Harold's fleet coming to land, and he knew the land to be England. He saw a great battle-array on the land, and he thought both sides began to fight, and had many banners flapping in the air. And before the army of the people of the country was riding a huge witch-wife upon a wolf; and the wolf had a man's carcase in his mouth, and the blood was dropping from his jaws; and when he had eaten up one body she threw another into his mouth, and so one after another, and he swallowed them all. And she sang thus :

Skade's eagle eyes
The king's ill-luck espies;
Though glancing shields
Hide the green fields,
The king's ill-luck she spies.
To bode the death of this great king,
The flesh of bleeding men I fling
To hairy jaw and hungry maw!
To hairy jaw and hungry maw!"

See Snorro Sturleson's *Heimskringla*; or *Chronicles of the Kings of Norway*.

(1) However honourable a bearing the wolf, either in name or blazonry, might be considered by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the old herald Upton seems to have entertained a rather different opinion, for he "leaveth to the consideration of Heralds, whether the bearing of the *Wolfe* in *Armes* be not fit for such persons, as in *Parliaments* and places of great *Assembly*, are accustomed to wrangle and shew themselves contentious; and (*quasi Johannes in opposito*) to put on a resolute determination to be contrary to all others. For it is the *Wolves* nature when they assemble together to fall a howling. Some write that those who suddenly look on a *Wolfe*, do lose their voice; it were fit such *wolvish* and *snarling* persons would look on themselves in a *glasse*, and so become silent." "The ancient Romans in their military ensigns, did bear the *Wolfe*, as appeareth by Vegetius *Vulturises*, and others."—See Guillim's *Display of Heraldrie*, p. 200, Edit. 1660.

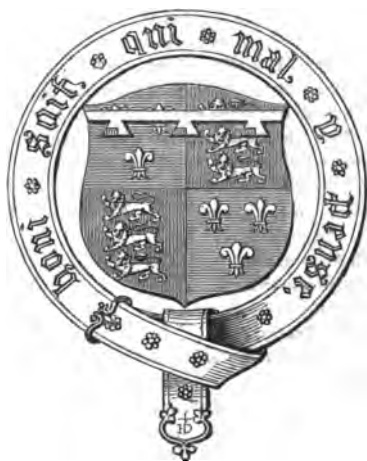
In Wensleydale, however, though formerly so celebrated for abounding in them, there have long been no wolves ; nor need the traveller on a snowy winter's night fear any dangers save those presented by the snow drifts, which have not unfrequently proved the lost shepherd's death-couch on the moors. Laborious and dangerous too *his* task becomes as soon as the storm commences, whilst his sheep are grazing on the mountains, perhaps miles away, and too often does the toil end in a catastrophe resembling that so graphically pictured by the Great Minstrel in "Marmion."

"When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brakes and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
 Benumbing death is in the gale ;
 His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
 Close to the hut, no more his own,
 Close to the aid he sought in vain,
 The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :
 The widow sees, at dawning pale,
 His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
 And, close beside him, in the snow,
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
 Couches upon his master's breast,
 And licks his cheek, to break his rest."

Marmion. Int. to Canto iv.

HAWES,



Which is six miles west of Askrigg, and seventeen from Leyburn, is a neat market town, containing upwards of one thousand inhabitants, and may be considered the capital of the west dales, as Leyburn is of the east. Thither the dalesmen resort for the necessaries of life—its weekly market and its annual fairs are the days that mark

their simple calendar. Homely and rustic in manners, speech, and appearance, they are a manly, hospitable, and honest race.

To the old chapel Richard III. was a benefactor, for on the 14th of March, 1483, the first year of his reign, he appointed "Sir James Whalley, priest, to sing at the Chappelle of the Haws, in Wensladale for oon yere, and for his salary hath given him seven marks." (1) Richard

(1) Harl. Coll.

was then Lord of Middleham, and it is evident not unmindful of his forresters' spiritual welfare. A new church has lately been built. William III., on the 28th of February, 1699, granted a charter to Matthew Wetherald, gent., and his heirs, to hold a market on every Tuesday, and two fairs yearly; one on the 28th and 29th of April, the other on the 17th and 18th of September.

Remote as Hawes is, it possesses a claim to literary distinction superior to any other place in the dale.(1)

(1) Mr. W. Howitt, in an article on Wensleydale in the *Penny Magazine*, has thought proper to say that "the inhabitants of this valley, are, like the people in most of the secluded districts of the north, ignorant, prejudiced against improvement, and exceedingly superstitious." Now, as to the ignorance of the people, so far as it can be estimated from their power of reading and writing, the inhabitants of Wensleydale may be compared, and with decided advantage to themselves, with the inhabitants of many a rural village in the south of England, to which the term *secluded* cannot be applied. It would rather seem Mr. Howitt, as a stranger, has been struck by the uncouthness of their appearance, and the difference of their *idiom* from his own, and has taken upon himself to animadvert where he did not comprehend. True, their manners are simple, and to the accomplished and travelled man of the world, may appear rude enough, but ignorance forms no constituent in the Dalemens' character.

"O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
Of city troubles, and of state affairs;
And, serving Ceres, tills with his own team
His own free land, left by his friends to him!
Never pale Envy's poisoning heads do hiss
To know his heart: nor Vulture Avarice:
His fields' bounds bound his thoughts: he never sups,
For nectar, poison mixed in silver cups;
Milk, cheese, and fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
Sly pettifoggers, wranglers at the bar,
Proud purse leeches, harpies of Westminster,
With feigned chiding, and foul jarring noise,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joys;
But cheerful birds chirping him sweet good morrows,
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant forests day by day
The diapason of their heavenly lay,
His wandering vessel, reeling to and fro
On the ireful ocean (as the winds do blow)
With sudden tempest is not overwhurled,
To seek his sad death in another world:
But leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke, no seas,

After several abortive attempts, on the 22nd of January, 1844, Mr. Fletcher Clarke, a spirited bookseller and printer in the town, issued No. 1 of "The Wensleydale Advertiser," a newspaper published once a fortnight, and devoted to local news and correspondence, not without a due spicing of poetry, tales, and antiquarian discussion. Strange to say this was the only stamped, and therefore the only legal journal in the whole North Riding. It was well supported, but in July, 1848, Mr. Clarke disposed of it to Mr. Thomas Blayds, and on the 30th of January, 1849, No. 135, of Vol. VI. appeared. It proved the last, for without reason assigned, the publication was discontinued. (1) There is a good deal of fine scenery around Hawes, as where in Wensleydale is there not?

No other seas he knows, no other torrent,
Than that which waters with its silver current
His native meadows; and that very earth
Shall give him burial which first gave him birth.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy-seed;
But on green carpets thrum'd with mossy bever,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Drum, fife, and trumpet, with their loud alarms,
Make him not start out of his sleep to arms;
Nor dear respect of some great General,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The crested cock sings "*Hunt-is-up*" to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the mountains and the flow'ry meads
Impearl'd with tears which great Aurora sheds.

Never gross air poisoned in stinking streets,
To choke his spirit, his tender nostril meets;
But the open sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives:
And Death, dread Serjeant of the Eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated lodge."

DU BARTAS.

(1) Although expiring after so brief an existence, the "Wensleydale Advertiser" had a happier fate and infinitely longer life, than fell to the lot of a similar periodical attempted in Livonia some years since, of which Kohl tells an amusing story in his "Russia." It seems a few of the little towns in that district "agreed to publish a weekly newspaper in common. They succeeded in scraping together some interesting matter, which they published in the first number,

About a mile and a half distant is Hardraw. Here is a waterfall of peculiar and almost unrivalled character. "It is a grand column of water projected from the edge of a rock, so as to detach itself completely from the strata beneath, and to plunge without dispersion or interruption into a black and boiling cauldron below. This singular and happy effect has been produced by two causes—first, the bed of the torrent above is a stratum of rock, broken off at the point from which the projection takes place, so hard that the perpetual attrition of a violently agitated current has made little impression upon its edge. And, secondly, the strata beneath are schistus, perpetually decomposing by the action of the air, and widening the interval between the face of the rock and this vast column of liquid crystal, which may be surrounded and viewed in its ever varying refractions on every side." (1) In the huge cavern thus formed behind the cascade, which is easy of access, hawks and jackdaws build their nests, and in the hottest noon of summer it is refreshingly cool and pleasant.

In the great frost of 1739—40, the water became congealed, forming a hollow column of ice, measuring in height 90 feet, and as much in circumference, in the centre of which the unfrozen current was distinctly seen to flow, as through a glass tube. Many persons were attracted from remote distances to view this magnificent and unusual sight.

"Noble the mountain stream
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground;
Glory is in its gleam

Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound!

but the next week a new number was wanted, and all they had to say had been already published. In order, therefore, not to go to the ground immediately, they republished the first number, and the subscribers had to take it as a new and improved edition. The third week, however, came, and all were in despair, for in no way could they collect matter for a third number; and, in order not to warm up the same dish a *third* time, the periodical declared itself insolvent, and the undertaking exploded amidst general laughter." *Kohl's "Russia"* p. 342. London edition.

(1) *Whitaker* Vol. 1. p. 413.

Mark! how its foamy spray
 Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
 Mimics the bow of day
 Arching in majesty the vaulted skies:—

Thence, in a summer shower,
 Steeping the rocks around:—O! tell me where
 Could majesty and power
 Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair? "

BERNARD BARTON.

This exquisite waterfall is situated at the extremity of a picturesque gill, along which the stream winds, amongst detached masses of rock, and in early summer the slopes and banks are literally blue with a greater profusion of the poetical "Forget-me-not" than I ever saw in any other part of England. As Hardere is a common Saxon name, Dr. Whitaker conjectures Hardraw to be Hardere-aw,—i. e., the water of Hardere. There is a chapel at this place, rebuilt in 1772. At Simonstone, close by; Lord Wharneliffe has a shooting box.

One waterfall on the Yore remains unnoticed,—that where its waters receive Morsdale Beck, the latter also forming a cataract, so that both are visible from the same point of view.

From hence into Westmorland all is wild and dreary. Ranges of partly unenclosed pasturage meet the river, uniting with the moors, which having crested the mountains all the way from the easternmost part of the dale, here descend, and form a most romantic landscape; whilst the river itself, now not far from its fountain, diminishes to a stream; and so proceeding "the traveller finds himself on a level peat moss, suddenly appalled by a dreadful and perpendicular disruption in the rock, where a stream is heard to murmur at a vast depth beneath. This is Hell Gill, the Stygian rivulet of Camden, which forms a striking natural boundary to the counties of York and Westmorland." (1)

(1) *Whitaker* p. 413.

Very near the source of the Yore, at Helbeck Lunds, is a small chapel, subject to the great mother church of Aysgarth, distant some sixteen or seventeen miles. "The chapel itself" says a recent author (1) "is a small, low, wretched looking hovel, for a place devoted to religious worship; the scanty and unambitious population, which does not exceed seventy or eighty souls, appear not to trouble themselves much about keeping the place in a state of comfortable repair, and still less, if possible, about outward appearances. The writer well remembers his having attended divine service in the chapel of Lunds when the snow was two or three inches in depth, not only over every portion of the partly flagged and partly earthen floor, but also upon the forms and planks where the four or five individuals present (that number being about an average winter congregation) had to seat themselves as well as they were able. There was no mystery in discovering how and where the snow had penetrated the holy sanctuary; for on casting the eye upwards to the low roof (ceiling there never had been any), between the divisions of the coarse, irregular, and unpointed slates might be seen numerous small openings, through which the sky was visible; besides, the narrow windows that admitted a dubious light, as well as the ancient and time-worn door, were in no condition to obstruct the passage of the fine frozen particles of the drifting snow.

There is a traditionary report quite current in that part of the country, that during several years there was no door whatever to this chapel, in lieu of which the chapel-clerk procured an old thorn, with a bushy top, which he used to place in the doorway to prevent the sheep and cattle from taking up their abode within these consecrated walls. About the same time the small bell was missing from the place where it hung, not more than ten or twelve feet from the ground, to remedy the loss of which the same ingenious person (the chapel-clerk) used to come

(1) Mr. W. Howitt, in *The Penny Magazine*, Aug. 3, 1839.

down to the chapel on the morning of the Sabbath-day, at the usual hour of tinkling the bell, and, elevating himself sufficiently, so as to enable him to thrust his head through the hole where the bell had hung, vociferated lustily, 'bol-lol bol-lol bol-lol.'

It may naturally be presumed that this chapel will have a burial ground attached to it, which certainly is the case; but it would seem that neither the heads of the church in the district in which it is situated, nor any of the late incumbents, nor the descendants of those who sleep therein, reverence much the memory of the dead; for what has once been an enclosed and consecrated burial ground, large but somewhat irregular in shape, has, for a great number of years, become part and parcel of the adjoining common; and, notwithstanding that the original fence has been a substantial stone wall, through utter neglect during a long succession of years, it has nearly disappeared."

Yet this neglect but little affects the sleepers who have reached

"That quiet land where, peril past,
The weary win a long repose,
The bruised spirit finds, at last,
A balm for all its woes,
And lowly grief and lordly pride
Lay down like brothers side by side!

The breath of slander cannot come
To break the calm that lingers there;
There is no dreaming in the tomb,
Nor waking to despair;
Unkindness cannot wound us more,
And all earth's bitterness is o'er.

There the maiden waits till her lover come—
They never more shall part;
And the stricken deer has gained her home,
With the arrow in her heart;
And passion's pulse lies hush'd and still,
Beyond the reach of the temper's skill.

The mother—she is gone to sleep,
With her babe upon her breast,—
She has no weary watch to keep
Over her infant's rest ;
His slumbers on her bosom fair
Shall never more be broken—there !"

T. K. HERVEY.

Reader! I have endeavoured, faintly and briefly indeed, but faithfully as I could withal, to show you WENSLEYDALE in THE PRESENT DAY.



STANZAS,

*Occasioned by the fifth Leyburn Shawl Festival, attended by nearly
Three Thousand persons, June 25th, 1845.*

There is a sound of music on the air—
A voice of quiet glee : the Dales have met.
Lo, on yon far-stretch'd height, the young and fair,
The rich and poor in goodly order set.

It is a mighty gathering ! and the sun
Methinks looks down more lovingly to see
That great assemblage, many blent as one,
In sweet enjoyment of festivity.

A fresher breeze sweeps through our pleasant vale,
And deeper glows the azure of the sky ;
Roses return to cheeks but lately pale,
And mirth is laughing in each maiden's eye.

They come from hill and lowland, town and cot,
As in great gatherings of the olden time
The Dales assembled : only war forgot,
They meet for peace, instead of strife and crime.

A brighter scene could seldom Minstrel greet,
Those groups of damsels fair, and stalwart men ;
The Shawl, with green woods waving at his feet,
The landscape wide—mountain, and plain, and glen.

Scenes of historic fame : lo, where aloft
Middleham's grey towers arise—a kingly pile ;
And Bolton—breathe it in a whisper soft—
Who shall name Mary's prison house and smile ?

E'en mid our festival the passing thought
May well a mournful recollection wake,
To every heart by hoar tradition brought—
Forgive one tear for that lone captive's sake.

Behold where, far beneath, the devious Yore
Urges his gather'd waters to the main ;
And as the breeze subsides, his cataract's roar
Rises and falls like dreamy music's strain

Oh pleasant spot! 'twas in a happy hour
 That first this celebration was devis'd;
 Here may no clouds of work-day sorrow lour—
 Here is that joy by truthful spirits priz'd.

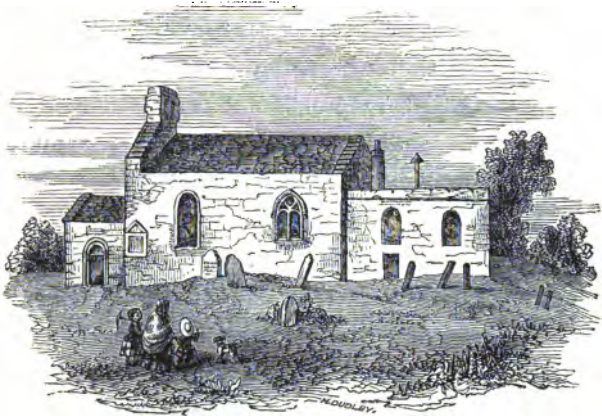
Music and dance beneath the greenwood tree,
 As in Arcadian times by poets sung;
 A blameless feast, from all excesses free,
 Suiting alike the aged and the young.

Thousands of smiling faces gladly met—
 Kinsfolk, and friends, and lovers. Who shall say
 What young hearts shall this meeting ne'er forget,
 But bless through future years the golden day?

So flourish long such Festival; and when
 Summer comes lightly to fair Wensleydale,
 When linnets warble wild in shaw and glen,
 And gentle cushats tell love's plaintive tale—

Still, e'en as now, upon the lofty height
 Be gather'd from afar the joyous crowd—
 Smile rosy lips, and kind eyes beam as bright
 As woe could never wound, or sorrow cloud!





ST. OSWALD'S, THORNTON STEWARD.

L' ENVOI.

Why then a final note prolong
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?

SIR W. SCOTT.

Quitting a congenial theme is to a writer not unlike bidding adieu to the companion of some delightful journey, whom, according to the probabilities of life, it will never be our lot to meet again ; hence grows a sadness, although we are certain that the past will supply us with pleasant reminiscences for the future. And now, Reader, the moment has arrived when I must say "fare-well !" after a very short, albeit I trust, not wholly unsatisfactory travel.

As I mentioned in my Prologue, this view of the Three Days of Wensleydale has been both cursory and imperfect ; whatever pleasure it may have afforded some,

is entirely due to the subject. I have only endeavoured to partly discharge a long contracted debt,—to fulfil a promise of some standing—and to leave behind me a brief record of WENSLEYDALE, as it WAS, and as it IS,—such as may partially gratify the inhabitants until an abler shall come who will do full justice to its chronicles and its beauties.

But whilst I have scanned the history of the bygone—just named the great of old according to their succession, and given a passing glance at existing objects as they attract the traveller or resident, I have left well nigh wholly untouched, a deep mine of intense interest to all whose whole world does not consist of the steamship, the locomotive, and the engine;—the factory, the counting-house, and—*Gold*. I mean local superstitions, manners, games, and usages; all highly valuable, because each must be accounted the representative of some nearly forgotten fact.

Many, it is true, are rude and uncouth enough, but by far the greater part possess much beauty, and hidden meanings. There was a time in merry England when good and high-born men felt no shame to take part in sports that are but children's pastimes now; but *that* was the time when they knew the science of the saints, and gave "to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." Alas, few render true homage to either in this day.

Science may have less effect in ameliorating man's condition than that pure and simple, almost childlike faith, which enabled the peasant to gather from lowly herbs and wayside flowers which filled his thoughts, whence sprang the faith which purified his

mind. Fables ere now have brought forth good fruit,
 where ethics have proved like the barren tree, or deadly
 upas.

"Wo's me—how knowledge makes forlorn;
 The forest and the field are shorn
 Of their old growth, the holy flowers—
 Or if they spring, they are not ours.

* * * * *

The days are distant now, gone by
 With the old times of minstrelsy,
 When all unblest with written lore,
 Were treasured up traditions hoar;
 And each still lake and mountain lone
 Had a wild legend of its own;
 And hall, and cot, and valley-stream
 Were hallowed by the minstrel's dream."

MARY HOWITT.

Many ancient practices are yet retained, however, and usages are preserved of which few townspeople have any knowledge. The bridal customs much resemble those followed in other rural districts of England; if we except an old one still adhered to in the high dales. When the happy united couple are on their return from church, the occupant of the first house they pass stands ready with a bowl of liquor, of quality according to his ability, which the wedding party quaff; and this compliment is repeated by each householder in succession, if his purse allows; so that no inconsiderable quantity must be imbibed before they reach home. Then money and bride-cake are scattered amongst the crowd, and a race for a ribbon follows.

At funerals, one from each in the township is bidden. Cake and wine or ale are handed to every guest, and non-attendance on these mournful occasions is regarded as a personal slight to the deceased.

The Christmas customs are like those prevailing through the north. The Waits,—the Yule Clog,—the Virgin Chimes,—the frumenty, cheese, and ale,—and the evergreen decorations,(1) are familiar to all. Not so the Sword-dance, which has come down to us from the

(1) The evergreen decorations have undoubtedly descended to us from the remote era of Druidism. When the severity of winter drove the Druid from the wilderness, and compelled him to offer his devotions in a more sheltered place, he failed not to bear away with him such branches of ever-green as the woods afforded. With these he decorated the walls of his domestic temple, hoping no doubt, by that means, to ensure the presence and protection of his tutelar deity. At the same inclement season, when we celebrate the Incarnation of the Son of God we adorn, in a similar manner, our sanctuaries and habitations. On account of its harmless simplicity, and its not militating against any ordinance of revealed religion, the custom has been continued from the ages of Druidism, to the present day.

Pliny, mentions the veneration in which the Mistletoe was held by the Druids; and, in the 44th chapter of his 17th Book, minutely describes their ceremony of gathering it: which description is thus versified by the old Warwickshire Poet, Drayton, who wrote about the close of the 15th Century.

“ Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
Whose often-twined tops Phœbus' fires withstood.
The fearless British Priest, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an axe of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree
The Mistletoe cut down: then with a bended knee
On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires;
And, while in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
Up to th' eternal heav'n his bloodied hands did rear:
And while the murmur'ing woods e'en shudder'd as with fear,
Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state;
To other bodies still how it shou'd transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly did excite.”

Polyolbion, 9th Song.

The following exquisitely graphic lines, from the pen of “Father Prout,” appeared some few years ago in a popular London periodical; and need no apology for their re-publication.

THE MISLETOE.

A Prophet sat in the Temple gate,
And he spoke each passer by
In thrilling tones—with words of weight—
And fire in his rolling eye.

“ Pause thee, believing Jew !

“ Nor make one step beyond

“ Until thy heart hath conned

“ The mystery of this wand.”

Danes, and is both graceful and warlike enough when well and correctly executed. Till within a generation or so, young men of high respectability used to take part in this military game, and the dresses were often expensive.

At Easter several relics of Catholic usages are perceptible. Perhaps few know anything of the ceremonies of Palm Sunday, yet many make a point of gathering palms

And a rod from his robe he drew ;—

'Twas a withered bough

Torn long ago

From the trunk on which it grew,

But the branch long torn

Shewed a bud new born,

That had blossomed there anew ;

That wand was "Jesse's" rod—,"

Symbol, 'tis said,

Of HER—the Maid

Yet mother of our God !

A Priest of EGYPT sat meanwhile

Beneath his palm tree hid,

On the sacred brink of the flowing Nile,

And there saw mirror'd, 'mid

Tall obelisk and shadowy pile

Of ponderous pyramid,

One lowly, lovely, Lotus plant,

Pale orphan of the flood ;

And long did that aged hierophant,

Gaze on the beauteous bud ;

For well he thought, as he saw it float

O'er the waste of waters wild,

On the long remember'd cradle boat,

Of the wond'rous Hebrew child—

Nor was that lowly lotus dumb

Of a mightier Infant still, to come,

If mystic skiff

And hieroglyph

Speak aught in LUXOR's catacomb.

A GREEK sat on Colonna's cape,

In his lofty thoughts alone,

And a volume lay on PLATO's lap,

For *he* was that lonely one ;—

And oft as the sage

Gazed o'er the page

His forehead radiant grew,

For in Wisdom's womb

Of the WORD to come

on that festival, as some also do of making crosses on Good Friday, the only time in all the year at which they remember the holy sign. Easter or Pasch eggs too, are dyed of different colours—the symbol of the resurrection.

A vision blest his view—
He broached that theme in the ACADEMY
Of the teachful olive grove—
And a chosen few that secret knew
In the PORCH's dim alcove.

A SYBIL sat in Cumæ's cave
In the hour of infant ROME,
And her vigil kept and her warning gave
Of the HOLY ONE to come.
Twas she who culled the hallowed branch
And silent took the helm
When he the Founder-Sire would launch
His bark o'er Hades' realm:
But chief she poured her vestal soul
Thro' many a bright illumin'd scroll,
By priest and sage,
Of an after-age,
Conned in the lofty CAPITOL.

A DRUID stood in the dark oak wood,
Of a distant northern land,
And he seem'd to hold a sickle of gold
In the grasp of his withered hand,
And he moved him slowly round the girth
Of an aged oak, to see
If an orphan plant of wondrous birth
Had clung to the old oak tree.
And anon he knelt and from his belt
Unloosened his golden blade,
Then rose and culled the MISLETOE
Under the woodland shade.

O blessed bough! meet emblem thou
Of all dark EGYPT knew,
Of all foretold to the wise of old,
To ROMAN, GREEK, and JEW.
And long, God grant, time honor'd plant
Live we to see thee hung
In cottage small as in baron's hall
Banner and shield among!
Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
Aloft in thy place of pride,
Still usher forth in each land of the North
The solemn CHRISTMAS TIDE!

On Easter Sunday a singular custom prevails. After twelve o'clock at noon, the men take off all the women's shoes whom they can lay hands on, which must be ransomed—this continues till noon of the following day, when the women commence reprisals on all hats and caps, and enjoy a similar reign for an equal period.

These and some other practices may seem too trivial to merit record, but times and customs change ; so we know not how soon all may be swept away. One usage has gone already, which only a few years back was practised by old men,—that of making a genuflection on entering any church ; an interesting fact, since it shows that nearly three centuries of Protestant rule had not sufficed wholly to eradicate Catholic practices even amongst those who had left the Faith.

Were I to speak of the superstitions,—of the wonderful Barghist, and other night-walking goblins,—or to treat of the dances of the fairy people,⁽¹⁾ I might fill several pages.

Or were I to describe the sporting advantages of the district, I should tire some readers, though this subject is highly interesting, and nowhere can be found a keener or more vigorous race of sportsmen than the men of Wensleydale. Here, though the nobler objects of the chase are gone, fox, hare, and otter hunting may be enjoyed ; together with grouse, pheasant, partridge, duck, and all kinds of wild land or water-fowl shooting ; as well as excellent salmon, pike, and trout fishing ; the pleasure of all these sports being, if possible, enhanced by the beauty of the landscape through which they are pursued. Athletic sports, such as cricket, fives, football, and quoits are,

¹ See Appendix, page 295.

and always have been, popular amongst all ranks of residents. Of Middleham Moor's racing achievements it is superfluous to speak; they have a national renown.

And now my task is ended, my mission—so far as it has extended—is accomplished; and “what is writ, is writ; would it were worthier!” The brief task has been an agreeable one, and though at present so incomplete, may perhaps never be resumed by *me*. Other and far distant scenes will probably hereafter find me principally, and the green valley of the Yore thus chance to become almost only a memory; but wherever Fate and Fortune lead me, these mountains and moors, woodlands and meadows must always remain dear. No one who has ever breathed their air, climbed their heights, or dived into their recesses, can readily forget them, or regard them with other than affectionate feelings, more especially when associated with youth's happy time, therefore—

If lands afar should greet my sight,
And I repose 'neath sunnier skies,
Where summer reigns serenely bright,
And rosy daylight rarely dies;
Where'er my wandering steps may be,
Until life's changeful dream is o'er,
In cherish'd memory dear to me
Will be the smiling banks of Yore.

Prolixity waxes into wearisomeness—so Reader, “you that way; we this way.” I bid you farewell, and wish most cordially, in the words of the knightly Minstrel from whom I have so often quoted—

“To all, to each a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.”

BIRDS,

FOUND IN WENSLEYDALE.

The following list does not pretend to strict accuracy. It is taken partly from a M.S., and many species are added from that given by Dr. Whitaker, which appears to have been furnished by J. Fothergill, Esq., surgeon, Askrigg.

ORDER 1.—*Accipitres*.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| Osprey, | <i>Falco halicetus</i> . |
| Henharrier, | " <i>cyaneus</i> . |
| Buzzard, | " <i>buteo</i> . |
| Kestrel, | " <i>tinnunculus</i> . |
| Sparrow hawk, | " <i>nisus</i> . |
| Hobby, | " <i>subbuteo</i> . |
| Merlin, | " <i>cessalon</i> . |
| Long-eared Owl, | <i>Strix otus</i> . |
| White or Barn Owl, | " <i>flammea</i> . |
| Tawny or Wood Owl, | " <i>stridula</i> . |
| Red-backed Shrike, | <i>Lanius collurio</i> . |
| Cinereous Shrike. | " <i>excubitor</i> . |

ORDER 2.—*Pica*.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| Raven, | <i>Corvus corax</i> . |
| Common Crow, | " <i>corone</i> . |
| Rook, | " <i>frugilegus</i> . |
| Jackdaw, | " <i>monedula</i> . |
| Jay, | " <i>glandarius</i> . |
| Magpie, | " <i>pica</i> . |
| Green Woodpecker, | <i>Picus viridis</i> . |
| Kingfisher, | <i>Alcedo ispida</i> . |
| Cuckoo, | <i>Cuculus canorus</i> . |
| Nuthatch, | <i>Sitta europæa</i> . |
| Creeper. | <i>Certhia familiaris</i> . |

ORDER 3.—*Anseres*.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Wild Swan, | <i>Cygnus ferus</i> . |
| Grey Lag Goose, | <i>Anas anser</i> . |
| Bernacle Goose, | " <i>erythropus</i> . |
| Brent Goose, | " <i>berniola</i> . |
| Velvet Duck, | " <i>fusca</i> . |
| Scoter, | " <i>nigra</i> . |
| Common Wild Duck, | " <i>boschas</i> . |
| Sheldrake, | " <i>tadorna</i> . |

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Shoveller, | <i>Anas clypeata.</i> |
| Wigeon, | " <i>penelope.</i> |
| Pochard, | " <i>ferina.</i> |
| Garganey, | " <i>querquedula.</i> |
| Golden-Eye, | " <i>clangula.</i> |
| Tufted Duck. | " <i>fuligula.</i> |
| White-Eye, | " <i>nyroca.</i> |
| Teal, | " <i>cruca.</i> |
| Corvorant, | <i>Pelicanus carbo.</i> |
| Crested Shag, | " <i>cristatus.</i> |
| Common Gull, | <i>Larus canus.</i> |
| Black-cap Gull, | " <i>ridibundus.</i> |
| Great black-backed Gull | " <i>marinus.</i> |
| Goosander, | <i>Mergus merganser.</i> |
| Smew, | " <i>albellus.</i> |
| Weasel Coot, | " <i>minutus.</i> |
| Crested Grebe, | <i>Podiceps cristatus.</i> |
| Dusky Grebe. | " <i>obscurus.</i> |
| Red necked Grebe, | " <i>rubricolis.</i> |
| Dabchick, | " <i>minutus.</i> |
| Imber Diver, | <i>Colymbus imber.</i> |
| Speckled Diver, | " <i>stellatus.</i> |
| Red throated Diver, | " <i>septentrionalis.</i> |
| Common Tern or Sea-swallow, | <i>Sterna hirundo,</i> |
| Lesser Sea-swallow, | " <i>minuta.</i> |

ORDER 4.—*Grallæ.*

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Common Heron, | <i>Ardea cinerea.</i> |
| Bittern, | " <i>stellaris.</i> |
| Curlew, | <i>Scolopax arquata.</i> |
| Whimbrel, | " <i>phaopus.</i> |
| Woodcock, | " <i>rusticola.</i> |
| Great Snipe, | " <i>major.</i> |
| Common Snipe, | " <i>gallinago.</i> |
| Jack Snipe, | " <i>gallinula.</i> |
| Cinereous Godwit, | " <i>canescens.</i> |
| Green-shank, | " <i>glottis.</i> |
| Red-shank, | " <i>calidris.</i> |
| Lapwing, | <i>Tringa vanellus.</i> |
| Green Sandpipe, | " <i>ochropus.</i> |
| Common Sandpiper, | " <i>hypoleucos.</i> |
| Purpe, | " <i>cinclus.</i> |
| Dunlin, | " <i>alpina.</i> |
| Red Sandpiper, | " <i>islandica.</i> |
| Golden Plover | <i>Charadrius pluvialis.</i> |
| Dottrel, | " <i>mocinellus.</i> |
| Sea-Lark, or Ringed Dottrell, | " <i>hiaticula.</i> |
| Oyster-catcher, | <i>Hœmatopus ostralegus.</i> |
| Water-rail, | <i>Rallus aquaticus.</i> |
| Land-rail, | <i>Gallinula crex.</i> |
| Common Water-hen, | " <i>chloropus.</i> |
| Small spotted Water-hen | " <i>porzana.</i> |
| Coot, | <i>Fulica atra.</i> |
| Great Coot, | " <i>atterima.</i> |

ORDER 5.—*Gallinae*.

| | |
|-------------|------------------------------|
| Pheasant, | <i>Phasianus colchicus</i> . |
| Red Grouse, | <i>Tetrao scoticus</i> . |
| Partridge, | <i>Perdix cinerea</i> . |

ORDER 6.—*Passeres*.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Cross-bill, | <i>Loxia curvirostra</i> . |
| Bullfinch, | " <i>pyrrhula</i> . |
| Greenfinch, | " <i>chloris</i> . |
| Goldfinch, | <i>Fringilla carduelis</i> . |
| Chaffinch, | " <i>cælebs</i> . |
| House Sparrow, | " <i>domestica</i> . |
| Common Linnet, | " <i>linota</i> . |
| Bunting, | <i>Emberiza miliaris</i> . |
| Yellowhammer, | " <i>citrinella</i> . |
| Reed Bunting, | " <i>schœniclus</i> . |
| Nightjar, | <i>Caprimulgus Europœus</i> . |
| Chimney Swallow, | <i>Hirundo rustica</i> . |
| Martin, | " <i>urbica</i> . |
| Sand Martin, | " <i>riparia</i> . |
| Swift, | " <i>apus</i> . |
| Fieldfare, | <i>Turdus pilaris</i> . |
| Thrush, | " <i>musicus</i> . |
| Blackbird, | " <i>merula</i> . |
| Ring Ousel, | " <i>torquatus</i> . |
| Dipper, | " <i>cinclus</i> . |
| Spotted Flycatcher, | <i>Muscicapa grisola</i> . |
| Pied Flycatcher, | " <i>atricapilla</i> . |
| White Wagtail, | <i>Motacilla alba</i> . |
| Winter Wagtail, | " <i>hoarula</i> . |
| Yellow Wagtail, | " <i>flava</i> . |
| Blackcap, | " <i>atricapilla</i> . |
| Gold-crested Wren, | " <i>regulus</i> . |
| Hedge Sparrow, | " <i>modularis</i> . |
| Redstart, | " <i>phœnicurus</i> . |
| Redbreast, | " <i>rubicula</i> . |
| Wheatear, | " <i>ananthe</i> . |
| Willow Wren, | " <i>trochilus</i> . |
| Common Wren, ¹ | " <i>troylodytes</i> . |
| Whinchat, | " <i>rubetra</i> . |
| Whitethroat, | " <i>sylvia</i> . |
| Babillard, | " <i>garrula</i> . |
| Great Titmouse, | <i>Parus major</i> . |
| Blue Titmouse, | " <i>cæruleus</i> . |
| Bottle Tit, | " <i>caudatus</i> . |
| Sky Lark, | <i>Alauda arvensis</i> . |
| Tit Lark, | " <i>pratensis</i> . |
| Wood Lark, | " <i>arborea</i> . |
| Starling, | " <i>Stunu vulgaris</i> . |
| Bohemian Waxwing, | <i>Ampelis garrulus</i> . |
| Cushat, | <i>Columba ænas</i> . |
| Ringdove, | " <i>palumbus</i> . |

AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS.

ORDER 1.—*Reptiles*.

| | |
|-------------|------------------|
| Toad, | Bufo. |
| Frog, | Rana temperaria. |
| Lizard, | Lacerta agilis. |
| Common Eft, | " vulgaris. |

ORDER 2.—*Serpentes*.

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| Viper, | Coluber Berus. |
| Common Snake, | " natrix. |
| Blind Worm, | Anguis fragilis. |

FISHES.

ORDER 1.—*Apodes*.

| | |
|-------------|------------------|
| Common Eel. | Muræna anguilla. |
|-------------|------------------|

ORDER 3.—*Thoracici*.

| | |
|--------------|-----------------------|
| Bullhead, | Cottus gobio. |
| Perch, | Perca fluviatilis. |
| Stickleback, | Gastrosteus aculeata. |

ORDER 4.—*Abdominales*.

| | |
|-----------|-------------------|
| Loach, | Cobitis barbatula |
| Salmon, | Salmo talar. |
| Smelt, | eperianus. |
| Trout, | " fario. |
| Grayling, | " thymallus. |
| Pike, | Esox lucius. |
| Barbel, | Cyprinus barbus. |
| Gudgeon, | " gobio. |
| Bream, | " brama. |
| Roach, | " rutilus. |
| Dace, | " leuciscus. |
| Chub, | " cephalus. |
| Bleak, | " alburnus. |
| Minnnow, | " phoxinus. |

Some of these fishes are principally in Lake Semerwater.

INSECTS.—ORDER—*Aptera*.

| | |
|-----------|-----------------|
| Crayfish, | Cancer astacus. |
|-----------|-----------------|

VERMES.—ORDER—*Testacea*.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Freshwater mussel. | Mytilus cygneus. |
|--------------------|------------------|

PLANTS, FOUND IN WENSLEYDALE.

The following list is taken verbatim from that which Dr. Whitaker gives, and was, I presume, supplied him by Mr. Fothergill. It might, no doubt, be *very* greatly extended by a careful botanist, but as I admit entire ignorance of the science, I prefer printing it as I have found it, being the best to which I have access.

CLASS DIANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Circæa lutetiana, | Enchanter's nightshade. |
| Pinguicula vulgaris. | Yorkshire sanicle. |

CLASS TRIANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Valeriana officinalis, | Great wild valerian. |
| " locusta, | Corn salad, or lamb's lettuce. |
| Iris pseudacorus, | Yellow water-flag |
| Criophorum polystachion, | Cotton grass. |
| " vaginatum. | Hare's tail rush. |

CLASS TETRANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Scabiosa columbaria, | Less field scabious. |
| Aspirula odorata, | Woodroof. |
| Galium pusillum, | Least ladies' bedstraw. |
| Plantago maritima, | Sea plantain. |
| Alchemilla vulgaris, | Lady's mantle. |
| Euonymus Europæus, | Spindle tree. |

Order—*Tetragynia*.

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| Potamogeton crispum, | Great water caltrops, (in Semerwater.) |
|----------------------|--|

CLASS PENTANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| Primula farinosa, | Bird's eye. |
| Atropa belladonna, | Deadly nightshade, (near Burton in Bishopdale. Scarce.) |
| Lysimachia vulgaris, | Willow herb, or loose strife, (near Semerwater.) |
| Campanula latifolia, | Giant throatwort. |
| " glomerata, | Little throatwort, (nr. Aysgarth.) |

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Ribes rubrum</i> , | Red currants. |
| „ <i>alpinum</i> , | Mountain currants, (near Har- |
| | draw Scaur.) |
| „ <i>nigrum</i> , | Black currants, (Raydale Wood.) |

Order—*Digynia*.

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Gentiana amarilla</i> , | Autumnal gentian, or fellwort. |
| <i>Hydrocotyle vulgaris</i> , | Marsh pennywort. |
| <i>Carum carui</i> , | Caraways. |
| <i>Athamanta meum</i> , | Spignel, (Mossdale Head, very |
| | scarce.) |
| <i>Scandix odorata</i> | Sweet cicely. |

Order—*Tetragynia*.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Parnassia palustris</i> . | Grass of Parnassus. |
|------------------------------|---------------------|

Order—*Pentagynia*.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Statice armeria</i> , | Thrift, or sea gillyflower, (near |
| | Wood Hall.) |
| <i>Linum perenne</i> . | Perennial blue flax, (near Wens- |
| | ley.) |
| <i>Drosera rotundifolia</i> , | Round-leaved sundew. |

CLASS HEXAGYNIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Allium vineale</i> , | Crow garlic. |
| <i>Anthericum ossifragum</i> , | Bastard asphodel. |

Order—*Trigynia*.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>Colchicum autumnale</i> , | Meadow saffron, (near West |
| | Witton.) |

CLASS OCTANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>Epilobium angustifolium</i> , | Rosebay willow herb. |
| <i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i> , | Black whortleberries, or bil- |
| | berries. |
| „ <i>uliginosum</i> , | Great bilberries, or cowberries. |
| „ <i>vitis idea</i> . | Red whortleberries. |
| „ <i>oxycoccus</i> , | Cranberries. |
| <i>Erica cinerea</i> , | Fine-leaved heath. |
| „ <i>tetralix</i> , | Cross-leaved heath. |

Order—*Trigynia*.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Polygonum bistorta</i> , | Great bistort. |
| „ <i>viviparum</i> , | Small bistort, (near Semerwater.) |

Order—*Tetragynia*.

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>Paris quadrifolia</i> , | Herb Paris, true love, or one |
| | berry. |
| <i>Adoxa moschatellina</i> , | Tuberous moschatel, or musk- |
| | wood crowfoot. |

CLASS DECANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

- Pyrola rotundifolia*, Common winter green, (Raydale
Wood. Scarce.)

Order—*Digynia*.

- Chrysopenium oppositifolium*, Common golden saxifrage.
Saxifraga autumnalis, Autumnal sengreen.
 „ *granulata*, White sengreen, or saxifrage.
 „ *hypnoides trifida*, Sengreen.
 „ *aizoides*, Yellow mountain sengreen.

Order—*Trigynia*.

- Arenaria verna*, Mountain chickweed.

Order—*Pentagynia*.

- Sedum villosum*, Marsh stonecrop.

CLASS DODECANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

- Lithrum salicaria*, Purple spiked loriestripe, (near
Semerwater.)

Order—*Trigynia*.

- Resida lutea*, Base rocket.

CLASS ICOSANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

- Prunus padus*, Bird's cherry.

Order—*Trigynia*.

- Sorbus acuparia*, Mountain ash.

Order—*Polygynia*.

- Rubus idæus*, Raspberry bush.
 „ *casius*, Small bramble.
 „ *saxitalis*, Stone bramble.
 „ *chamæmorus*, Cloudberry, or knoutberry.
Potentilla verna, Spring cinquefoil, (near
Carr End.) Scarce.
Cornarum palustre, Purple marsh cinquefoil.
Geum rivale, Purple mountain avens.

CLASS POLYANDRIA.

Order—*Monogynia*.

- Nymphaea lutea*, Yellow waterlily, (in Semerwater.)
Actæa spicata, Herb Christopher, or haneberries.
 (Whitefell Gill, near Askrig.)
Cistus marifolius, Hoary dwarf cistus.

Order—*Pentagynia*.

- Aquilegia vulgaris*, Columbine.

Order—*Polygynia*.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| • <i>Thalictrum alpinum</i> , | Mountain meadow rue. |
| <i>Ranunculus lingua</i> , | Greater spearwort, (ditches, near Semerwater.) |
| <i>Trollius Europæus</i> , | Yellow globe-flower. |

CLASS DIDYNAMIA.

Order—*Gymnospermia*.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Origanum onites</i> , | Pot marjoram. |
|--------------------------|---------------|

Order—*Angiospermia*.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| <i>Melampyrum sylvaticum</i> , | Yellow cow wheat. |
| <i>Lathraea squamaria</i> , | Toothwort, (in Raydale Wood, very scarce.) |
| <i>Antirrhinum linaria</i> , | Yellow toadflax. |
| <i>Digitalis purpurea</i> , | Foxglove. |

CLASS TETRADYNAMIA.

Order—*Siliculosa*.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Draba incana</i> , | Hoary whitlow-grass. |
| <i>Cochlearia officinalis</i> , | Common scurvy-grass. |
| „ <i>Greenlandica</i> , | Greenland scurvy grass. |
| <i>Cardamine amara</i> , | Bitter lady's-smock, or cress. |

CLASS MONODELPHIA.

Order—*Decandria*.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Geranium moschatum</i> , | Musk crane's bill. |
| „ <i>sylvaticum</i> , | Mountain crane's bill. |
| „ <i>pratense</i> , | Crow foot crane's bill. |
| „ <i>lucidum</i> , | Shining dove's foot crane's bill. |

CLASS DIADELPHIA.

Order—*Octandria*.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| <i>Polygala vulgaris</i> , | Milkwort. |
|----------------------------|-----------|

Order—*Decandria*.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Anthyllis vulneraria</i> , | Kidney vetch, or lady's finger. |
| <i>Astragalus tuberosus</i> , | Wood pease, or heath pease. |

CLASS SYNGENESIA.

Order—*Polygamia æqualis*.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Carduus helinoides</i> , | Melancholy thistle. |
| „ <i>nictans</i> , | Musk thistle, |

Order—*Polygamia superflua*.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Solidago virgaurea</i> , | Golden rod, (near Aysgarth Force.) |
| <i>Chrysanthemum leucanthemum</i> | Great daisy, or ox eye. |
| <i>Achillea ptarmica</i> . | Sneesewort. |

Order—*Monogamia*.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Jasione montana</i> , | Hairy sheep's scabious. |
| <i>Viola odorata</i> , | Purple sweet violet. |
| „ <i>grandiflora</i> , | Yellow violet. |

CLASS GYNANDRIA.

Order—*Diandria*.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Orchis bifolia</i> , | Butterfly orchis. |
| „ <i>ustulata</i> , | Little purple orchis. |
| „ <i>conopsea</i> , | Red-handed orchis. |
| <i>Ophrys ovata</i> | Common twyblade. |
| „ <i>cordata</i> , | Least twyblade. |
| „ <i>insectifera</i> , | Bee orchis |
| „ <i>monorchis</i> , | Yellow, or musk orchis. |
| <i>Serapias helleborine</i> , | Bastard hellebore. |

CLASS MONŒCIA.

Order—*Triandria*.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Typha latifolia</i> , | Great cat's tail, (bulrush. |
| <i>Spargarium erectum</i> , | Great burr reed. |

Order—*Diandria*.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Salix pentandria</i> , | Sweet willow. |
| „ <i>helix</i> , | Yellow dwarf willow. |
| „ <i>caprea</i> , | Common sallow. |
| „ <i>reticulata</i> , | Mountain dwarf willow. |

Order—*Triandria*.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Empetrum nigrum</i> , | Crow, or crakeberries. |
| <i>Valeriana dioica</i> , | Marsh valerian. |
| <i>Rumex acetosella</i> , | Sheep's sorrell. |

Order—*Enniandria*

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Mercurialis perennis</i> , | Dog's mercury. |
|-------------------------------|----------------|

Order—*Syngenesia*.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| <i>Graphalium dioicum</i> , | Cat's foot. |
|-----------------------------|-------------|

CLASS CRYPTOGAMIA.

Order—*Filices*.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Ophioglossum vulgatum</i> , | Adder's tongue. |
| <i>Osmunda lunaria</i> , | Moonwort. |
| <i>Asplinium ruta muraria</i> , | White maiden's hair. |
| „ <i>scolopendrium</i> , | Hart's tongue. |

Order—*Musci*.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Lycopodium selago</i> , | Fir club moss, |
| „ <i>alpinum</i> , | Mountain fir club moss. |

A TABULAR VIEW

Of the Principal Manors in Wehsleydale, taken from
Domesday Book ; compiled circiter A.D. 1083.

| Manor—Village or Parish. | Owner temp St. Edward the Confessor. | Owner cir. 1083. | Acres liable to taxes. | Acres which might be made so. | Value temp St. Edward the Confess. | Value circiter 1083. |
|---|--------------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Thornton Steward; berwic of Ascame } Spennithorne | Gospatric | Gospatric | 360 | 180 | 30s. | 20s. |
| Danby | Ghilepatric | Ribald | 510 | 360 | 20s. | 16s. |
| Middleham | Gamel | { Gamel's sons } | 240 | 180 | 10s. | 10s. |
| Coverham | Ghilepatric { Tor & Eg-brand } | Ribald | 300 | 180 | 20s. | waste. |
| Harnby | { Tor & Eg-brand } | Earl Alan | 240 | 180 | 30s. | waste. |
| Leyburn | Tor | Wihomar | 480 | 360 | 30s. | 20s. |
| Witton (West) containing the Berwics of E. Witton, Thoresby, Wensley, & another Wensley | { Aschil & Audulf } | Wihomar | 390 | 300 | 20s. | waste. |
| Thoralby | Glumer | Earl Alan | 720 | 480 | £4. | 20s. |
| Preston | the same | the same | | | — | waste. |
| Redmire | Bernulf Torfin | Bodin | 180 | 120 | 20s. 10s. | waste. waste. |
| Aysgarth | { Ghie patric and Gamel } | { Earl Alan & Ribald } | 800 | 180 | 18s. | waste. |
| Crocsby | Cnut | Gosfrid | 180 | 129 | 8s. | waste. |
| Carperby | Bernulf | Bernulf | 180 | 60 | 5s. | waste. |
| Burton (West) | Tor | Emsan | 540 | 360 | 20s. | waste. |
| Bolton | Turchil | Goisfrid | 360 | 240 | 20s. | waste. |
| Bolton parva | Ghilepatric { 4 sons of Balt } | Ribald | 360 | 240 | 20s. | waste. |
| Thornton (Wst.) | Earl Alan | Earl Alan | 360 | 180 | 20s. | waste. |
| Askrigg | Turot | Earl Alan | 360 | 240 | 10s. | waste. |
| Fors | Archil | Gospatric | 600 | 300 | 10s. | waste. |
| Worton | Torfin | Bodin | 249 | 120 | 7s. | waste. |
| Borch | | | | | | |

The above affords only a general view of the state of the country at the time of the Domesday Survey; for many of the smaller berwics are omitted.

EXTRACTS

*From the Middleham Household Book of Richard III., partly before
and partly after his accession to the crown.*

"Warrant to thauditor of Middelham to allowe Geaffrey Franke, rec^r of the same, in his accompts the summe of ciiii^{xx} xvi^{is} x^s y^t is to wit xxii^s and ix^d for grene cloth for my lord prince and Mr. Niguill by him bought; xx^d for making of gownes of the same cloth; xiii^s iii^d to the gild of Alverton; v^s for chesing of y^e King of Westwiton; v^s. xi^d. for russhes; xxvi^s. viii^d. to Agnes Coup; xi^s. for a cloth sak; xxiii^s. iv^d. for a horsse bought for Will Litill Scott; xxvi^s. viii^d. to Seint Xpofir Gild at York; v^s. for a fether to my lord Prince; x^s. for a foder of lede bought of thabbot of Couerham; xxii^s. iii^d. for y^e lord Ric costs from Middelham to Ponctfret; xlv^s. iii^d. for the Lord Richard beriall; xiiii^s. i^d. to Dyryk Shomaker for stuff for my lord prince; vi^s. viii^d. to y^e Lord Richard servants; vi^s. viii^d. for y^e chesing of y^e King of Middelham; xv^s. for my lord prince offering to o^r Lady of Geruax, Couerham, and Wynsladale; xvii^s. ix^d. for c'ten stuff bought for Mr. Nevill; xv^s. ix^d. for stuff bought of Edward Pilkington; xx^d. for my lord prince offering at Geruax; ii^s. vi^d. for offering at Fonteins; iii^s. for his offering at Pountfret; xlviii^s. ix^d. to Jayn Colyns for offerings and other stuff by her bought; xxi^s. vi^d. for thexpenses of y^e Lord Ric seruants and y^e horsse at Middelham; iii^s. x^s. to Olyver Cambre, John Vachan, Ruke Metcalf, Anthony Patrik Dennys, John Marler, for their quarter wages at Midsomer. xxxiii^s. iii^d. to Henry Forest for his half yere wages; xi^d. to Yest for mending of my lord's virga; xii^d. to Martyn y^e fole; xiid to Sheren by the way; xx^d. for my lord's drynkyng at Rynghouses; viii^d. for trussing corde; viii^d. for a bridill bit; xv^s. x^d. to St. Thomas Bremles for my lord's almes; xiii^s. iv^d. for a prymmer for my lord; vii^s. x^d. for a blak satan for couering of it, and of a sawter; ii^s. for my lord prince's drynkyng at Kippes; xxxvii^{is}. xvi^s. xi^d. for thexpenses of my lord prince household and y^e Lord Ric. from Saint to midsomer day; xxxi^{is} x^s. for thexpenses of the same house from midsomer day to y^e ii^{de} day of August; xxvii^{is}. xvii^s. v^d. for my said lord's household at Wedderby & Tadcastre;

vi^a. viii^d. to Metcalff and Pacok for rynnyng on fote by side my lord prince; c^a. to Jane Colyns for hir hole yere wages ending at Michelmesse; x^{la}. for costs of the hounds and yeur wages y^e kepes them; vi^a. xiii^a. iv^d. for houshold wages; xliii^a. viii^d. for keping of Sonstewgh; x^{la}. to Michel Wharten for wark; v mares for lieing at London viii dayes, and for comyng w^h y^e jewells from London; x^{la}. to y^e Lyntons; xxiii^a. iv^d. for thexpences of my lord prince's housholde from Yorke to Pountfret: x^a. for iii wagnes from York to Pountfret; vi^a. v^d. for thexpens of my lord prince chariot from York to Pountfret, &c. iii^a. iiiii^d. to a wiff besids Doncastre by y^e king's commandment; ii^a. xi^d for their bating of y^e chariot at York; viii^a. ii^d for thexpenses of my lord prince horsse at York; xx^a. i^d. for bringing of stuffe from Barnard's Castell; v^l. vi^a. viii^d. for viii yerds of blak velvet; iiiii^l. x^a. to Olyver Chambre, John Vaghan, Ruke Metcalff, Patrik Dennys, John Marler, for ther quarter wages from midsomer to Michilmesse; iii^a. iv^d. for fustyan bought of Thomas Fynche; vi^l. xviii^a. for money paied to S^r Thomas Gower by him laid out for thexpenses of the Lord Ryvers. Geuen the xxv day of Sept. a^o. primo. Harl. M.S. 433. p. 118.

No. 2.

Copy of a license granted to Richard, Lord Scrop, for the erection of Bolton Castle.

Rex omnibus ad quos refert salutem, sciatis quod de gra' n' ra speciali concessimus & licenciam dedimus p' nob' & heredib' in'ris' dile'o et fideli n'ro Ric'o le Scrop cancellario n ro g'd ipse manerium suum de Bolton in Wencelawedale sen unam placeam infra idem manerium muro de petra et calce firmare & kemellare et man' illud sen placeam illam sic firmatum et kernellatum vel firmatam et kernellatam tenere possit sibi et heredibus suis imp'p'm sine acc'one vel impedimento n'ri vel heredum n'rorum justie. Escaetor vicecomitum aut alior' ballivor' seu ministror' n'ror' vel heredum n'ro' quorumcunque. In cujus rei T. R. apud Westm. quarto die Julii. De man' kernellando R. Lescrop. p' br'e de privato sigillo.

No. 3.

The first letter written in English by Mary Queen of Scots.

I feel persuaded most readers will take an interest in perusing the *first* letter written in the English language by the martyred Queen. It was penned at Bolton castle, in the second month of her captivity. All her previous letters were either in Latin, French, or the vernacular Scotch of the period—it is therefore, in some degree, a literary curiosity.

The Queen of Scots to Sir Francis Knollys.

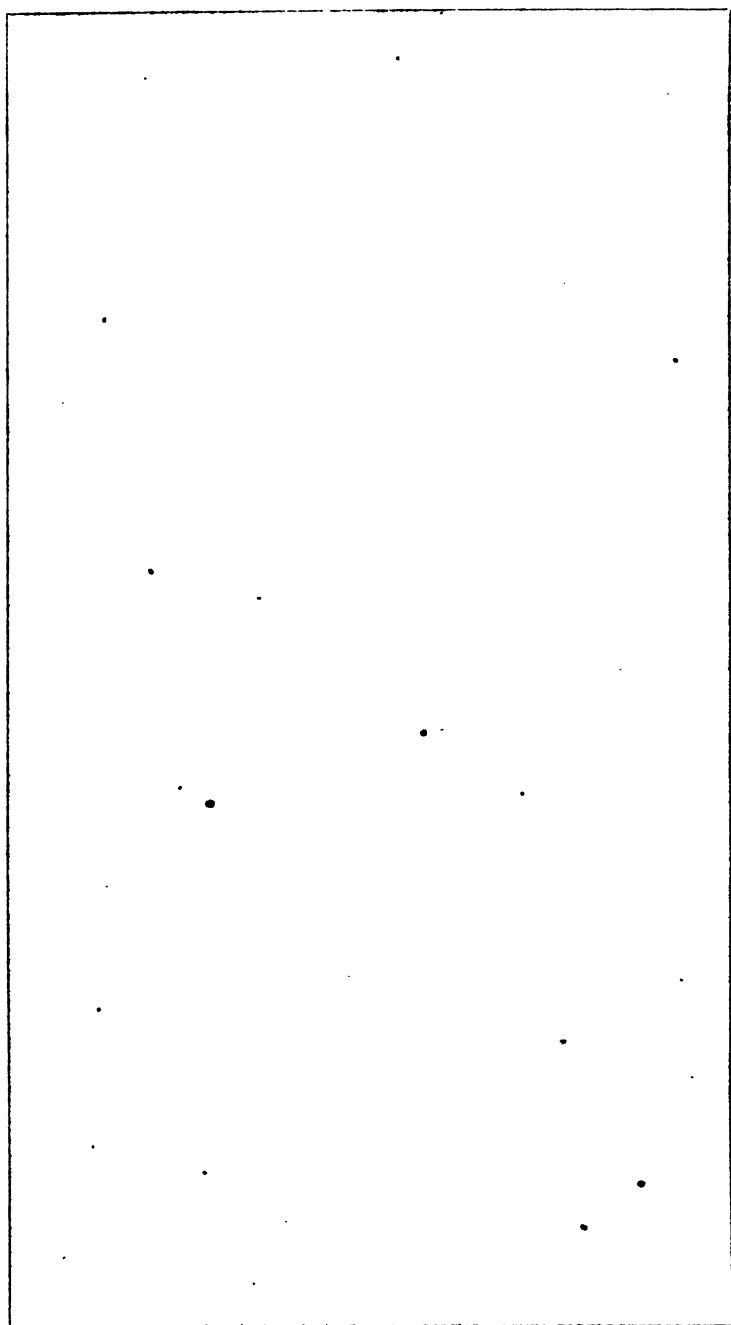
Mester Knoleis, I heve sum neus from Sootland; I send you the double off them I writ to the quin, my gud sister, and pres you to du the lyk, conforme to that I spak yesternicht vnto you, and sent hasti ansar. I refer all to your discretion, and will lisne beter in your gud delin for mi, nor I kan persud you, nemli in this langasg: excus my iuel writin for I neuur vsed it afor, and am hestet. Ye schal ci my bel vhuilk is opne, it is sed Seterday my unfriends wil be vth you. I sey nething bot trests weil, and ye send oni to your wiff ye may asur her schu wuld a bin weilcom to a pur strenger, huar nocht bien acquentet vth her, wil nocht be ouer bald to wriet bot for the acquentans betwixt ous. I will send you little tokne to rember you off the gud hop I heuu in you, gues ye find a mit mesager I wuld wysh ye bestouded it reder upon her nor any vder; thus after my commendations I prey God heuu you in his kipin.

Your assured gud frind,

MARIE R.

Excus my iuel writin thes furst tym.

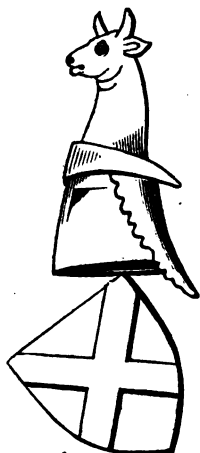
(Bolton, Sept. 1st, 1568.)



SANCTUARY ROLL.

A LIST OF THOSE OF WENSLEYDALE

WHO TOOK SANCTUARY AT ST. CUTHBERT'S AT DURHAM,
AND ST. JOHN'S AT BEVERLEY.



Certain privileges of sanctuary have been recognised from the earliest ages. Moses was directed to appoint three cities of refuge for unpremeditated homicides. In heathen countries, the temples and sacred enclosures offered an asylum to those who fled to them. There is ample proof that the custom of taking sanctuary in Christian churches existed in the fourth century, but the privilege does not appear to have received the sanction of the Holy See until the time of Pope Boniface V., about the year 620. Some authors think the rule was introduced into Britain by King Lucius, who reigned towards the close of the second century; it is unquestionably recognised in the code of laws promulgated by Ina, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 693; and again by the laws of Alfred the Great, A.D. 887. It was also formally noticed and established by William the Conqueror, in the fourth year of his reign. The privileges of sanctuary were greatly curtailed at different intervals by Henry VIII.; they were further abridged by an act 1st James I., c. 25, and were finally taken away in 1624, by the statute of 21 James I. c. 28.⁽¹⁾

The right of sanctuary was granted to many churches in England; amongst others to St. Cuthbert's, of Durham, and St. John's, of Beverley. At Durham, persons who took refuge fled to the north door, and knocked for admission; the knocker remains. Men slept in two chambers over the door, for the purpose of admitting such fugitives at any hour of the night. As soon as any one was so admitted, the Galilee bell was immediately

¹ See Gibson's Codes, c. L.

tolled, to give notice that some had taken sanctuary. The offender was required to declare, before certain credible witnesses, the nature of his offence, and to toll a bell in token of his demanding the privileges of sanctuary. This last custom is not noticed in the registers after 1503. Every one who had the privileges of sanctuary was provided with a gown of black cloth, with a yellow cross, called St. Cuthbert's Cross; a grate was expressly provided near the south door of the Galilee, for such offenders to sleep upon, and they had a sufficient quantity of provision and bedding at the expense of the house for thirty-seven days, when they were required to abjure the realm.

In the sanctuary at Beverley, offenders had their food provided in the Refectory during thirty days, and, if they were persons of any distinction, had a lodging in the Dormitory, or in a house within the precincts. At the end of the time, their privileges protected them to the borders of the county—and they could claim the same security a second time, under the like circumstances. But if any one's life was saved a *third* time by the privilege of sanctuary, he became permanently a servant to the Church.

The general privilege of sanctuary was intended to be only temporary. Within forty days after a felon or murderer had taken refuge, he was to appear before the coroner, clothed in sackcloth, and there confess his crime, and abjure the realm.

The form of abjuration, as given by Sir Wm. Rastall, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, temp. Mary I., is as follows:

"This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I, M. of H., am a robber of sheep, or of any other beast, or a murderer of one or of two, and a felon of our Lord the King of England, and because I have done many such evils or robberies in his land, I do abjure the land of our Lord Edward, King of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of such a place as thou hast given me: and that I shall not go out of the highway, and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our Lord the King: and that at such a place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the sea up to my knees,

assaying to pass over: and unless I can do this within forty days, I will put myself again into the Church, as a robber and a felon of our Lord the King, so God me help and his holy judgment."

This abjuration of the realm, (after which, although out of the peace and protection of the King, all were as if they were in the protection of the Church, if they were not found out of the highway,—broke their oaths,—or did mischief in the highway) lasted only during the lifetime of the reigning sovereign, after whose death they had, if not previously pardoned, free right to return unquestioned to their homes.⁽¹⁾

The privileges of sanctuary being frequently abused, we find the parliament of Westminster, in A.D. 1378, 1 Richard II., ordained that if any took sanctuary at Westminster with purpose to defraud their creditors, their lands and goods should be answerable to the discharging of their debts.

In 1487, Pope Innocent VIII. granted a bull, authorising the apprehension of persons who had issued from sanctuary to commit robbery or murder, although they should have again taken refuge there; and that persons accused of high treason, who had taken sanctuary, might be guarded so as to prevent their escape. This was confirmed by his successor, Alexander VI., in 1493:⁽²⁾ and by Julius II., in 1504.⁽³⁾ ⁽⁴⁾

From the Sanctuary Registers of St. Cuthbert's at Durham, and St. John's, at Beverley, I have extracted the following entries concerning delinquents from Wensleydale and its vicinity, who claimed and obtained the privilege of sanctuary at those refuges; thinking the list cannot be uninteresting to any Wensleydale reader.

SANCTUARIUM DUNELMENSE.

NO. IV. PETICIO IMMUNITATIS ECCLESİÆ FACTA PER CRISTOFERUS BROWN.

Cristoferus Brown personaliter constitutus in navi Ecclesiæ Cath Dunelm, die Sabbati xxvj^o die Julii, Anno Domini mccccclxxvii^o, coram notario et testibus infrascriptis, peciit cum

¹ Rastall's Collection of Statutes. Art. Abjuration, sec. 3. See also Gibson's Codex, Tit. L., c. I.

² Rymer, Vol. xii., p. 541.

³ Ibid, vol. xiii, p. 104.

⁴ The foregoing account of the ancient Sanctuaries has been simply abridged from the Preface to the volume entitled, "SANCTUARIUM DUNELMENSE ET SANCTUARIUM BEVERLACENSE; published by the "Surtees Society," A.D. 1837.

instancia immunitatem et libertatem ecclesiæ Sancti Cuthberti, pro eo quod ipse Cristoferus, ut asseruit, die Veneris in festo Sancti Wilfridi, Anno Domini mccccclix, apud Laburn juxta Midilham in Coverdale Ebor. Dioc. fecit insultum in quemdam Thomam Carter, equitatem ac tenentem filium suum ætatis trium annorum ante ipsum, occasione ejus insultus dictus Thomas ab equo festinanter descendens permisit filium suum cadere super terram, et dictus equus ex casu infortunatæ ipsum filium pedibus suis conculcavit et oppressit. Unde idem filius infra duos dies obiit. Et sic idem Cristoferus recognovit se fore reum mortis dicti pueri, et hac de causa peciit immunitatem ecclesiæ prædictæ. Presentibus tunc et audientibus M. Edwardo Bell clerico, publico auctoritatibus apostolica et imperiali Notario, Johanne Maynsforth presbytero, magistro Scolarum Abbatiae Dunelm, Johanne Swyn-ton et aliis.

XXVIII. THOMAS BORELL.

Thomas Borell de parochia de Thornton in Comitatu Riche-mond. venit ad ecclesiam Cath. Dunelm. xx die mensis Junii Anno Domini mccccclxxxv [ita, sed mccccclxxxv]. et ibidem, pulsatis campanis, instanter peciit immunitatem et libertatem ecclesiæ Cath. supradictæ et S. Cuthberti in eo et pro eo quod idem Thomas Borell insultum fecit in quemdam Willielmum Claypham de parochia de Witton in eodem Comitatu, ac eundem Willielmum cum uno le bill felonice super anteriorem partem capitis, die Mercurii proxime ante datam præsenecium, percussit et vulneravit; ex qua plaga et vulnere sic impositis idem Willielmus incontinenter obiit et diem clausit extremum. Pro qua quidem felonia sic ibidem perpetrata idem Thomas instantissime peciit immunitatem et libertatem S. Cuthberti et ecclesiæ Cath. Dunelm. supradictæ. Presentibus ibidem Magistro Ricardo Empson publico notario et scriba Registro Domini Prioris Dunelm, Edwardo Patonson, et Johanne Brown, famulis ecclesiæ Cath. predictæ, testibus ad præmiesa specialiter rogatis et requisitis.

LXXXIII. THOMAS STOKDALL.

Thomas Stokdell, nuper de Baynbrig in Com. Richmond, Ebor. Dioc, venit ad ecclesiam Cath. Dunelm. xvij die mensis Octobris, Anno Domini mdi, in sua propria persona, et ibidem, pulsata campana, instanter peciit immunitatem et libertatem Sancti Cuthberti et ecclesiæ Cath. prædictæ, pro et ex eo quod idem Thomas Stokdell, xiiij die mensis Octobris ad octo annos elapso, quemdam Willielmum Strikkerd in villa de Baynbrig predicta cum baculo, anglice, a pikk staff, super caput felonice percussit; ex qua quidem percussione idem Willielmus incontinenter infra res dies extunc proxime sequentes obiit. Pro qua felonia peciit immunitatem et libertatem Sancti Cuthberti et ecclesiæ cathedralis prædictæ. Hiis testibus Atkyn Watson, Johanne Dichburne, et Johanne Whitehed clerico, apostolica et imperiali auctoritatibus notario publico, et multis aliis.

CLXVIII. RADULFUS GAILL.

Ad Ecclesiam Cath. Dunelm. venit quidam Radulfus Gayll, de Rydmar. in Com. Richmond, Ebor. Dioc., viij Julii, MDXIII., et

—peciit immunitatem pro eo quod idem Radulfus, ex insultu super eum facto, et in defensione sui corporis, quandam Jacobum Alderson, apud Moram vulgariter nuncupatam Smalegill in Swadellside, ultimo die Junii, Anno Domini supradicto, felonice super caput cum uno gladio percussit, imponendo—plagam mortalem; de quâ infra duos dies obiit. Pro qua immunitatem peciit. Præsentibus Roberto Smethers, Henrico Paynter, et Willielmo Dutton, testibus.

CLXXIII. CHRISTOFORUS THISTILWHAIT.

vij Decembris MDXIV, venit ad Eccles. Cath. Dunelm quidam Cristoferus Thystilwhait, parochiæ de Dent, in Ebor Dioc, et peciit immunitatem pro eo quod idem Cristoferus, persuasione aliorum, ut asseruit, una cum aliis, quandam domam cujusdam Johannis Metkalf, apud quendam locum in Wensladale vocatum Byrkridge, circa festum S. Martini in yeme ultimo præteritum, sub silencio noctis fregit, intravit, et felonice de bovis et catallis ejusdem Johannis Metkalf ad summam et valenciam x marcarum cepit et asportavit. Pro quâ—peciit immunitatem—Præsentibus Nicholao Swynburn, et Johanne Jakson, literatis Dunelm Dioc

CLXXVI. FRANCISCUS WARDE.

ij Junii, MDXV, venit ad Ecclesiam Cath. Dunelm. quidam Franciscus Warde, et peciit immunitatem—pro eo quod idem Franciscus, xxvj Maii ultimo præterito, apud West Rayns, infra territorium de Nappey in Com. Richemund, Ebor. Dioc, et casu et insultu super eum facto, quandam Willielmum Walker de Nappey cum uno bacculo, vocato a pyket staff, lethaliter percussit in diversis sui corporis partibus; de qua inpa x dies obiit. Pro quâ—peciit immunitatem. Præsentibus Johanne Alenson de Dunelm., Thomâ Milner de Brompton juxta Northalverton, et Johanne Staynforth de Alverton, testibus.

CCI. THOMAS BRAYTHWAYTT.

vij Junii, MDXVII, venit ad Ecclesiam Cath Dunelm, quidam Thomas Braythwayt, de Preston in parochiâ de Wensley, Ebor. Dioc., et peciit immunitatem pro eo quod, j mensis Junii antedicti, prope parcum de Midleham in Com. Ebor., ex insultu super ipsum facto, ut asseruit, quandam Robertum Hillery de Preston prædictâ eum uno baculo, vocato le pyktstaff, super caput felonice percussit; de quâ—obiit. Pro quâ peciit immunitatem—Præsentibus Willielmo Meryngton, Willielmo Langton, et Thomâ Morton.

CCXX. MATHEUS SADLER.

Penultimo die mensis Maii, MDXIX., venit ad Ecclesiam Cath Dunelm, quidam Matheus Sadler, de parochiâ de Askarth in Byshopdale, Ebor. Dioc. et peciit immunitatem pro eo quod præsens fuit personaliter infra territorium de Burton, de parochia de Askarth prædicta, tempore quadragesimali ad quatuor annos elapso, quando quidam Michael Sadler percussit quandam Henricum Sadler super caput cum uno lapidæ; de qua infra duos dies obiit. Pro qua quidem presentia et ope—idem Matheus immunitatem peciit. Præsentibus Johanne Clerk, notario publico, et Roberto Burges, literato.

REGISTRUM SANCTI JOHANNIS BEVERLACENSIS.

CCLXVI. JOHANNES TOPPAM, LABORER.

Decimo septimo die Marcii, anno regni Regis predicti¹ vij. Johannes Toppam, nuper de Carleton in Coverdale in Comitatu Ebor. laborer venit ad pacem Sancti Johannis Beverlacensis pro homicidio facto super Thomam Geldard; et admissus est ad libertatem, et juratus, etc.

¹ Henry VIII.



ANCIENT BRASS KEY,

Found in the bed of the Cover, near St. Simon's Chapel.

(In the possession of the Rev. G. C. Tomlinson.)

APPENDIX.

The River Yore. p. 2.

The Yore, rising within five miles of the source of the Swale, after passing Wensleydale, becomes a boundary between the North and West Ridings, till it reaches the vicinity of Ripon, three miles below Masham; and having received the Swale at Myton, six miles below Borough-bridge, changes its name to Ouse, in consequence of the contemptible rivulet so named, joining the river. At Nun Monkton, the Nid, which rising in the north-west extremity of Netherdale passes Pately-Bridge, Ripley, and Knaresborough, falls into the Ouse, which at York is augmented by the Foss, a small stream rising near Craike Castle. From York, the Ouse taking an almost direct southerly course, becomes the boundary between the East and West ridings. At Nun Appleton, about eight miles below York, the Wharfe, which rises at the foot of the Craven hills, and has passed Otley, Wetherby, and Tadcaster, is received. The course of the Ouse is now south-east, by Selby, and thence nearly east till it receives the Derwent. This fresh accession rises in the east moorlands of the North Riding, within about four miles of the sea, and nine from Scarborough; it flows southerly, almost parallel to the coast, till it comes to the foot of the wolds. It then takes a west, and afterwards a south-west direction; and, having received the Rye from Helmsley, passes Malton, to which town it is navigable from the Ouse for vessels of 25 tons. The Derwent is the boundary between the north and east ridings, from its junction with the small river Hertford, till it approaches Stamford bridge, where it enters the east riding, within which it runs till it falls into the Ouse, near the village of Barnsley, about three miles and a half above Howden. After receiving the Derwent, the Ouse continues nearly south-east, and within less than a quarter of a mile from Boothferry, is joined by the Aire. This river, rising in the Craven mountains, flows along Airedale in a south-east line, passing Leeds, and at Castleford receiving the Calder, from this point the Aire holds an easterly course,

till within a little distance of Snaith it runs north-east, to meet the Ouse at Armin. About three miles below this junction, at Goole, the Ouse receives the Don, a river rising in the western moors. The OUSE having now received nearly all its Yorkshire waters, is as wide as the Thames at London; and flowing in a north-easterly direction, is still further augmented by the Trent from Lincolnshire, after which confluence it receives the name of HUMBER, the Abers of Ptolemy. At Bromfleet it receives the Foulness, and rolling eastwards, now a volume of water two or three miles in width, at Hull receives the river of that name. A few miles below Hull, and opposite to Hedon and Paul, the Humber takes a direction south-east, and widening into a vast estuary of about six or seven miles in breadth, disembogues itself into the German ocean.

Longstaffe, in his "Richmondshire," notes that the Yore "near Middleham, is much infested with a horrid Kelpie or water-horse, who riseth from the stream at even-tide, and rampeth along the meadows eager for prey" (p. 96). Certain is it that most marvellous tales of water spirits on and about the stream are not only by

"———grey-haired eld
in superstitious credence held,"

but also by many others; and it is imagined that the Kelpie claims at least *one* human victim *annually*. Those who are acquainted with the river cannot be at all surprised that the tribute is, by means of accidents, pretty punctually rendered. A legend of the Ouse is given by a spirited writer in the "St. James's Magazine." "Some hundred years ago, the waters of the Ouse possessed, or were possessed by, a peculiar magic influence which they certainly retain no longer. If any one went to a certain part of the river and cast therein five white pebbles precisely as the cathedral clock struck the first hour of May-morning, he would see displayed on its surface as on a glass whatever of the past, present, or future he desired to have presented to him. Many had tried the experiment, and with success so far as the immediate object was concerned, but the remoter consequences were always most unaccountably fatal to the adventurer." The author then proceeds to exemplify this by a legend, the hero of which, a knight returning homeward from the wars, and desirous of ascertaining the fidelity of his

ladye-love, consults the oracle. He beholds her father's mansion near Scarborough, sees a masked and cloaked youth descend from Julia's window, assisted by a serving man, who conceals the ladder. A dark cloud instantly renders the figures indistinguishable. Maddened with jealousy the knight mounts, flies to the mansion—his horse, overtaken, drops dead, but he arrives in time to see the identical youth re-ascending the ladder, and to stab him to the heart. Alas, for unhallowed prying! The masked cavalier was indeed no other than his own faithful Julia, who had adopted this disguise in order to attend a masque in the neighbourhood, unobserved, and was returned at the moment of her jealous and exasperated lover's arrival. And when the story had got abroad, the terrified and superstitious hearers cried with general consent, 'This comes of consulting the magic mirror of the Ouse upon a May-morning!'—*St. James's Magazine*; vol. ii. p. 244.

The Wensleydale men worshipped Woden and Thor. p. 10.

The following account of Woden, or Odin, the great and deified leader of the Scandinavian tribes, from whom all the Royal Houses derived their descent, is taken from "The Heimskringla; or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway," written in Icelandic by Snorrio Sturleson, who was born in 1179, and died in 1241. Snorrio himself was of the privileged class, claiming descent from Odin and consequently entitled to hold the hereditary office of Godar, which, although no longer including the functions of priest, still allowed its possessor to act as judge in the district where he resided. Of his Chronicle he says, "In this book I have had old stories written down, as I have heard them told by intelligent people, concerning chiefs who have held dominion in the northern countries, and who spoke the Danish tongue; and also concerning some of their family branches, according to what has been told me. Some of this is found in ancient family registers, in which the pedigrees of kings and other personages of high birth are reckoned up, and part is written down after old songs and ballads which our forefathers had for their amusement. Now, although we cannot just say what truth there may be in these, yet we have the certainty that old and wise men held them to be true."

According to the Saga of the Yngling family, there was in northern Asia a river properly called by the name of Tanais, and which falls into the ocean at the Black Sea; and on the east of it was Asaheim; and here was Asguard. "In that city [Asguard] was a chief called Odin, and it was a great place for sacrifice. It was the custom there that twelve temple Godars should both direct the sacrifices, and also judge the people. They were called Diars, or Drotners, and all the people served and obeyed them. Odin was a great and very far travelled warrior, who conquered many kingdoms, and so successful was he that in every battle the victory was on his side. It was the belief of his people that victory belonged to him in every battle. It was his custom when he sent his men into battle, or on any expedition, that he first laid his hand upon their heads, and called down a blessing upon them; and then they believed their undertaking would be successful. His people also were accustomed, whenever they fell into danger by land or sea, to call upon his name; and they thought that always they got comfort and aid by it, for where he was they thought help was near. Often he went away so long that he passed many seasons on his journeys."

* * * * *

"There goes a great mountain barrier from north-east to south-west, which divides the Greater Sweden from other kingdoms. South of this mountain ridge it is not far from Turkland, where Odin had great possessions. But Odin having foreknowledge, and magic-sight, knew that his posterity would come to settle and dwell in the northern half of the world. In those times the Roman chiefs went wide around in the world, subduing to themselves all people; and on this account many chiefs fled from their domains. Odin set his brothers Ve and Vitir over Asguard; and he himself, with all the gods and a great many other people, wandered out, first westward to Gardarige, [Russia] and then south to Saxland [Germany]. He had many sons; and after having subdued an extensive kingdom in Saxland, he set his sons to defend the country. He himself went northwards to the sea, and took up his abode in an island which is called Odinsö in Fyen."

* * * * *

“When Odin of Asaland came to the north, and the gods with him, he began to exercise and teach others the arts which the people long afterwards have practised. Odin was the cleverest of all, and from him, all the others learned their magic arts; and he knew them first, and knew many more than other people. But now, to tell why he is held in such respect, we must mention various causes that contributed to it. When sitting among his friends his countenance was so beautiful and friendly, that the spirits of all were exhilarated by it; but when he was in war he appeared fierce and dreadful. This arose from his being able to change his colour and form in any way he liked. Another cause was, that he conversed so cleverly and smoothly, that all who heard were persuaded. He spoke everything in rhyme, such as now composed, and which we call scald-craft. He and his temple-gods were called song-smiths, for from them came that art of song into the northern countries. Odin could make his enemies in battle blind, or deaf, or terror-struck, and their weapons so blunt that they could no more cut than a willow twig; on the other hand, his men rushed forwards without armour, were as mad as dogs or wolves, bit their shields, and were strong as bears or wild bulls, and killed people at a blow, and neither fire nor iron told upon them. These were called Bersækers. Odin could transform his shape: his body would be as if dead, or asleep; but then he would be in shape of a fish, or worm, or bird, or beast, and be off in a twinkling to distant lands upon his own or other people's business. With words alone he could quench fire, still the ocean in tempest, and turn the wind to any quarter he pleased. Odin had a ship which was called Skidbladnir, in which he sailed over wide seas, and which he could roll up like a cloth. Odin carried with him Mimir's head, which told him all the news of other countries. Sometimes even he called the dead out of the earth, or set himself beside the burial-mounds; whence he was called the ghost-sovereign, and lord of the mounds. He had two ravens, to whom he had taught the speech of man; and they flew far and wide through the land, and brought him the news. In all such things he was pre-eminently wise. He taught all these arts in runes, and songs which are called incantations, and therefore the Asaland people are called Incantation-smiths.”

Odin, we are told, died in his bed, assuring his followers he was going to Valhalla; and to be admitted after death to a participation in his presence and its delights was ever the proudest wish of the Northmen. This trust incited Regner Lodbrog to chaunt in his bold death-song—

“Hoc ridere me facit semper
 Quod Balderi patris scamna
 Parata scio in aula
 Bibemus cerevisiam brevi
 Ex concavis crateribus craniorum
 Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
 Magnifici in Odini domibus
 Non venio desperabundis
 Verbis ad Odini aulam.”¹

* * * * *

“Fert animus finire
 Invitant me Dysæ
 Quas ex Othini aula
 Othinus mihi misit
 Lætus cerevisiam cum Asis
 In summa sede bibam
 Vitæ elapsæ sunt horæ
 Ridens moriar.”²

Mary Stuart. p. 196.

Mr. P. Fraser Tytler's account of the martyred Queen's last moments is inexpressibly affecting, and cannot be read without an almost personal feeling by any inhabitant of Wensleydale. On the night before her execution, “after supper she called for her ladies, and asking for a cup of wine, drank to them all, begging them to pledge her, which they did on their knees, mingling their tears in the cup, and asking her forgiveness if they had ever offended her. This she readily gave them, bidding them farewell with much tenderness, entreating in her turn their pardon, and solemnly enjoining them to continue firm in their religion, and forget all their little jealousies, living in peace and love with each other. She next examined her wardrobe, and selected various dresses as

¹ But this makes me always rejoice, that in the halls of our father Balder (or Odin) I know there are seats prepared, where in a short time we shall be drinking ale out of the hollow skulls of our enemies. In the house of the mighty Odin no brave man laments death. I come not with the voice of despair to Odin's hall.

² Now I end my song. The goddesses invite me away: they whom Odin has sent to me from his hall. I will sit upon a lofty seat, and drink ale joyfully with the goddesses of death. The hours of my life are run out. I will smile when I die.

presents to her servants, delivering them at the moment with some kind expressions to each. She then wrote to her almoner, lamenting that the cruelty of her enemies had refused her the consolation of his presence with her in her last moments, imploring him to watch and pray with her that night. After this she made her will; and lastly, wrote to the king of France. By this time it was two in the morning and finding herself fatigued, she lay down, having first washed her feet, whilst her women watched and read at her bedside. They observed that, though quite still and tranquil, she was not asleep, her lips moving, as if engaged in secret prayer. It was her custom to have her women read to her at night a portion of the "Lives of the Saints," a book which she loved much; and this last night she would not omit it, but made Jane Kennedy choose a portion. She selected the life entitled, 'The Good Thief,' which treats of that beautiful and affecting example of dying faith and divine compassion. 'Alas!' said Mary, 'he was indeed a very great sinner, but not so great as I am. May my Saviour, in memory of His Passion, have mercy on me, as he had on him, at the hour of death.' At this moment she recollected that she would require a handkerchief to bind her eyes at her execution; and bidding them bring her several, she selected one of the finest, which was embroidered with gold, laying it carefully aside. Early in the morning she rose, observing that now she had but two hours to live; and having finished her toilet she came into her oratory, and kneeling with her women before the altar, continued long in prayer. Her physician then, afraid of her being exhausted, begged her to take a little bread and wine; which she did cheerfully, thanking him at the same time, for giving her her last meal." On her proceeding to the hall, her servants were cruelly prohibited from following her. "This stern and unnecessary order was received by them with loud remonstrances and tears; but Mary only observed, that it was hard not to suffer her poor servants to be present at her death. She then took the crucifix in her hand, and bade them affectionately adieu: whilst they clung in tears to her robe, kissed her hand, and were with difficulty torn from her, and locked up in the apartment. The Queen after this proceeded alone down the great staircase, at the foot of which she was received by the Earls of Shrewsbury and

Kent, who were struck with the perfect tranquillity and unaffected grace with which she met them. She was dressed in black satin, matronly, but richly; and with more studied care than she was commonly accustomed to bestow. She wore a long veil of white crape, and her usual high Italian ruff; an Agnus Dei was suspended by a pomander chain round her neck, and her beads of gold hung at her girdle. At the bottom of the staircase she found Sir Andrew Melvil, her old affectionate servant, and Master of her Household, waiting to take his last farewell. On seeing her he flung himself on his knees at her feet, and bitterly lamented it should have fallen on him to carry to Scotland the heart-rending news of his dear mistress's death. 'Weep not, my good Melvil,' said she, 'but rather rejoice that an end has at last come to the sorrows of Mary Stuart. And carry this news with thee, that I die firm in my religion, true to Scotland, true to France.'" Her request for the attendance of her servants was again renewed. This, after some consultation, was granted. "Followed by them, and by Melvil bearing her train, she entered the great hall, and walked to the scaffold, which had been erected at its upper end. It was a raised platform, about two feet in height and twelve broad, surrounded by a rail, and covered with black. Upon it were placed a low chair and cushion, two other seats, and the block. The Queen regarded it without the least change of countenance, cheerfully mounted the steps, and sat down with the same easy grace and dignity with which she would have occupied her throne. On her right were seated the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, on her left the two Sheriffs, and before her the two executioners. The Dean of Peterborough, Sir Amias Paulet, Sir Drew Drewry, Beal the Clerk of the Privy-council, and others, stood beside the scaffold; and these with the guards, officers, attendants, and some of the neighbouring gentry, who had been permitted to be present, made up an assembly of about two hundred in all. Beal then read the warrant for her death, which she heard with apparent attention; but those near her could see, by the sweet and absent expression of her countenance, that her thoughts were far off. When it was finished, she crossed herself, and addressed a few words to the persons round the scaffold. She spoke of her rights as a Sovereign Princess, which had been invaded and trampled on, and

of her long sorrows and imprisonment; but expressed the deepest thankfulness to God, that, being now about to die for her religion, she was permitted, before this company, to testify that she died a Catholic, and innocent of having invented any plot, or consented to any practices against the Queen's life. 'I will here,' said she, 'in my last moments, accuse no one; but when I am gone, much will be discovered that is now hid, and the objects of those who have procured my death be more clearly disclosed to the world.' * * * The Dean of Peterborough then prayed in English, being joined by the noblemen and gentlemen who were present; whilst Mary, kneeling apart, repeated portions of the Penitential Psalms in Latin, and afterwards continued her prayers aloud in English. By this time, the Dean having concluded, there was a deep silence, so that every word was heard. Amid this stillness, she recommended to God his afflicted Church, her son, the king of Scotland, and Queen Elizabeth. She declared that her whole hope rested on her Saviour; and, although she confessed that she was a great sinner, she humbly trusted that the blood of that Immaculate Lamb, which had been shed for all sinners, would wash all her guilt away. She then invoked the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, imploring them to grant her their prayers with God; and finally declared that she forgave all her enemies. It was impossible for any one to behold her at this moment without being deeply affected; on her knees, her hands clasped together and raised to Heaven, an expression of adoration and divine serenity lighting up her features, and upon her lips the words of forgiveness to her persecutors. As she finished her devotions she kissed the crucifix, and, making the sign of the cross, exclaimed in a clear, sweet voice, 'As thine arms, O my God, were spread out upon the cross, so receive me within the arms of thy mercy: extend thy pity, and forgive my sins!' She then cheerfully suffered herself to be undressed by her two women, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Carle, and gently admonished them not to distress her by their tears and lamentations; putting her finger on her lips, and bidding them remember that she had promised for them. On seeing the executioner come up to offer his assistance, she smiled, and playfully said she had neither been used to such grooms of the chamber, nor to undress before so

many people. When all was ready she kissed her two women, and, giving them her last blessing, desired them to leave her, one of them having first bound her eyes with the handkerchief which she had chosen for the purpose. She then sat down, and, clasping her hands together, held her neck firm and erect, expecting that she was to be beheaded in the French fashion, with a sword, and in a sitting attitude. Those who were present, and knew nothing of this misconception, wondered at this; and in the pause, Mary, still waiting for the blow, repeated the psalm, 'In thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be put to confusion.' On being made aware of her mistake she instantly knelt down, and, groping with her hands for the block, laid her neck upon it without the slightest mark of trembling or hesitation. Her last words were, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' At this moment the tears and emotions of the spectators had reached their height, and appear, unfortunately, to have shaken the nerves and disturbed the aim of the executioner, so that his first blow was ill directed, and only wounded his victim. She lay, however, perfectly still, and the next stroke severed the head from the body. The executioner then held the head up and called aloud, "God save the Queen!" "So let all Queen Elizabeth's enemies perish!" was the prayer of the Dean of Peterborough; but the spectators were dissolved in tears, and one deep voice only answered, Amen. It came from the Earl of Kent. An affecting incident now occurred. On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Mary's favourite little dog, which had followed its mistress to the scaffold unperceived was found nestling under them. No entreaty could prevail on it to quit the spot; and it remained lying beside the corpse, and stained in the blood, till forcibly carried away by the attendants."

Fragment of a Perambulation of the Boundaries of the Percy fee in Craven, circa temp. Rich. II.

"These are the bounder between Longstroth' and Wencedale; that is to say, first, from the Cold Keld Head of Cam to the height of Mosside, then to the mid-stake of the Wald, as heyn water divides it, between Lord Percy, *Duke of Braban*, of the Lo'pp of Langstroth

and Wensladale. From the Midstake to a certain Pyke there, and from thence to Piglerd hill, to the Midcause stone, then to the Gavel nabb and sic, lineallye to ye height of Setteryngset, as the heaven and water divide it betwixt the foresaid Lord Percy and the Lord of Westmoreland, of the forest of Langstrothdale and Bishopdale. From ye height of Setteryngsett to Camfell End, to the Howrd house of Cam, to the Shorn crosse, to Ketelwell crosse, and from Ketelwell crosse to a Keld Head in Wipartine close, and from that Keld Head to Crowne crosse, as heaven and water divide it betwixt the Lo'pp of Starbotton and Kettlewell. And from Crowne crosse to Litton crosse to the height of Swarthken, thence to the hill of Penaygent and to Swarthgill; from Swarthgill to the Meer Syke at ye West end of Greenfield Knot, and from the Meer Syke to Toghwoodshaw to Stanepapane, and from Stanepapane to the Cold Keld, as it falls into Lumbecke, betwixt the Lord Percy and the Lord Mowbray, as by ye feyth of ye men, and ye Wa'd of ye Forest of Littondale ys ye afors'd L'd Percy. Waifs and straves, and bloodwytes, and ye gift of ye office, bee ye Lord Percy. And the house of Fountains *pained* their waifes, and ye Lord shal hold a Court once a year at ye old *Wald* in bent of Litton, for all the forfeits afores'd."

Superstitions. p. 263.

It was an elf which, in Robert of Gloucester, is said to have been the father of the far-famed Merlin; and when king Vortiger inquired of his sages what kind of being it might be, they said (ed. Heame, p. 130.) :—

That ther beth in the cir an hey, fer fro the gronde
As a maner gostes, wygtes as it be,
And me may hem ofte on erthe in wylde studes yse,
And ofte in monnes fourme wymmen heo cometh to,
And ofte in wymmen forme thei cometh to men also,
That men clepuþ *elwene*.

In Gervase of Tilbury, and the Cambrian Giraldus, we find mentioned the spirits which dwelt in the wild woods and the waters, the dragons and the merwomen, the elves which entered people's houses and carried off the new-born children from their cradles to be denizens of the land of faery; the domestic elves, the dwarfs which laboured zealously in the service of the family to which they had attached themselves, and those "mad-merry"

sprites whose joy was in playing mirthful tricks on the deluded peasantry. The elves have always had a country and dwellings under ground as well as above ground; and in several parts of England, the belief that they descended to their subterraneous abodes through the barrows which cover the bones of our forefathers is still preserved. There were other ways, however, of approaching the elve's country, and one of the commonest was by openings in the rocks and caverns. The great cave of the peak of Derby, was a celebrated road thither, and Gervase of Tilbury, has preserved a tale how William Peverell's swine-herd ventured once to descend it in search of a brood-sow; and how he found beneath, a rich and cultivated country, and reapers cutting the corn. The communication, however, has long been stopped up; and those who go now to explore the wonders of the cavern, find their progress stayed by the firm impenetrable rock.

See an article on The National Fairy Mythology of England, in Fraser's Magazine for July, 1834.

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AN ANCIENT LITURGICAL RATIONALE IN THE AUTHOR'S POSSESSION.

PROSPECTUS.

AMONG other things interesting alike to the liturgical student, the mediæval antiquary, and English ecclesiologist, the following are particularly noticed in these volumes :—

The teaching of the Anglo-Saxon church on the Eucharist, and the Mass ; the sign of the Cross ; the holy loaf or Eulogia ; the Eucharistic reed ; church architecture resulting from the liturgical rites of the Anglo-Saxons ; how the Anglo-Saxons

built and ornamented their churches; high altar; curtains; ciborium or dome-like canopy overshadowing the high altar; corona; thurible hanging down from the church's roof; bishop's chair; presbytery; choir; ambones; many altars in the same church; high altars and smaller ones built of stone; frontals; super-altar;—

Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, and their various styles; MS. School of Lindisfarne, of York, of Winchester; Anglo-Saxon manner of binding in silver; the Anglo-Saxon *Æstel*, images in churches;—

Vestments in use among the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans, and English; the chasuble; rational; dalmatic; tunicle; offertory-veil; lap-cloth; stole; maniple; alb; apparels; subucula; amice; fanon; girdle; surplice; rochet; cassock; cope; the ornament called the 'tassellus'; gloves; orphreys; morse; canon's cope; furred amys; clerical cap; scarlet cassock and hood for doctors of divinity; garlands of flowers worn by the clergy; mitre; Pope's tiara; liturgical comb; archiepiscopal pall; metal balls for warming the priest's hands; bishop's ponsler, ring, and breast cross, pastoral staff; prior's bordon; ruler of the choir's staff; Archbishop's cross, Bishop's sandals, shoes, and faldstool;—

Anglo-Saxons' belief in purgatory; the death-knell; Anglo-Saxon burial rites; churchyard yew trees; layfolk's brotherhood with religious bodies; lovecup after dinner; St. Margeret's draught; indulgenced mazer-bowls; the book of life; bidding the beads; death-bill;—

Gilds among the Anglo-Saxons, Norman English, and the English; gild dresses; gild processions, pageants, and plays; gild halls and feasts; gild chapels, and altars;—

Burial service according to the old English ritual; hearse and lights; month's mind; belt of 'Pater-nosters' among the Anglo-saxons; churchyard, and way-side crosses; bondsmen freed for sake of the dead; soul-shot; doles; old English tombs; obits; bell-men; chantries; ankrets; low side or ankret window; beadsmen; collar of SS.; Easter sepulchre set upon the tombs of the dead; lights at tombs; indulgencies;—

Invocation of saints and angels among the Anglo-Saxons; devotion towards the B. V. Mary: painting called the 'doom'; weighing of the soul; the litany; bending money as a vow; measuring the sick; the B. V. Mary's lily; the 'hail Mary'; our Lady's psalter, or rosary; the 'ave' bell; Gabriel bell;—

Saints' relics; shrines, their place, form and ornaments; reliquaries; gang days; the frith-stool; right of sanctuary; coronation chair; 'Canterbury water'; pilgrims, their dress; pilgrimages; taking the cross; cross-legged effigies; ornaments near the altar called the 'beam', the 'perch'; beatification and canonization of saints;—

Canonical hours among the Anglo-Saxons; their service-books; the 'troper' and other liturgical codices; Anglo-Saxon mass-rites; Anglo-Saxon ritual year; Anglo-Saxon holy week, hallowing of the oils, blessing of milk and honey, washing of the altars, kissing and burial of the rood; paschal fire;—

In what the Salisbury differed from the Roman and Anglo-Saxon ritual; the Sarum rite and its high mass; the liturgical fan; the Eucharist kept hanging over the high altar; the Salisbury service books, and its ritual year; the boy-bishop; the lenten curtain, and red cross; the Easter-time crystal cross; Sheer Thursday; washing of feet; creeping to the cross; going to the sepulchre on Easter morning, &c.



AMPUL FOR THE 'CANTERBURY WATER'.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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